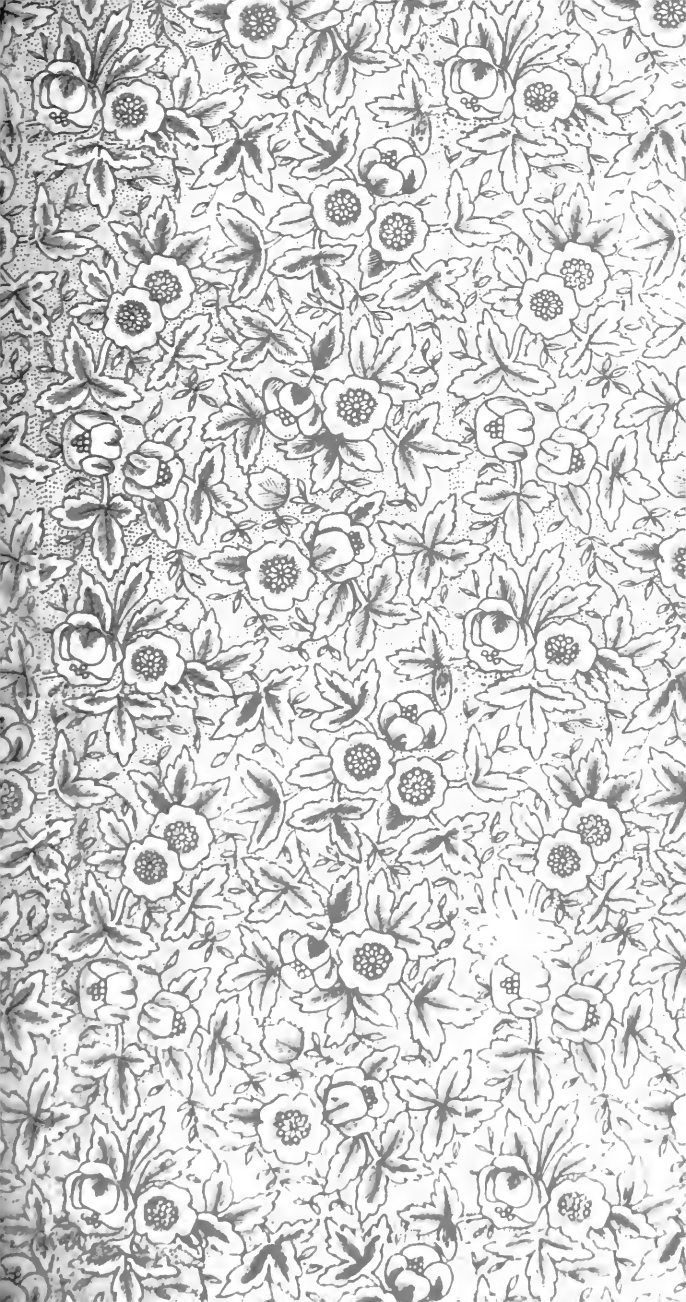






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UNIVERSAL LITERATURE

PRESENTING

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES, AND SPECIMENS
FROM THE WRITINGS OF EMINENT AUTHORS
OF ALL AGES AND ALL NATIONS

VOL. VIII

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CYDORPEDIA

GENERAL PRINCIPLES

The following principles are fundamental to the study of the subject. They are presented in a logical order, beginning with the most basic concepts and progressing to more complex ones. Each principle is accompanied by a brief explanation and, where appropriate, a diagram or example. The reader is encouraged to study these principles carefully and to apply them to the problems presented in the exercises.

1. The first principle is the principle of conservation of energy. This principle states that energy cannot be created or destroyed, only transformed from one form to another. This principle is fundamental to all of physics and is the basis for the study of thermodynamics and mechanics.

2. The second principle is the principle of conservation of momentum. This principle states that the total momentum of a closed system is constant. This principle is fundamental to the study of mechanics and is the basis for the study of collisions and the motion of objects.

3. The third principle is the principle of conservation of angular momentum. This principle states that the total angular momentum of a closed system is constant. This principle is fundamental to the study of mechanics and is the basis for the study of rotation and the motion of objects in a circular path.

4. The fourth principle is the principle of conservation of mass. This principle states that the total mass of a closed system is constant. This principle is fundamental to the study of chemistry and is the basis for the study of chemical reactions and the properties of matter.

5. The fifth principle is the principle of conservation of charge. This principle states that the total electric charge of a closed system is constant. This principle is fundamental to the study of electricity and magnetism and is the basis for the study of electric circuits and the properties of electric fields.

6. The sixth principle is the principle of conservation of information. This principle states that information cannot be created or destroyed, only transformed from one form to another. This principle is fundamental to the study of information theory and is the basis for the study of communication systems and the properties of information.

7. The seventh principle is the principle of conservation of probability. This principle states that the total probability of all possible outcomes of a random event is equal to one. This principle is fundamental to the study of probability and statistics and is the basis for the study of random processes and the properties of probability distributions.

8. The eighth principle is the principle of conservation of time. This principle states that time is a continuous and irreversible quantity. This principle is fundamental to the study of relativity and is the basis for the study of the properties of time and the effects of motion on time.

9. The ninth principle is the principle of conservation of space. This principle states that space is a continuous and irreversible quantity. This principle is fundamental to the study of relativity and is the basis for the study of the properties of space and the effects of motion on space.

10. The tenth principle is the principle of conservation of the laws of physics. This principle states that the laws of physics are the same in all reference frames. This principle is fundamental to the study of relativity and is the basis for the study of the properties of the laws of physics and the effects of motion on the laws of physics.

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FERRIEIRA, ANTONIO, a Portuguese poet and dramatist, born in 1528, died in 1569. He became a professor at the University of Coimbra, and subsequently held a high position at court. He wrote many sonnets, odes, and epigrams. His greatest work is the tragedy of *Ignes de Castro*, composed in the antique manner, with a chorus of Coimbrian women.

SEMI-CHORUS IN IGNES DE CASTRO.

When first young Love was born,
Earth was with life imbued ;
The sun acquired his beams, the stars their light,
Heaven shone in Nature's morn ;
And, by the light subdued,
Darkness revealed long-hidden charms to sight ;
And she the rosy-hued,
Who rules heaven's fairest sphere,
Daughter of Ocean rude,
She to the world gave Love, her offspring dear.

'Tis Love adorns our earth
With verdure and soft dews ;
With colors decks the flowers, with leaves the
Turns war to peace and mirth ; [groves ;
O'er harshness softness strews ;
And melts a thousand hates in thousand loves.
Incessant he renews
The lives stern Death consumes,
And gives the brilliant hues
In which earth's beauteous picture ever blooms.

ANTONIO FERRIEIRA.—2

The raging of his flames
 'Twere cowardice to fear;
For Love is soft and tender as a child;
 His rage entreaty tames;
 And passion's starting tear
He kisses from the eyes, tenderly mild.
 Within his quiver hear
 The golden arrows ring;
 The deadly shafts appear,
But love-fraught, love-impelled, their flight they
 Love sounds in every lay, [wing.
 In every tuneful choir;
Tempestuous winds are lulled by his sweet voice;
 Sorrow is chased away;
 And in his genial fire
The limpid streams, the hills and vales rejoice.
 Love's own harmonious lyre
 In heaven is heard to sound;
 And while his flames inspire
Thy heart, thou, Castro, by Love's God art
 crowned.

Transl. in For. Quart. Review.

THE LAMENT OF DOM PEDRO FOR IGNES.

Dom Pedro.—What should I say? What do I
 What shriek or groan?
O fortune! O barbarity! O grief!
O mine own Dona Igenes! O my soul!
And art thou slain? Hath Death the audacity
To touch thee? Do I hear it, and survive?
I live, and thou art dead! O cruel Death!
My life thou'st slain, and yet I am not dead!
Open, thou earth, and swallow me at once!
Burst, burst away, my soul, from this evil body,
Whose weight by force detains thee!
O mine own Dona Igenes! O my soul!
My love, my passion, my desire, my care,
Mine only hope, my joy; and art thou murdered?
They've murdered thee! Thy soul, so innocent,
So beautiful, so humble, and so holy,
Has left its home! Thy blood has drenched
 their swords!

ANTONIO FERREIRA.—3

Thy blood! What cruel swords! What cruel hands!

How could they move against thee? Those hard weapons,

How had they strength or edge, turned against thee?

How, cruel king, couldst thou allow the deed?

Mine enemy—not father—enemy!

Wherefore *thus* murder me? Ye savage lions,

Ye tigers, serpents! why, if for my blood

Athirst, glutted ye not on me your rage?

Me had you slain, I might survive. Barbarians,

Wherefore not murder me? If wronged by me,

Mine enemies, why not on me revenge

Your wrongs? She had not wronged you—that meek lamb,

Innocent, beautiful, sincere, and chaste;

But you, as rancorous enemies, would slay me—

Not in my life, but soul. Ye heavens that saw

Such monstrous cruelty, how fell ye not?

Ye mountains of Coimbra, 'neath your rocks,

Why overwhelmed ye not such ministers?

Why trembles not the earth? Why opens not?

Wherefore supports it such barbarity?

Messenger.—My lord, for weeping there is ample leisure;

But what can tears 'gainst death? I pray thee now

Visit the corse, and render it due honors.

Dom Pedro.—Sad honors! Other honors, Lady mine,

I had in store for thee—honors thy due. . . .

How look upon those eyes, forever closed?

Upon those tresses now not gold, but blood?

Upon those hands, so cold and livid now,

That used to be so white and delicate?

On that fair bosom, pierced with cruel wounds?

Upon that form, so often in mine arms,

Clasped, living, beautiful, now dead and cold?

How shall I see the pledges of our loves?

O cruel father, didst thou not in them

Behold thy son? Thou hear'st not, my beloved!

ANTONIO FERRIEIRA.—4

I ne'er shall see thee more! Throughout the
world

Shall never find thee!—Weep my griefs with me,
All you who hear me! Weep with me ye rocks,
Since in men's hearts dwells such barbarity!

And thou, Coimbra, shroud thyself forever
In melancholy! Ne'er within thy walls

Be laughter heard, or aught save tears and sighs!
Be thy Mondego's waters changed to blood!

Withered thy trees, thy flowers! Help me to call
Upon Heaven's justice to avenge my woes!—

I slew thee, Lady mine! 'Twas I destroyed thee!
With death I recompensed thy tenderness!

But far more cruelly than thee they slew
Will I destroy myself, if I avenge not

Thy murder with unheard-of cruelties!
For this alone does God prolong my life!—

With mine own hands their breasts I'll open;
thence

I'll tear out the ferocious hearts that durst
Conceive such cruelty: then let them die!

Thee, too, I'll persecute, thou king, my foe!
Quickly shall wasting fires work ravages

Amidst thy friends, thy kingdom! Thy slain
friends

Shall look on others' deaths, whose blood shall
drown [stream,

The plains, with whose blood shall the rivers
For hers in retribution! Slay me thou,

Or fly my rage! No longer as my father
Do I acknowledge thee! Thine enemy

I call myself—thine enemy! My father
Thou'rt not—I am no son—I'm an enemy!—

Thou, Ignez, art in heaven! I remain
Till I've revenged thee; then I there rejoin thee!

Here shalt thou be a queen, as was thy due;
Thy sons shall, only as thy sons, be princes.

Thine innocent body shall in royal state
Be placed on high! Thy tenderness shall be

Mine indivisible associate,
Until I leave with thine my weary body,

And my soul hastes to rest with thine for ever!

Transl. in Blackwood's Magazine.

LUDWIG ANDREAS FEUERBACH.—1

FEUERBACH, LUDWIG ANDREAS, a German philosophical writer, born in 1804; died in 1872. After studying theology for two years in the University of Heidelberg, he went, in 1824, to Berlin to attend the lectures of Hegel. The following year he abandoned theology for philosophy, of which in 1828 he became a teacher in the University of Erlangen. His first work, *Thoughts on Death and Immortality*, was published anonymously in 1830. In this, as in his later works, he combated the doctrine of immortality. His peculiarities of manner interfered with his success in teaching, and at length he relinquished the profession, married, and settled in the Castle of Brucksberg, a residence which formed part of his wife's dower. He had already written a *History of Modern Philosophy* (1833), *Abelard and Heloise, or the Writer and the Man* (1834), a *Description, Explanation, and Criticism of the Philosophy of Leibnitz* (1837), and *Pierre Bayle* (1838). *The Critique of Hegel* followed in 1839, and *The Essence of Christianity*, his most important work, in 1841. In this work he claims to set forth a new philosophy, resting "not on an Understanding *per se*, on an absolute nameless understanding, belonging, one knows not to whom, but on the understanding of man, though not on that of man enervated by speculation and dogma." He argues that man's highest good consists in resembling that ideal humanity which, created by man himself, is called God. Among his works not already mentioned are *Grundsätze der Philosophie der Zukunft* (1834), *Das Wesen der Religion* (1846-51), *Theogonie* (1857), and *Gottheit, Freiheit, und Unsterblichkeit* (1866).

REASON, WILL, AFFECTION.

What, then, is the nature of man, of which he is conscious, or what constitutes the specific distinction, the proper humanity of man? Reason, Will, Affection. To a complete man belong the power of Thought, the power of Will, the power of Affection. The power of Thought is the light of the intellect, the power of Will is energy of character, the power of Affection is love. Reason, love, force of will are perfections—the perfections of the human being—nay, more, they are absolute perfections of being. To will, to love, to think, are the highest powers, are the absolute nature of man as man, and the basis of his existence. Man exists to think, to love, to will. Now that which is the end, the ultimate aim, is also the true basis and principle of a being. But what is the end of reason? Reason. Of love? Love. Of will? Freedom of the Will. We think for the sake of thinking; love for the sake of loving; will for the sake of willing—*i.e.*, that we may be free. True existence is thinking, loving, willing existence. That alone is true, perfect, divine, which exists for its own sake. But such is love, such is reason, such is will. The divine trinity in man, above the individual man, is the unity of reason, love, will. Reason, Will, Love, are not powers which a man possesses, for he is nothing without them; he is what he is only by them; they are the constituent elements of his nature, which he neither has nor makes, the animating, determining, governing powers—divine, absolute powers—to which he can oppose no resistance.

How can the feeling man resist feeling, the loving one love, the rational one reason? Who has not experienced the overwhelming power of melody? And what else is the power of melody but the power of feeling? Music is the language of feeling; melody is audible feeling—feeling communicating itself. Who has not experienced the power of love, or at least heard of it? Which

is the stronger—love or the individual man? Is it man that possesses love, or is it not much rather love that possesses man? When love impels a man to suffer death even joyfully for the beloved one, is this death-conquering power his own individual power, or is it not rather the power of love? And who that ever truly thought has not experienced that quiet, subtle power—the power of thought? When thou sinkest into deep reflection, forgetting thyself and what is around thee, dost thou govern reason, or is it not reason which governs and absorbs thee? Scientific enthusiasm—is it not the most glorious triumph of intellect over thee? The desire of knowledge—is it not a simply irresistible and all-conquering power? And when thou suppressest a passion, renoucest a habit, achievest a victory over thyself, is this victorious power thine own personal power, or is it not rather the energy of will, the force of morality, which seizes the mastery of thee, and fills thee with indignation against thyself and thine individual weakness?—*Essence of Christianity.*

MAN'S NATURE HIS SOLE OBJECT OF CONSCIOUS-
NESS.

Man is nothing without an object. The great models of humanity, such men as reveal to us what man is capable of, have attested the truth of this proposition by their lives. They had only one dominant passion—the realization of the aim which was the essential object of their activity. But the object to which a subject essentially, necessarily relates is nothing else than this subject's own, but objective, nature. If it be an object common to several individuals of the same species, but under various conditions, it is still, at least as to the form under which it presents itself to each of them according to their respective modifications, their own, but objective, nature.

In the object which he contemplates, therefore, man becomes acquainted with himself; conscious-

LUDWIG ANDREAS FEUERBACH.—4

ness of the objective is the self-consciousness of man. We know the man by the object, by his conception of what is external to himself; in it his nature becomes evident; this object is his manifested nature, his true objective *ego*. And this is true, not merely of spiritual, but also of sensuous objects. Even the objects which are most remote from man, *because* they are objects to him, and to the extent that they are so, are revelations of human nature. That he sees them and so sees them is an evidence of his own nature. The animal is sensible only of the beam which immediately affects life; while man perceives the ray, to him physically indifferent, of the remoter star. Man alone has purely intellectual, disinterested joys and passions; the eye of man alone keeps theoretic festivals.

The absolute to man is his own nature. The power of the object over him is therefore the power of his own nature. Thus the power of the object of feeling is the power of feeling itself; the power of the object of the intellect is the power of the intellect itself; the power of the object of the will is the power of the will itself. The man who is affected by musical sounds is governed by feeling; by the feeling, that is, which finds its corresponding element in musical sounds. But it is not melody as such, it is only melody pregnant with meaning and emotion, which has power over feeling. Feeling is only acted on by that which conveys feeling, *i.e.*, by itself, its own nature. Thus also the will; thus, and infinitely more, the intellect. Whatever kind of object, therefore, we are at any time conscious of, we are always at the same time conscious of our own nature; we can affirm nothing without affirming ourselves. And since to will, to feel, to think, are perfections, essences, realities, it is impossible that intellect, feeling, and will should feel or perceive themselves as limited, finite powers, *i.e.*, as worthless, as nothing. For finiteness and nothingness are identical; finiteness is only a euphemism for nothingness. Finiteness is the meta-

physical, the theoretical—nothingness the pathological, practical expression. What is finite to the understanding is nothing to the heart.

But it is impossible that we should be conscious of will, feeling, and intellect as finite powers, because every perfect existence, every original power and essence, is the immediate verification and affirmation of itself. It is impossible to love, will, or think, without perceiving these activities to be perfections—impossible to feel that one is a loving, willing, thinking being without experiencing an infinite joy therein. Consciousness consists in a being becoming objective to itself; hence it is nothing apart, nothing distinct from the being which is conscious of itself. How could it otherwise become conscious of itself? It is, therefore, impossible to become conscious of a perfection as an imperfection, impossible to feel feeling limited, to think thought limited.
—*Essence of Christianity.*

OCTAVE FEUILLET.—1

FEUILLET, OCTAVE, a French novelist and dramatist, born at Saint Lô, in 1812. He distinguished himself at the college of Louis-le-Grand, in Paris, where he was educated. He began his literary work with part of a romance entitled *Le Grand Vieillard*, to which two other authors also contributed. It was the beginning of a life of constant literary activity. Both as dramatist and novelist he has been successful, and he has contributed many articles to newspapers and reviews. In 1862, he was elected a member of the French Academy. Among his dramatic works are *La Nuit Terrible* (1845), *La Crise* (1848), *Le Pour et le Contre* (1849), *Delila* (1857), *Montjoye* (1863), *La Belle au Bois Dormant* (1865), *Le Cas de Conscience* (1867), and *Le Sphinx* (1874). Among his novels are *Punchinello* (1846), *Onesta* (1848), *Rédemption* (1849), *Bellah* (1850), *Le Cheveu Blanc* (1853), *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre* (1858), *Histoire de Sibylle* (1862), *Monsieur de Camors* (1867), *Un Mariage dans le Monde* (1875), *Le Journal d'une Femme* (1878), and *La Morte*, translated under the title of *Aliette*. Many of these novels have been rendered into English. The most popular of his works has been *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre*, which has been translated into many languages. *The Story of Sibylle* has also had great popularity.

A RUSTIC LOVE-LETTER.

In the middle of an unusually laborious ascent a voice cried suddenly from the roadside, "Stop, if you please!" And a tall, bare-legged girl, holding a distaff in her hand, and wearing the antique costume and ducal cap of the peasants of the district, quickly crossed the ditch; she up-

set some terrified sheep, whose shepherdess she seemed to be, settled herself on the step, and showed us, in the frame of the carriage window, her brown, composed, and smiling face. "Excuse me, ladies," she said, in the short, melodious accents which characterize the speech of the people of the country; "would you be so kind as to read me that?" and she drew from her bosom a letter folded in the old fashion.

"Read it, sir," said Mlle. Laroque, laughing; "and read it aloud, if it is possible."

I took the letter, which was a love-letter. It was very minutely addressed to Mlle. Christine Oyadec, borough of —, commune of —, farm of —. The writing was that of a very uncultivated hand, but one that seemed sincere. The date proclaimed that Mlle. Christine had received the missive two or three weeks before. Apparently the poor girl, not being able to read, and not wishing to reveal her secret to the ridicule of her neighbors, had waited till some passing stranger, both benevolent and learned, should come and give her the key to the mystery which had lurked in her bosom for a fortnight. Her widely-opened blue eye was fixed on me with a look of irrepressible eagerness, while I painfully deciphered the slanting lines of the letter, which was conceived in the following terms:

"Mademoiselle, this is to tell you that since the day when we spoke together on the moor after vespers, my mind has not changed, and that I am anxious to learn yours. My heart, Mademoiselle, is all yours, as I desire that yours should be all mine; and, if that is the case, you may be very sure and certain that there is not a more loving soul on earth or in heaven than your friend —, who does not sign; but you know very well who, Mademoiselle."

"Why, you don't know who, do you, Mademoiselle Christine?" said I, giving her back the letter.

"Very possibly," she said, showing her white teeth, and gravely shaking her young head, ra-

diant with happiness. "Thank you, ladies; and you, sir."

She jumped down from the step, and soon disappeared in the underwood, flinging towards the sky the joyous notes of a Breton song. Mme. Laroque had followed with evident delight all the details of this pastoral scene, which sweetly flattered her chimera; she smiled—she dreamed in the presence of that happy, barefooted girl—she was charmed. Still, when Mlle. Oyadec was out of sight, a strange idea suddenly came into Mme. Laroque's thoughts. It was that, after all, she would not have done so much amiss to give the shepherdess a five-franc piece, besides her admiration. "Alain!" she cried, "call her back!"

"What for, mother?" said Mlle. Margu rite, eagerly, who had hitherto seemed to pay no attention to the occurrence.

"Why, my child, perhaps the girl does not understand altogether what pleasure I should find, and she herself ought to find, in running about barefoot in the dust. In any case I think it fitting to leave her something to remember me by."

"Money!" returned Mlle. Margu rite. "Oh! mother, don't do that! Don't mix up money with the child's happiness!"

This expression of a refined feeling which poor Christine, by the way, would perhaps not have immensely appreciated, did not fail to astonish me, coming from the mouth of Mlle. Margu rite, who does not generally pique herself on this quintessence. I even thought that she was joking, although her face showed no inclination to merriment. However that might be, her caprice, joke or no joke, was taken very seriously by her mother, and it was enthusiastically decided that the idyl should be left with its innocence and bare feet.—*The Romance of a Poor Young Man.*

JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE.—1

FICHTE, JOHANN GOTTLIEB, a German philosopher, born in 1762; died in 1814. He was the son of a poor weaver, and owed his education to a wealthy nobleman, the Baron von Miltitz. He studied theology at Jena, Leipsic, and Wittenberg; and afterwards became a tutor in several private families, in which capacity he was not successful. In 1790 he took up his residence at Leipsic, where he turned his hand to any kind of literary work. Here he became personally acquainted with Kant, of whose philosophy he was already an ardent admirer; and soon after put forth anonymously his *Essay towards a Critique of all Revelation*, which was by many attributed to Kant himself. His prospects now began to brighten. In 1794, through the influence of Goethe, he was made Professor of Philosophy in the University of Jena, and began a series of lectures on *Wissenschaftslehre* ("The Science of Knowledge"). But after five years some of his teachings aroused opposition on account of their alleged atheistical tendency, and Fichte was constrained to resign his professorship. During his stay at Jena he had fairly formulated his metaphysical system. The leading principles of this system are thus presented by Prof. Adamson in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*:

FICHTE'S PHILOSOPHICAL THEORY.

Philosophy is to Fichte the re-thinking of actual cognition, the *theory* of knowledge, the complete, systematic exposition of the principles which lie at the basis of all reasoned cognition. It traces the necessary acts by which the cognitive consciousness comes to be what it is, both in form and content. Not that it is a natural history or even a *phenomenology* of consciousness; only in the later writings did Fichte adopt even

the genetic method of expression; it is the complete statement of the pure principles of the understanding in their rational or necessary order. But if complete, this *Wissenschaftslehre* ("Theory of Science") must be able to deduce the whole organism of cognition from certain fundamental actions, themselves unproved and incapable of proof; only thus can we have a *system* of reason. From these primary axioms the whole body of necessary thoughts must be developed, and, as Socrates would say, the argument itself will indicate the path of the development.

Of such primitive principles, the absolutely necessary conditions of possible cognition, only three are thinkable:—one, perfectly unconditioned both in form and matter; a second, unconditioned in form but not in matter; a third, unconditioned in matter but not in form. Of these, evidently the first must be the fundamental; to some extent it conditions the other two; though these cannot be deduced from it or proved by it. The statement of these principles forms the introduction to the *Wissenschaftslehre*.

The method which Fichte first adopted for stating these axioms is not calculated to throw full light upon them, and tends to exaggerate the apparent airiness and unsubstantiality of his deduction. They may be explained thus: The primitive condition of all intelligence is that the Ego shall posit, affirm, or be aware of itself. The Ego is the Ego. Such is the first pure act of conscious intelligence, that by which alone consciousness can come to be what it is. It is what Fichte called a "Deed-act" (*Thatandlung*); we cannot be aware of the process—the Ego is not until it has affirmed itself—but we are aware of the result, and can see the necessity of the act by which it is brought about. The Ego then posits itself as real. What the Ego posits is real. But in consciousness there is equally given a primitive act of op-positing, or contra-positing, formally distinct from the act of position, but materially determined, in so far as what is op-posed

must be the negative of what is posited. The non-Ego—not, be it noticed, the world as we know it—is op-posed in consciousness to the Ego. The Ego is not the non-Ego. How this act of op-positing is possible and necessary, only becomes clear in the practical philosophy, and even there the inherent difficulty leads to a higher view. But third, we have now an absolute antithesis to our original thesis. Only the Ego is real, but the non-Ego is posited in the Ego. The contradiction is solved in a higher synthesis, which takes up into itself the two opposites. The Ego and non-Ego *limit* one another; and, as limitation is negation of part of a divisible quantum, in this third act the divisible Ego is op-posed to a divisible non-Ego.

From this point onwards the course proceeds by the method already made clear. We progress by making explicit the oppositions contained in the fundamental synthesis, by uniting these opposites, analyzing the new synthesis, and so on, until we reach an ultimate pair. Now, in the synthesis of the third act two principles may be distinguished:—(1) The non-Ego determines the Ego; (2) The Ego determines the non-Ego. As determined the Ego is theoretical, as determining it is practical; ultimately the opposed principles must be united by showing how the Ego is both determining and determined.

From Jena Fichte went to Berlin, where by his writings, and particularly by his lectures, he exerted a powerful influence on the public mind. Two of his courses of lectures are worthy of special mention: The *Grundzüge des gegenwärtigen Zeitalters* (“Characteristics of the Present Age”) and the *Wesen des Gelehrten* (“The Nature of the Scholar”). These have been admirably translated into English by William Smith. Among the works of Fichte written after his removing to Berlin are the *Bestimmung des Menschen* (“The Vocation of Man”)

and the *Anweisung zum Seligen Leben* ("The Way to a Blessed Life"). The closing years of Fichte's life were devoted to labors of a quite practical political and social character. In the Autumn of 1813 the hospitals at Berlin were filled with the sick and wounded from the campaign against Napoleon. Among the most devoted of the voluntary nurses in the hospitals was the wife of Fichte. She was seized with a severe attack of "hospital fever," from which, however, she recovered; but on the very day on which she was pronounced to be convalescent, Fichte himself was stricken down by the same infectious disease, which proved fatal on January 27, 1814.

A complete edition of the *Works* of Fichte, including several posthumous writings, was published in 13 vols., 1845-46; second edition 1862; by his son, IMMANUEL HERMAN FICHTE (1796-1878), himself a voluminous writer upon philosophical and theological subjects.

THE INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE HUMAN RACE.

A philosophical picture of the Present Age is what we have promised in these lectures. But that view only can be called philosophical which refers back to the multiform phenomena that lie before us in experience to the unity of one common principle, and, on the other hand, from that one principle can deduce and completely explain these phenomena. The mere Empiricist who should undertake a description of the Age, would seize upon some of its most striking phenomena just as they present themselves to casual observation, and recount these, without having any assured conviction that he had understood them all, and without being able to point out any other connection between them than their co-existence in one and the same time. The Phi-

losopher who should propose to himself the task of such a description, would, independently of all experience, seek out an Idea of the Age (which in its own form—as *Idea*—cannot be directly apparent in experience), and would exhibit, as the necessary phenomena of the Age, the form in which this Idea would come to manifest itself in experience; and in so doing he would distinctly exhaust the circle of these phenomena, and bring them forth in necessary connection with each other, through the common Idea which lay at the bottom of them all. The former would be the *Chronicler* of the age; the latter would have made a *History* of it a possible thing.

In the first place, if the Philosopher must deduce from the Unity of his presupposed principle all the possible phenomena of experience, it is obvious that in the fulfilment of this purpose he does not require the aid of experience; that in following it out he proceeds merely as a Philosopher, confining himself strictly within the limits which that character imposes upon him, paying no respect whatever to experience, and thus absolutely *à priori* to describe Time as a whole, and at all its possible Epochs. It is an entirely different question whether the *present time* be actually characterized by the phenomena that are deduced from the principle which he may lay down, and thus whether the Age so pictured by the speaker be really the present Age—should he maintain such a position, as we, for example, shall maintain it. On this part of the subject every man must consult for himself the experience of his life, and compare it with the history of the Past as well as his anticipations of the Future; for here the business of the Philosopher is at an end, and that of an Observer of the world and of men begins.

Every particular Epoch of Time—as we have already hinted—is the fundamental Idea of a particular Age. These Epochs and fundamental Ideas of particular ages, however, can only be

thoroughly understood by and through each other, and by means of their relations to Universal Time. Hence it is clear that the Philosopher, in order to be able rightly to characterize any individual Age, and, if he will, his own, must have *à priori* understood and thoroughly penetrated into the signification of Universal Time and all its possible Epochs.

The life of Mankind *on this Earth* stands here in place of the *One Universal Life*, and *Earthly Time* in place of *Universal Time*. Strictly speaking, and in the highest speculation, Human Life on Earth, and Earthly Time itself, are but necessary Epochs of the *One Time* and of the *One Eternal Life*; and this Earthly Life, with all its subordinate divisions, may be deduced from the fundamental Idea of the *Eternal Life* already accessible to us here below. It is our present voluntary limitation alone which forbids us to undertake this strictly demonstrable deduction, and permits us here only to declare the fundamental Idea of this Earthly Life, requesting every hearer to bring this Idea to the test of his own sense of truth, and, if he can, to approve it thereby.

Life of *Mankind* on Earth, we have said, and Epochs of this Life. We speak here only of the progressive Life of the *Race*, not of the *Individual*. The Idea of a World-Plan is thus implied in our inquiry, which, however, I am not at this time to deduce from the absolute source indicated above, but only to point out. I say, therefore—and thus lay the foundation of our intended edifice—The End of the Life of Mankind on Earth is this: That in this Life they may order all their relations with *Freedom* according to *Reason*.

With *Freedom*, I have said;—their own Freedom—the Freedom of Mankind in their collective capacity—as a *Race*. And this Freedom is the first accessory condition of our fundamental principle which I intend at present to pursue, leaving the other conditions, which may likewise need explanation, until the subsequent lectures. This

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Freedom must become apparent in the collective consciousness of the Race; it must appear there as the proper Freedom of the Race—as a true and real fact—the product of the Race during its Life, and proceeding from its Life, so that the absolute existence of the Race itself is necessarily implied in the existence of this fact and product thus attributed to it. If a certain person has done something, it is unquestionably implied in that fact that the person has been in existence prior to the deed, in order that he might form the resolution so to act, and also during the accomplishment of the deed, in order that he might carry his previous resolution into effect; and every one would accept the proof of *non-existence* at a particular time, as a proof of *non-activity* at the same time. In the same way—if Mankind, as a Race, has done something, and appeared as an actor in such a deed, this act must necessarily imply the existence of the Race at a time when the act had not yet been accomplished.

As an immediate consequence of this remark, the Life of Mankind upon our Earth divides itself, according to the fundamental Idea which we have laid down, into two principle Epochs or Ages:—the one in which the Race exists and lives without as yet having ordered its relations with *Freedom* according to *Reason*; and the other, in which this Voluntary and Reasonable arrangement has been actually accomplished.

To begin our farther inquiry with the first Epoch:—It does not follow, because the Race had not yet, *by its own free act*, ordered its relations according to Reason, that therefore these relations are not ordered by Reason; and hence the one assertion is by no means to be confounded with the other. It is possible that Reason of itself, by its own power, and without the co-operation of human Freedom, may have determined and ordered the relations of Mankind. And so it is in reality. Reason is the first law of the Life of a Race of Men, as of all Spiritual Life; and in this sense, and in no other, shall the word

“Reason” be used in these lectures. Without the living activity of this law a Race of Men could never have come into existence; or, even if it could be supposed to have attained to being, it could not, without this activity, maintain its existence for a single moment. Hence, where Reason cannot as yet work Freedom, as in the first Epoch, it acts as a law or power of Nature, and thus may be visibly present in consciousness and active there, only without insight into the grounds of its activity; or, in other words, may exist as mere Feeling—for so we call Consciousness without this insight. In short, to express this in common language:—Reason acts as *blind Instinct*, where it cannot as yet through Free Will. It acts thus in the first Epoch of the Life of Mankind upon Earth; and this first Epoch is thereby more closely characterized and more strictly defined.

By means of the stricter definition of the first Epoch we are also enabled, by contrast, more strictly to define the second. Instinct is *blind*—a Consciousness without insight. Freedom, as the opposite of Instinct, is thus *seeing* and clearly conscious of the grounds of its activity. But the sole ground of this free activity is Reason. Freedom is thus conscious of Reason, of which Instinct was unconscious. Hence between the dominion of Reason through mere Instinct, and the dominion of the same Reason through Freedom, there arises an intermediate condition—the *Consciousness* or *Knowledge of Reason*.

But further:—Instinct as a blind impulse excludes Knowledge; hence the birth of Knowledge presupposes a liberation from the compulsive power of Instinct as already accomplished; and thus between the dominion of Reason as Instinct and that of Reason as Knowledge there is interposed a third condition—that of *Liberation from Reason as Instinct*.

But how could Humanity free itself, or even wish to free itself, from that Instinct which is the law of its existence, and rules it with beloved and unobtrusive power? Or how could the *one* Rea-

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son which, while it speaks in Instinct, is likewise active in the impulse towards Freedom—how could this same Reason come into conflict and opposition with itself in human life? Clearly, not directly; and hence a new medium must intervene between the dominion of Reason as Instinct and the impulse to cast off that dominion.

This medium arises in the following way:—The results of Reason as Instinct are seized upon by the more powerful individuals of the Race—in whom, on this very account, that Instinct speaks in its loudest and fullest tones, as the natural but precipitate desire to elevate the whole race to the level of their own greatness—or, rather, to put themselves in the room and place of the Race—and by them it is changed into an *external ruling Authority*, upheld through outward constraint; and then among other men Reason awakens in another form—as *the impulse towards Personal Freedom*, which, although it never opposes the mild rule of the inward Instinct which it loves, yet rises in rebellion against the pressure of a stranger Instinct which has usurped its rights, and in this awakening it breaks the chains—not of Reason as Instinct itself—but of the Instinct of foreign natures clothed in the garb of external power. And thus the change of the individual Instinct into a compulsive Authority becomes the medium between the dominion of Reason as Instinct, and the liberation from that dominion.

And finally, to complete this enumeration of the necessary divisions and Epochs of the Earthly Life of our Race:—We have said that through liberation from the dominion of Reason as *Instinct*, the *Knowledge* of Reason becomes possible. By the laws of this Knowledge, all the relations of Mankind must be ordered and directed *by their own free act*. But it is obvious that mere cognizance of the law, which is nevertheless all that Knowledge of itself can give us, is not sufficient for the attainment of this purpose, but that there is also needed a peculiar

practical capacity, which can only be thoroughly acquired by use: in a word, *Art*. This Art of ordering the whole relations of Mankind according to that Reason which has already been scientifically comprehended—(for in this higher sense we shall always use the word “Art” when we employ it without explanatory remark)—this Art must be universally applied to all the relations of Mankind, and manifested therein, until the Race become a perfect image of its everlasting archetype in Reason:—and then shall the purpose of this Earthly Life be attained, its end become apparent, and Mankind enter upon the higher spheres of Eternity.—*Characteristics of the Present Age.* *Transl. of WILLIAM SMITH.*

INTEGRITY IN STUDY.

He who is to become a True Scholar, so that in him the Divine Idea of the world may attain to such a measure of clearness and influence over the surrounding world as is possible in his circumstances, must be laid hold of by the Idea itself through its own inherent power, and by it be urged forward unceasingly towards the wished-for end. If the Student be really inspired by the Idea—or, what is the same thing, if he possesses Genius and true talent—he is already far above all our counsels. Genius will fulfil its vocation in him without our aid, and even without his own concurrence.

But the Progressive Scholar can never determine for himself whether or not he possesses Genius in our sense of the term; nor can any one else determine it for him. Hence there is nothing left for him but with sincere and perfect Integrity so to act as if Genius, which must ultimately come to light, lay now concealed within him. True Genius, when present, manifests itself precisely in the same way as does this Integrity in Study. Both assume the same form, and cannot be distinguished the one from the other. The Honest Scholar is to us the only True Scholar. The two ideas flow into each other.

Integrity in the abstract is itself a Divine Idea; it is the Divine Idea in its most general form, embracing all men. Hence, like the Idea itself, it acts by its own inherent power. It forms itself—as we said before of Genius—without aid from the personal feeling of the individual—nay, annihilating his self-love as far as possible—into an independent life in man, irresistibly urging him forward, and pervading all his thoughts and actions. His actions, I say; for the very idea of Integrity is an immediately practical idea, determining the outward, visible, free doings of the man; whereas the influence of Genius is, in the first place, internal—affecting spiritual insight. He who truly possesses Genius *must* be successful in his studies. To him light and knowledge will spring up on all sides from the objects of his contemplation. He who possesses Integrity in Study, of him this success cannot be so surely predicted; but should it not follow, he will at least be blameless, for he will neglect nothing within his power which may enable him to attain it; and even if he be not at last a sharer in the triumph, he shall at all events have deserved to be so.

We have said that the honest Man *in general* looks upon his free personal life as unalterably determined by the eternal thought of God. The honest Student *in particular* looks upon himself as designed by the thought of God to this end—that the Divine Idea of the constitution of the world may enter his soul, shine in him with steady lustre, and through him maintain a definite influence upon the surrounding world. Thus does he conceive of his vocation; for in this lies the essential Nature of the Scholar; so surely as he has entered upon his studies with Integrity, that is, with the persuasion that God has given a purpose to his life, and that he must direct all his free actions towards the fulfilment of that purpose—so surely has he made the supposition that it is the Divine Will that he should become a Scholar. It matters not whether we have

chosen this condition for ourselves, with freedom and foresight, or others have chosen it for us, placed us in the way of preparation for it, and closed every other condition of life against us. How could any one, at the early age at which this choice of a condition usually occurs, and in most cases must occur, have attained the mature wisdom by which to decide for himself whether or not he is possessed of the as yet untried and undeveloped capacity for knowledge? When we come to exercise our own understanding, the choice of a condition is already made. It has been made without our aid, because we were incapable at the time of rendering any aid in the matter; and now we cannot turn back—a necessity precisely similar to the unalterable conditions under which our freedom is placed by the Divine Will. If an error should occur in the choice thus made for us by others, the fault is not ours; we could not decide whether or not an error had been committed, and could not venture to presuppose one. If it has occurred, then it is our business, so far as in us lies, to correct it. In any case, it is the Divine Will that every one, in the station where he has been placed by necessity, should do all things which properly belong to that station. *We have met together to study;* hence it is assuredly the Divine Will that we consider ourselves as Students, and apply to ourselves all that is comprehended in that idea.

This thought, with its indestructible certainty, enters and fills the soul of every honest Student:—this namely—“I, this sent, this expressly commissioned individual, as I may now call myself—am actually here, have entered into existence for this cause and no other, that the eternal counsel of God in this universe may through me be seen of men in another hitherto unknown light, may be made clearly manifest, and shine forth with inextinguishable lustre over the world; and this phase of the Divine Thought, thus bound up with my personality, is the only true living being within me; all else, though looked

upon even by myself as belonging to my being, is dream, shadow, nothing;—this alone is imperishable and eternal within me; all else shall again disappear in the void from which it has—seemingly, but never really—come forth.” This thought fills his whole soul, whether or not it be itself clearly conceived, expressed, wished, or willed, is referred back to it as to its first condition, can only be explained by it, and only considered possible on the supposition of its truth.

Through this fundamental principle of all his thoughts, he himself, and Knowledge, the object of his activity, become to him, before all other things, honorable and holy. *He himself becomes honorable and holy.* Not, by any means, that he dwells with self-complacent pride on the superiority of his vocation—to share in some degree the counsel of God, and reveal it to the world—over other less distinguished callings, invidiously weighing them against each other, and thus esteeming himself as of more value than other men. If one form of human destiny appears to be superior to another, it is not because it offers a better field for personal distinction, but because in it the Divine Idea reveals itself with greater clearness. The individual man has no particular value beyond that of faithfully fulfilling his vocation, whatever that may be; and of this all can partake, irrespective of the different natures of their callings.

Moreover, the Progressive Scholar does not even know whether he shall attain the proper end of his studies—the possession of the Idea; nor, therefore, if that noble vocation be really his. He is only bound to suppose the possibility of it. The Perfect Scholar—of whom we do not now speak—when he has the completed result in his possession, can then indeed with certainty know his vocation; but even in him the cravings of the Idea for more extended manifestation still continue, and shall continue while life endures; so that he shall never have time to muse over the superiority of his vocation, even were such mus-

ings not utterly vain in themselves. All pride is founded on what we *think we are*—are in settled and perfect being; and thus pride is in itself vain and contradictory; for that which is our true being—that to which endless growth belongs—is precisely that to which we have not yet attained. Our true and underived being in the Divine Idea always shows itself as a desire of progress; and hence as dissatisfaction with our present state. And thus the Idea makes us truly modest, and bows us down to the dust before its majesty. By his pride itself, the proud man shows that—more than any one else—he has need of humility; for while he thinks of himself that he is something, he shows by his pride that he is really nothing.

Hence, in the thought to which we gave utterance, the Student is holy and honorable to himself above everything else—not in respect to what he *is*, but of what he *ought to be*, and what he evermore must strive to become. The peculiar self-abasement of a man consists in this—when he makes himself an instrument of a temporary and perishable purpose, and deigns to spend care and labor on something else than the Imperishable and the Eternal. In this view, every man should be honorable and holy to himself—and so too should the Scholar.

And so does his own person ever become holier to him through the holiness of Knowledge; and Knowledge again holier through the holiness of his person. His whole life, however unimportant it may outwardly seem, has acquired an inward meaning—a new significance. Whatever may or may not flow from it, it is still a god-like life. And in order to become a partaker in this life, neither the Student of science nor the follower of any other human pursuit needs peculiar talents, but only a living and active Integrity of purpose, to which the thought of our high vocation and of our allegiance to an Eternal Law, with all that flows from these, will be spontaneously revealed.—*The Nature of the Scholar. Transl. of WILLIAM SMITH.*

HENRY MARTYN FIELD.—1

FIELD, HENRY MARTYN, an American clergyman and journalist, born at Stockbridge, Mass., in 1822. He is a son of David Dudley Field (1781-1867), for more than sixty years minister at Haddam, Conn., and at Stockbridge, Mass. Four of the sons of David Dudley Field have attained eminence: DAVID DUDLEY, born in 1805, prominent as a lawyer and publicist; STEPHEN JOHNSON, born in 1815, a lawyer and jurist, since 1863 one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States; CYRUS WEST, born in 1819, who had more than any other man to do with the success of the Atlantic Telegraph. Henry M. Field studied at Williams College; in 1842 became pastor of a church in St. Louis, in 1851 of a church at West Springfield, Mass., and in 1854 became editor, and subsequently proprietor, of the New York *Evangelist*. He has several times visited Europe and the East. In 1875-76 he made a twelve months' tour around the world: from New York to Great Britain; thence to Constantinople, Egypt, India, China, and Japan, returning by way of California. Soon after his return he published an account of this journey in two volumes, entitled respectively: *From the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn*, and *From Egypt to Japan* (1876, 1877). He has also written: *The Irish Confederates and the Rebellion of 1798* (1851), *Summer Pictures from Copenhagen to Venice* (1859), *History of the Atlantic Telegraph* (1866), *Among the Holy Hills* and *On the Desert* (1883).

BLARNEY CASTLE, IRELAND.

What shall be said of the first sight of a ruin? Of course it was Blarney Castle, which is near Cork, and famous for its Blarney Stone. A

lordly castle indeed it must have been in the days of its pride, as it still towers up a hundred feet and more, and its walls are eight or ten feet thick; so that it would have lasted for ages if Cromwell had not knocked some ugly holes through it a little more than two hundred years ago. But still the tower is beautiful, being covered to the very top with ivy, which in England is the great beautifier of whatever is old, clinging to the mouldering wall, covering up the huge rents and gaps made by the cannon-balls, and making the most unsightly ruins lovely in their decay. We all climbed to the top, where hangs in air, fastened by iron clamps in its place, the famous Blarney Stone, which is said to impart to whoever kisses it the gift of eloquence which will make one successful in love and in life. As it was, only one pressed forward to snatch this prize which it held out to our embrace.....

Before leaving this old castle—as we shall have many more to see hereafter—let me say a word about castles in general. They are well enough *as ruins*, and certainly, as they are scattered about Ireland and England, they add much to the picturesqueness of the landscapes, and will always possess a romantic interest. But viewed in the sober light of history they are monuments of an age of barbarism, when the country was divided among a hundred chiefs, each of whom had his stronghold, out of which he could sally to attack his less powerful neighbors. Everything in the construction—the huge walls, with narrow slits for windows through which the archers could pour arrows, or in later times the musketeers could shower balls on their enemies; the deep moat surrounding it; the drawbridge and portcullis—all speak of a time of universal insecurity, when danger was abroad, and every man had to be armed against his fellow. As a place of habitation, such a fortress was not much better than a prison. The chieftain shut himself in behind massive walls, under huge arches where the sun

could never penetrate, where all was dark and gloomy as a sepulchre. I know of a cottage in New England, on the crest of one of the Berkshire Hills, open on every side to light and air, kissed by the rising and the setting sun, in which there is a hundred times more of real comfort than could have been in one of these old castles, where a haughty baron passed his existence in gloomy grandeur, buried in sepulchral gloom.

And to what darker purposes were these castles sometimes applied! Let one go down into the passages underneath, dark, damp, and cold as the grave, in which prisoners and captives were buried alive. One cannot grope his way into these foul subterranean dungeons without feeling that these old castles are the monuments of savage tyrants; that if these walls could speak they would tell many a tale, not of knightly chivalry, but of barbarous cruelty that would curdle the blood with horror. These things take away somewhat of the charm which Walter Scott has thrown about those old "gallant knights," who were often no better than robber chiefs; and I am glad that Cromwell with his cannon battered their strongholds about their ears. Let those relics remain, covered with ivy, and picturesque as ruins, but let it never be forgotten that they are the fallen monuments of an age of barbarism, of terror, and of cruelty.—*From Killarney to the Golden Horn.*

IN THE DESERT.

And now we are approaching the border line between Asia and Africa. It is an invisible line; no snow-capped mountains divide the mighty continents which were the seats of the most ancient civilization; no sea flows between them. The Red Sea terminates over seventy miles from the Mediterranean; even the Suez Canal does not divide Asia and Africa, for it is wholly in Egypt. Nothing marks where Africa ends and Asia begins but a line in the desert, covered by

drifting sands. And yet there is something which strangely touches the imagination as we move forward in the twilight, with the sun behind us setting over Africa, and before us the black night coming on over the whole continent of Asia.

But what can one say of the desert? The subject seems as barren as its own sands. *Life* in the desert? There is no life; it is the very realm of death, where not a blade of grass grows, nor even an insect's wing flutters over the mighty desolation; the only objects in motion the clouds that flit across the sky, and cast their shadows on the barren waste below; and the only sign that man has ever passed over it, the bleaching bones that mark the track of caravans. But as we look, behold "a wind cometh out of the North," and stirring the loose sand, whirls it into a column which moves swiftly towards us like a ghost, as if it said, "I am the Spirit of the Desert! Man, wherefore comest thou here? Pass on! If thou invadest long my realm of solitude and silence, I will make thy grave!"

We shall not linger; but only "tarry for a night," to question a little the mystery that lies hidden beneath these drifting sands. We look again, and we see shadowy forms coming out of the whirlwind—great actors in history, as well as figures of the imagination. The horizon is filled with moving caravans and marching armies. Ancient conquerors pass this way for centuries from Asia into Africa, and back again—the wave of conquest flowing and reflowing from the valley of the Tigris to the valley of the Nile. As we leave the Land of Goshen we hear behind us the tramp of the Israelites beginning their march; and as the night closes in, we see in another quarter of the horizon the Wise Men of the East coming from Arabia, following their guiding star, which leads them to Bethlehem, where Christ was born. And so the desert which was dead becomes alive; a whole living world starts up from the sands, and glides into view, appearing suddenly

like Arab horsemen, and then vanishing as if it had not been, and leaving no hole in the sands any more than is left by a wreck that sinks in the ocean. But like the sea it has its passing life, which has a deep human interest. And not only is there a life of the desert, but a literature which is the expression of that life; a history and a poetry which take their color from these peculiar forms of nature; and even a music of the desert, sung by the camel-drivers to the slow movement of the caravan, its plaintive cadence keeping time to the tinkling of the bells.....

A *habitat* so peculiar as the desert must produce a life as peculiar. It is of necessity a lonely life. The dweller in tents is a solitary man without any fixed ties or local habitation. Whoever lives in the desert must live alone, or with few companions, for there is nothing to support existence. It must also be a nomadic life. If the Arab camps with his flocks and herds in some green spot beside a spring, yet it is only for a few days, for in that time his sheep and cattle have consumed the scanty herbage, and he must move on to some new resting-place. Thus the life of the desert is a life always in motion. The desert has no settled population, no towns or villages, where men are born, and grow up, and live and die. Its only "inhabitants" are the "strangers and pilgrims," that come alone or in caravans, and pitch their tents, and tarry for a night, and are gone.—*From Egypt to Japan.*

HENRY FIELDING.—1

FIELDING, HENRY, an English novelist, dramatist, and essayist, born in 1707, died in 1754. He was of an ancient family which could trace its descent from the same stock as the imperial house of Hapsburg. After distinguishing himself at Eton, he was sent to the University of Leyden; but he led so expensive a life that his not over-rich father was obliged to recall him in his twentieth year. His father promised him an allowance of £200 a year, "which," said Fielding, "anybody might pay who would." He took up his residence in London, and began writing for the stage, his first comedy, *Love in Several Masks*, being produced while he was yet a minor. In his twenty-seventh year he married Miss Craddock, who had a fortune of only £1,500. He retired to a small estate worth about £200 a year which he had inherited from his mother, resolving to amend his loose way of life. He gave up writing for the stage, and applied himself closely to literary studies. But his income was insufficient for his profuse expenses, and in three years he fell into bankruptcy. He went back to London, entered himself as a student at the Inner Temple, and in due time was called to the bar. But repeated attacks of gout prevented him from travelling the circuit, and compelled him to fall back to his pen for support. He wrote comedies and farces for the theatre; essays, poems, and squibs for periodicals, and even produced an elaborate treatise on *Crown Law*. The entire number of his dramatic pieces was about thirty; but the only ones which have kept the stage is his burlesque, *Tom Thumb the Great*, produced at twenty-three, and *The Miser* (an adaptation from the French),

HENRY FIELDING.—2

three years later. Among the poems of Fielding the following is about the only one worth reproducing :

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

Genteel in personage,
Conduct and equipage ;
Noble by heritage,
 Generous and free ;
Brave, not romantic ;
Learned, not pedantic ;
Frolic, not frantic—
 This must he be.

Honor maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
 Engaging and new ;
Neat, but not finical ;
Sage, but not cynical ;
Never tyrannical—
 But ever true.

Fielding did not discover wherein his true strength lay until he had reached the age of thirty-four, when (in 1742) appeared his first novel, *Joseph Andrews*, which was begun as a burlesque upon Richardson's *Pamela*, but which grew into something of a far higher order. Shortly after the publication of this novel, his wife died. He was sincerely attached to her, and mourned her deeply ; but in a few months he consoled himself by marrying her maid. In 1743 he put forth three volumes of *Miscellanies*, including the *Journey from this World to the Next*, and soon after the great prose satire, *The History of Jonathan Wild*. In 1749 appeared the second of his novels, and the best of all, *Tom Jones, or the History of a Foundling*, which some have styled "the greatest of all compositions of its class." He had by his

pen done good service to the Whig party of his day, and in 1749, when his constitution had completely broken down, he received the appointment of Acting Magistrate for Westminster. The emoluments of this office were small; and the duties, which were not onerous, seem to have been performed with great ability. In 1752 was published his third novel, *The History of Amelia*, in which he attempts to portray the virtues of his first wife, and the reckless conduct of his own early years. His health gave way wholly; dropsy, with which he had long been troubled, assumed an aggravated form; he was induced to make a voyage to Portugal, in the hope of being benefited by a milder climate. He sailed in the summer of 1754, but died in two months after reaching Lisbon. Few authors have been so warmly praised by famous critics as Fielding has been. Perhaps the most genial of all of these eulogies is pronounced by Thackeray in his *English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century*.

During his voyage to Lisbon Fielding kept a journal, which, though he was suffering the utmost pain, and was obliged to be continually tapped, shows that his intellect was as vigorous, and his affections as warm as they had ever been.

PARTING WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.

Wednesday, June 26, 1754.—On this day the most melancholy sun I had ever beheld arose, and found me awake at my house at Fordhook. By the light of this sun I was, in my own opinion, last to behold and take leave of some of those creatures on whom I doted with a mother-like fondness, guided by nature and passion, and uncured and unhardened by all the doctrine of that philosophical school where I had learned to

bear pains and despise death. In this situation, as I could not conquer nature, I submitted entirely to her, and she made as great a fool of me as she had ever done of any woman whatsoever; under pretence of giving me leave to enjoy, she drew me into suffering the company of my little ones during eight hours; and I doubt whether in that time I did not undergo more than in all my distemper. At twelve precisely my coach was at the door, which was no sooner told me than I kissed my children round, and went into it with some little resolution. My wife, who behaved more like a heroine and philosopher, though at the same time the tenderest mother in the world, and my eldest daughter, followed me; some friends went with us, and others here took their leave; and I heard my behavior applauded, with many murmurs and praises to which I well knew I had no title; as all other such philosophers may, if they have any modesty, confess on the like occasions.—*Journal of Voyage to Lisbon.*

MR. PARTRIDGE SEES GARRICK IN "HAMLET."

In the first row, then, of the first gallery, did Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miller, and her youngest daughter, and Partridge, take their places. Partridge immediately declared it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music was played, he said "It was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time without putting one another out." While the fellow was lighting the upper candles, he cried out to Mrs. Miller: "Look, look, madam; the very picture of the man in the end of the common-prayer book, before the gunpowder treason service." Nor could he help observing, with a sigh, when all the candles were lighted: "That here were candles enough burnt in one night to keep an honest poor family for a whole twelvemonth."

As soon as the play, which was *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence till the entrance of the ghost; upon which he asked Jones: "What

man that was in the strange dress; something," said he, "like what I have seen in a picture. Sure it is not armor, is it?" Jones answered: "That is the ghost." To which Partridge replied, with a smile: "Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever exactly saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one if I saw him better than that comes to. No, no, sir; ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that neither."

In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighborhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue till the scene between the ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the stage. "O la! sir," said he, "I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of anything, for I know it is but a play; and if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company; and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person." "Why, who," cries Jones, "dost thou take to be such a coward here beside thyself?" "Nay, you may call me a coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ay, ay; go along with you! Ay, to be sure! Who's fool, then? Will you? Lud have mercy upon such foolhardiness! Whatever happens, it is good enough for you. Follow you! I'd follow the devil as soon. Nay, perhaps it is the devil—for they say he can put on what likeness he pleases. Oh! here he is again. No further! No, you have gone far enough already; further than I'd have gone for all the king's dominions." Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried: "Hush, hush, dear sir; don't you hear him?" And during the whole speech of the ghost, he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the ghost, and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open;

the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet succeeding likewise in him.

When the scene was over, Jones said: "Why, Partridge, you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more than I conceived possible." "Nay, sir," answered Partridge, "if you are not afraid of the devil, I can't help it; but, to be sure, it is natural to be surprised at such things, though I know there is nothing in them: not that it was the ghost that surprised me neither; for I should have known that to have been only a man in a strange dress; but when I saw the little man so frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me."

"And dost thou imagine then, Partridge," cries Jones, "that he was really frightened?" "Nay, sir," said Partridge, "did not you yourself observe afterwards, when he found it was his own father's spirit, and how he was murdered in the garden, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been had it been my own case. But hush! O la! what noise is that? There he is again. Well, to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, I am glad I am not down yonder where those men are." Then turning his eyes again upon Hamlet: "Ay, you may draw your sword; what signifies a sword against the power of the devil?"

During the second act, Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses; nor could he help observing upon the king's countenance. "Well," said he, "how people may be deceived by faces! *Nulla fides fronti* is, I find, a true saying. Who would think, by looking in the king's face, that he had ever committed a murder?" He then inquired after the ghost; but Jones, who intended he should be surprised, gave him no other satisfaction than "that he might possibly see him again soon, and in a flash of fire."

Partridge sat in fearful expectation of this; and now, when the ghost made his next appear-

ance, Partridge cried out: "There, sir, now; what say you now? is he frightened now or no? As much frightened as you think me, and, to be sure, nobody can help some fears, I would not be in so bad a condition as—what's his name? Squire Hamlet—is there, for all the world. Bless me! what's become of the spirit? As I am a living soul, I thought I saw him sink into the earth." "Indeed you saw right," answered Jones. "Well, well," cries Partridge, "I know it is only a play; and besides, if there was anything in all this, Madam Miller would not laugh so; for, as to you, sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if the devil was here in person. There, there; ay, no wonder you are in such a passion; shake the vile wicked wretch to pieces. If she was my own mother, I should serve her so. To be sure all duty to a mother is forfeited by such wicked doings. Ay, go about your business; I hate the sight of you."

Our critic was now pretty silent till the play which Hamlet introduces before the king. This he did not at first understand, till Jones explained it to him; but he no sooner entered into the spirit of it, than he began to bless himself that he had never committed murder. Then turning to Mrs. Miller, he asked her: "If she did not imagine the king looked as if he was touched; though he is," said he, "a good actor, and doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for as that wicked man there hath, to sit upon a much higher chair than he sits upon. No wonder he ran away; for your sake I'll never trust an innocent face again."

The grave-digging scene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expressed much surprise at the number of skulls thrown upon the stage. To which Jones answered: "That it was one of the most famous burial places about town." "No wonder, then," cries Partridge, "that the place is haunted. But I never saw in my life a worse grave-digger. I had a sexton

when I was clerk that should have dug three graves while he is digging one. The fellow handles a spade as if it was the first time he had ever had one in his hand. Ay, ay, you may sing. You had rather sing than work, I believe." Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he cried out: "Well! it is strange to see how fearless some men are: I never could bring myself to touch anything belonging to a dead man on any account. He seemed frightened enough too at the ghost, I thought. *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*"

Little more worth remembering occurred at the play; at the end of which Jones asked him which of the players he had liked best. To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question: "The king, without doubt." "Indeed, Mr. Partridge," says Mrs. Miller, "you are not of the same opinion with the town; for they are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player who ever was on the stage."

"He the best player!" cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer; "why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you called it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me! any man—that is, any good man—that had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but, indeed, madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country: and the king for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor."—*Tom Jones.*

FIELDS, JAMES THOMAS, an American publisher and author, born at Portsmouth, N. H., December 31, 1817, died at Boston, April 26, 1881. He was educated at the High School in his native town. At the age of seventeen he went to Boston, and was employed in a bookstore. A year after, he delivered the anniversary poem before the Boston Mercantile Library Association, the oration being delivered by Edward Everett. He had barely reached his majority when he became a partner in the house in which he was employed, the title of which in 1844 became Ticknor and Fields, and in 1864 Fields, Osgood and Co. In 1870 he withdrew from the business, and devoted himself to lecturing and other literary occupations. Among the important enterprises in which Mr. Fields was personally engaged, was a Complete Collection of the Works of De Quincey, in 20 volumes, completed in 1858. In 1860 the *Atlantic Magazine*, which had been established several years, passed into the hands of Ticknor and Fields, Mr. Fields for some time acting as Editor. He visited Europe several times, and was personally intimate with nearly every prominent American and English author. His published writings are not numerous. They include three small volumes of *Poems* (1849, 1854, 1858), *Yesterdays with Authors* (1871), and *Underbrush* (1877).

BALLAD OF THE TEMPEST.

We were crowded in the cabin, not a soul would
 dare to sleep ;
 It was midnight on the waters, and a storm was
 on the deep.
 'Tis a fearful thing in Winter to be shattered by
 the blast,
 And to hear the rattling trumpet thunder, "Cut
 away the mast!"

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS.—2

So we shuddered there in silence, for the stoutest
held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring, and the
breakers talked of Death.

As thus we sat in darkness, each one busy in his
prayers,

“We are lost!” the captain shouted as he stag-
gered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered, as she took his
icy hand:

“Isn’t God upon the ocean just the same as on
the land?”

Then we kissed the little maiden, and we spoke
in better cheer,

And we anchored safe in harbor when the morn
was shining clear.

THE LAST OF THACKERAY.

I parted with Thackeray for the last time in the street, at midnight, a few months before his death. The *Cornhill Magazine*, under his editorship, having proved a very great success, grand dinners were given every month in honor of the new venture. We had been sitting late at one of these festivals, and as it was getting towards morning, I thought it wise, as far as I was concerned, to be moving homeward before the sun rose. Seeing my intention to withdraw, he insisted on driving me in his brougham to my lodgings. When we reached the outside door of our host, Thackeray’s servant, seeing a stranger with his master, touched his hat, and asked where he should drive us. It was then between one and two o’clock—time certainly for all decent diners-out to be at rest. Thackeray put on one of his most quizzical expressions, and said to John, in answer to his question, “I think we will make a morning call on the Lord Bishop of London.” John knew his master’s quips and cranks too well to suppose he was in earnest, so I gave him my address, and we went on.

When we reached my lodgings the clocks were striking two, and the early morning air was

raw and piercing. Opposing all my entreaties for leave-taking in the carriage, he insisted upon getting out on the sidewalk, and escorting me up to my door, saying, with a mock-heroic protest to the heavens above us, that "It would be shameful for a full-blooded Britisher to leave an unprotected Yankee friend exposed to ruffians who prowl about the streets with an eye to plunder." Then giving me a gigantic embrace, he sang a verse of which he knew me to be very fond; and so vanished out of my sight the great-hearted author of *Pendennis* and *Vanity Fair*. But I think of him still as moving, in his own stately way, up and down the crowded thoroughfares of London, dropping in at the Garrick, or sitting at the window of the Athenæum Club, and watching the stupendous tide of life that is ever moving past in that wonderful city.

Thackeray was a *master* in every sense, having, as it were, in himself a double quantity of being. Robust humor and lofty sentiment alternated so strangely in him that sometimes he seemed like the natural son of Rabelais, and at others he rose up a very twin brother of the Stratford Seer. There was nothing in him amorphous and unconsidered. Whatever he chose to do, was always perfectly done. There was a genuine Thackeray flavor in everything he was willing to say or to write. He detected with unerring skill the good or the vile wherever it existed. He had an unerring eye, a firm understanding, and abounding truth. "Two of his great master powers," said the chairman at a dinner given to him many years ago in Edinburgh, "are satire and sympathy." George Brinley remarked that "he could not have painted *Vanity Fair* as he has, unless Eden had been shining in his inner eye." He had, indeed, an awful insight, with a world of solemn tenderness and simplicity in his composition. Those who heard the same voice that withered the memory of King George the Fourth repeat "The spacious firmament on high," have a recollection not easily to be blotted from the

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS.—4

mind; and I have a kind of pity for all who were born so recently as not to have heard and understood Thackeray's *Lectures*. But they can read him, and I beg of them to try and appreciate the tenderer phase of his genius as well as the sarcastic one. He teaches many lessons to young men; and here is one of them, which I quote *memoriter* from *Barry Lyndon*: "Do you not, as a boy, remember waking of bright summer mornings and finding your mother looking over you? Had not the gaze of her loving eyes stolen into your senses long before you awoke, and cast over your slumbering spirit a sweet spell of peace, love, and fresh-springing joy?"

Thackeray was found dead in his bed on Christmas morning, 1863, and he probably died without pain. His mother and his daughters were sleeping under the same roof when he passed away alone. Dickens told me that, looking on him as he lay in his coffin, he wondered that the figure he had known in life as one of such a noble presence could seem so shrunken and wasted. But there had been years of sorrow, years of labor, years of pain, in that now exhausted life. It was his happiest Christmas morning when he heard the Voice calling him homeward to unbroken rest.—*Yesterdays with Authors*.

DIRGE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

Underneath the sod low-lying,
Dark and drear,
Sleepeth one who left, in dying,
Sorrow here.

Yes, they're ever bending o'er her
Eyes that weep;
Forms, that to the cold grave bore her,
Vigils keep.

When the summer moon is shining
Soft and fair,
Friends she loved in tears are twining
Chaplets there.

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS.—5

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
 Throned above;
Souls like thine with God inherit
 Life and love.

IF I WERE A BOY AGAIN.

When we are no longer young we look back and see where we might have done better and learned more; and the things we have neglected rise up and mortify us every day of our lives. May I enumerate some of the more important matters, large and small, that, if I were a boy again, I would be more particular about?

I think I would learn to use my left hand just as freely as my right one, so that if anything happened to lame either of them, the other would be all ready to write and handle things, just as if nothing had occurred. There is no reason in the world why both hands should not be educated alike. A little practice would render one set of fingers just as expert as the other; and I have known people who never thought, when a thing was to be done, which particular hand ought to do it, but the hand nearest the object took hold of it, and did it.

I would learn the art of using tools of various sorts. I think I would insist on learning some trade, even if I knew there would be no occasion to follow it when I grew up. What a pleasure it is in after life to be able to "make something," as the saying is!—to construct a neat box to hold one's pen and paper; or a pretty cabinet for a sister's library; or to frame a favorite engraving for a Christmas present to a dear, kind mother. What a loss not to know how to mend a chair that refuses to stand up strong only because it needs a few tacks and a bit of leather here and there! Some of us cannot even drive a nail straight; and should we attempt to saw off an obtrusive piece of wood, ten to one we should lose a finger in the operation. It is a pleasant relaxation from books and study to work an hour every day in a tool-shop; and

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS.—6

my friend, the learned and lovable Professor Oliver Wendell Holmes, finds such a comfort in "mending things," when his active brain needs repose, that he sometimes breaks a piece of furniture on purpose that he may have the relief of putting it together again much better than it was before. He is as good a mechanic as he is a poet.

I think I would ask permission, if I happened to be born in a city, to have the opportunity of passing all my vacations in the country, that I might learn the names of trees and flowers and birds. We are, as a people, sadly ignorant of all accurate rural knowledge. We *guess* at many country things, but we are *certain* of very few. It is inexcusable in a grown-up person, like my amiable neighbor Simpkins, who lives from May to November on a farm of sixty acres, in a beautiful wooded country, not to know a maple from a beech, or a bobolink from a cat-bird. He once handed me a bunch of pansies, and called them violets; and on another occasion he mistook sweet-peas for geraniums. What right has a human being, while the air is full of bird-music, to be wholly ignorant of the performer's name? When we go to the opera, we are fully posted up with regard to all the principal singers; and why should we know nothing of the owners of voices that far transcend the vocal powers of Jenny Lind and Christine Nilsson?

If I were a boy again, I would learn how to row a boat and handle a sail; and, above all, how to become proof against sea-sickness. I would conquer *that* malady before I grew to be fifteen years old. It can be done, and ought to be done in youth; for all of us are more or less inclined to visit foreign countries, either in the way of business or mental improvement—to say nothing of pleasure. Fight the sea-sick malady long enough, and it can be conquered at a very early age. Charles Dickens, seeing how ill his first voyage to America made him, resolved after he got back to England to go into a regular battle

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS.—7

with the winds and waves; and never left off crossing the British Channel, between Dover and Calais, in severe weather, until he was victor over his own stomach, and could sail securely after that in storms that kept the ravens in their nests. "Where there 's a will, there 's a way," even out of ocean troubles; but it is well to begin early to assert supremacy over salt-water difficulties.

If I were a boy again I would have a blank-book in which I could record, before going to bed, every day's events just as they happened to me personally. If I began by writing only two lines a day in my diary, I would start my little book, and faithfully put down what happened to interest me. On its pages I would note down the habits of birds and animals as I saw them; and if the horse fell ill, down should go the malady in my book; and what cured him should go there too. If the cat or the dog showed any peculiar traits, they should all be chronicled in my diary; and nothing worth recording should escape me.

If I were a boy again, one of the first things I would strive to do would be this: I would, as soon as possible, try hard to become acquainted with, and then deal honestly with *myself*; to study up my own deficiencies and capabilities: and I would begin early enough, before faults had time to become habits. I would seek out earnestly all the weak spots in my character, and then go to work speedily and mend them with better material. If I found that I was capable of some one thing in a special degree, I would ask counsel on that point of some judicious friend; and if advised to pursue it, I would devote myself to that particular matter, to the exclusion of much that is foolishly allowed in boyhood.

If I were a boy again, I would school myself into a habit of *attention* oftener; I would let nothing come between me and the subject in hand. I would remember that an expert on the

ice never tries to skate in two directions at once. One of our great mistakes while we are young, is that we do not attend strictly to what we are about just then—at that particular moment. We do not bend our energies close enough to what we are doing or learning. We wander into a half-interest only, and so never acquire fully what is needful for us to become master of. The practice of being habitually attentive is one easily attained, if we begin early enough. I often hear grown-up people say, "I couldn't fix my attention on the sermon or book, although I wished to do so." And the reason is that a *habit* of attention was never formed in youth.

If I were a boy again, I would know more about the history of my own country than is usual, I am sorry to say, with young Americans. When in England I have always been impressed with the minute and accurate knowledge constantly observable in young English lads of average intelligence and culture concerning the history of Great Britain. They not only have a clear and available store of historical dates at hand for use on any occasion, but they have a wonderfully good idea of the policy of government adopted by all the prominent statesmen in different eras down to the present time.

If the history of any country is worth an earnest study, it is surely the history of our own land; and we cannot begin too early in our lives to master it fully and completely. What a confused notion of distinguished Americans a boy must have to reply, as one did not long ago when asked by his teacher, "Who was Washington Irving?" "A General in the Revolutionary War, Sir."

If I were a boy again, I would strive to become a fearless person. I would cultivate *courage* as one of the highest achievements of life. "Nothing is so mild and gentle as courage, nothing is so cruel and vindictive as cowardice," says the wise author of a late essay on "Conduct." Too many of us nowadays are overcome by fancied lions in the way, that never existed out of our own brains. Nothing is so credulous as fear.

Some weak-minded horses are forever looking around for white stones to shy at; and if we are hunting for terrors, they will be sure to turn up in some shape or other. We are too prone to borrow trouble, and anticipate evils that may never appear. "The fear of ill exceeds the ill we fear." Abraham Lincoln once said that he never crossed Fox River, no matter how high the stream was, "until he came to it." Dangers will arise in any career, but presence of mind will often conquer the worst of them. Be prepared for any fate, and there is no harm to be feared.

If I were a boy again, I would look on the cheerful side of everything; for everything almost has a cheerful side. Life is very much like a mirror; if you smile upon it, it smiles back again on you; but if you frown and look doubtful upon it, you will be sure to get a similar look in return. I once heard it said of a grumbling, unthankful person, "He would have made an uncommonly fine sour apple, if he had happened to be born in that station of life." Inner sunshine warms not only the heart of the owner, but all who come in contact with it. Indifference begets indifference. "Who shuts love out, in turn shall be shut out of love."

If I were a boy again, I would demand of myself more *courtesy* towards my companions and friends. Indeed I would rigorously exact it of myself towards strangers as well. The smallest courtesies, interspersed along the rough roads of life, are like the little English sparrows now singing to us all winter long, and making that season of ice and snow more endurable to everybody. But I have talked long enough, and this shall be my parting paragraph: Instead of trying so hard to *be* happy, as if that were the sole purpose of life, I would, if I were a boy again, try still harder to *deserve* happiness.—*Underbrush*.

AGASSIZ.

Once in the leafy prime of spring, when blossoms
whitened every thorn,
I wandered through the vale of Orbe, where
Agassiz was born.

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS.—10

The birds in boyhood he had known went flitting
through the air of May,
And happy songs he loved to hear made all the
landscape gay.

I saw the streamlet from the hills run laughing
through the valleys green;
And, as I watched it run, I said, "This his dear
eyes have seen!"
Far cliffs of ice, his feet had climbed, that day
outspoke of him to me;
The avalanches seemed to sound the name of
Agassiz!

And standing on the mountain crag, where loos-
ened waters rush and foam,
I felt that, though on Cambridge side, he made
that spot my home.
And looking round me as I mused, I knew no
pang of fear or care,
Or homesick weariness, because once Agassiz
stood there.

I walked beneath no alien skies, no foreign
heights I came to tread;
For everywhere I looked, I saw his grand belovèd
head.
His smile was stamped on every tree; the glacier
shone to gild his name;
And every image in the lake reflected back his
fame.

Great keeper of the magic keys that could un-
lock the magic gates,
Where Science like a monarch stands, and sacred
Knowledge waits:—
Thine ashes rest on Auburn's banks: thy mem-
ory all the world contains;
For thou couldst bind in human love all hearts
in golden chains!
Thine was the heaven-born spell that sets our
warm and deep affections free:—
Who knew thee best must love thee best, and
longest mourn for thee!

LOUIS GUILLAUME FIGUIER.—1

FIGUIER, LOUIS GUILLAUME, a French scientific writer, born in 1819. He studied medicine under his uncle Pierre Oscar Figuier, Professor of Chemistry in the School of Pharmacy in Montpellier, and having taken his degree of M.D., went to Paris in 1842, to continue his studies. Four years later he was appointed a professor in the School of Pharmacy in his native town. He afterwards returned to Paris, became the scientific editor of *La Presse*, and has since contributed numerous articles to scientific journals. Among his works are: *Exposition and History of the principal Modern Scientific Discoveries* (1851-53), *History of the Wonders of Modern Times* (1859-60), *Lives of Illustrious Savants from Antiquity to the Nineteenth Century* (1866), *The World before the Deluge*, and *The Vegetable World* (1867), *The Ocean World*, and *The Insect World* (1868), *Birds and Reptiles. The Mammalia*, and *Primitive Man* (1870), and *The Human Race* (1872). Figuier is the editor of *L'Année Scientifique et Industrielle*.

GLACIERS.

The fortunate spectator who could embrace with a bird's-eye view, or from the chariot of some adventurous aeronaut, the whole of the vast Alpine chain, from the shores of the Mediterranean to those of the Adriatic, would behold nearly every shining and silent peak draped in a dazzling robe of ice, which falls over the vast body of each mountain like a kingly shroud, except when broken here and there by the sharp points of rocks too precipitous to retain the descending snows. Beneath, far beneath these towering crests, he would mark a labyrinth of narrow valleys, whose inner flanks are rude with furrows of ice, like the fringes or tatters of the silver mantle spread about the summit. He would

perceive that these long furrows penetrate to the very heart of the fertile regions which the sons of men call their own. If he removed his gaze from the centre of the Alpine mass, secondary and less important chains, ramifying in every direction, would offer him the same spectacle on a smaller scale. And if his wandering glances descended lower still, he would observe that the ice and snows gradually disappear; that nature loses its savage and inhospitable aspect; that the contours of the soil grow rounder and more softened; and finally, that the smiling vegetation and fairy-like bloom of the plains replace the desolate monotonousness of the bleak fields of snow.

These rivers of solidified water, which, in the Alps are found wherever the mountain-summits rise above the perpetual snow-line, and which descend into the valleys far below that boundary, perform no unimportant part in Nature's grand economy. On the awakening of Spring, Nature too, awakes; the budding trees announce and prepare the laughing verdure of the woods; everywhere the gloom of Nature disappears before the genial influence of April. The glaciers alone respond not to the warm embraces of the sun, and the summer heats apparently play upon their impassive surfaces without producing any impression. But when we reflect that these long, motionless, frozen rivers descend unbrokenly from the region of eternal snows, we easily divine that their origin must be sought, no less than their sustenance, in the remote recesses of the mountain-summits. The glaciers are the advance-guards despatched from the inaccessible heights where reigns Eternal Winter; they are the emissaries of those powers of frost which clothe in snow and ice the supreme elevations.

The snow which falls on the loftier mountains never melts; it preserves its condition of solidity upon all rocks whose temperature never rises above zero. The masses which are thus accumulated year after year, would eventually, one might say,

threaten the very sky; they would gather in ever-succeeding strata on the summits, and deprive the plains of the benefit of their waters if provident Nature had not guarded against so evil a result. And it guards against it by the formation of glaciers. A glacier is immovable only to the eye: in reality it is endowed with a progressive motion. This motion is miraculously slow, and in this very slowness of progression rests the providential intention of the phenomenon. Little by little the glaciers advance into the valleys; there they undergo the influence of the mild temperature of Spring and Summer; they melt away at their base; and in this manner create inexhaustible springs and innumerable water-courses. Ascend the bed of an Alpine torrent; follow it up the course of the miry ravine which encloses it, and you will come upon a glacier. A glacier is, in fact, neither more nor less than a vast reservoir of congealed waters, which melt very slowly, and drag on their lingering way into the lower valleys, where they form a rapid stream, or broaden into a noble river. And if we would unveil the whole series of Nature's operations in this branch of her chemistry, we must add that, in the plains and the valleys, the heat of the sun, evaporating the water of brook and river, returns it to the atmosphere in the condition of vapor; which, after awhile, descends again to earth in the form of snow, to be anew converted into ice, and then into vivifying springs; accomplishing thus the most complete and marvellous circle of natural operations, a circle everlasting, which, like its Author, has neither beginning nor end.—*Earth and Sea.*

FRANCISCO DE FIGUEROA.—1

FIGUEROA, FRANCISCO DE, a Spanish poet, born about 1550; died in 1621. He was a soldier by profession, and passed the greater part of his life in Italy and Flanders. Lope de Vega calls him "the divine Figueroa." Cervantes makes him and his friend Garcilaso interlocutors in his pastoral poem, *Galatea*. Of Figueroa, Mr. Ticknor says: "A gentleman and a soldier, whose few Castilian poems are still acknowledged in the more choice collections of his native literature, but who lived so long in Italy, and devoted himself so earnestly to the study of its language, that he wrote Italian verse with purity, as well as Spanish." Just before his death he ordered that all of his poetical works should be burned; but copies of some of them remained in the hands of his friends, and so escaped destruction.

ON THE DEATH OF GARCILASO.

O beauteous scion from the stateliest tree
 That e'er in fertile mead or forest grew,
 With freshest bloom adorned, and vigor new,
 Glorious in form, and first in dignity!
 The same fell tempest, which by Heaven's
 decree
 Around thy parent stock resistless blew,
 And far from Tejo fair its trunk o'erthrew,
 In foreign clime has stripped the leaves from
 thee.
 And the same pitying hand has from the spot
 Of cheerless ruin raised ye to rejoice,
 Where fruit immortal decks the withered stem.
 I will not, like the vulgar, mourn your lot,
 But with pure incense and exulting voice,
 Praise your high worth, and consecrate your fame.
Transl. of Herbert,

VINCENZO DA FILICAJA.—1

FILICAJA, VINCENZO DA, an Italian poet, born at Florence in 1642; died there in 1707. He was of a noble family and studied philosophy, jurisprudence, and theology, writing poetry only by way of relaxation. His early poems were of an amatory character, but the lady to whom he was attached died young, and he resolved thereafter to write only upon sacred or heroic themes. After the raising of the Turkish siege of Vienna by John Sobieski, in 1685, Filicaja celebrated the triumph of the Christian arms by six triumphal odes. His sonnet to Italy is esteemed the best in the Italian language.

SONNET TO ITALY.

Italia, O Italia! hapless thou
 Who didst the fatal gift of beauty gain,
 A dowry fraught with never-ending pain—
 A seal of sorrow stamped upon thy brow :
 O were thy bravery more, or less thy charms !
 Then should thy foes—they whom thy loveliness
 Now lures afar to conquer and possess—
 Adore thy beauty less, or dread thine arms !
 No longer then should hostile torrents pour
 Adown the Alps; and Gallie troops be laved
 In the red waters of the Po no more ;
 Nor longer then, by foreign courage saved,
 Barbarian succor should thy sons implore—
 Vanquished or victors, still by Goths enslaved.
Transl. in U. S. Literary Gazette.

THE SIEGE OF VIENNA.

How long, O Lord, shall vengeance sleep,
 And impious pride defy thy rod ?
 How long thy faithful servants weep,
 Scourged by the fierce barbaric host ?
 Where, where, of thine almighty arm, O God,
 Where is the ancient boast ?
 While Tartar brands are drawn to steep
 Thy fairest plains in Christian gore.
 Why slumbers thy devouring wrath,
 Nor sweeps the offender from thy path ?

VINCENZO DA FILICAJA.—2

And wilt thou hear thy sons deplore
Thy temples rifled—shrines no more—
Nor burst their galling chains asunder,
And arm thee with avenging thunder?

See the black cloud on Austria lower,
Big with terror, death and woe!

Behold the wild barbarians pour
In rushing torrents o'er the land!
Lo! host on host, the infidel foe
Sweep along the Danube's strand,
And darkly serried spears the light of day
o'erpower!

There the innumerable swords,
The banners of the East unite;
All Asia girds her loins for fight:
The Don's barbaric lords,
Sarmatia's haughty hordes,
Warriors from Thrace, and many a swarthy file
Banded on Syria's plains or by the Nile.

Mark the tide of blood that flows
Within Vienna's proud imperial walls!

Beneath a thousand deadly blows,
Dismayed, enfeebled, sunk, subdued,
Austria's queen of cities falls.

Vain are her lofty ramparts to elude

The fatal triumph of her foes;
Lo her earth-fast battlements
Quiver and shake; hark to the thrilling cry
Of war that rends the sky,
The groans of death, the wild laments,
The sob of trembling innocents,
Of wildered matrons, pressing to their breast
All which they feared for most and loved the best!

Thine everlasting hand
Exalt, O Lord, that impious man may learn

How frail their armor to withstand
Thy power—the power of God supreme!

Let thy consuming vengeance burn
The guilty nations with its beam!

Bind them in slavery's iron band,
Or as the scattered dust in summer flies

VINCENZO DA FILICAJA.—3

Chased by the raging blast of heaven
 Before Thee be the Thracians driven?
 Let trophied columns by the Danube rise,
 And bear the inscription to the skies:
 "Warring against the Christian Jove in vain,
 Here was the Ottoman Typhœus slain!".....

If Destiny decree,
 If Fate's eternal leaves declare,
 That Germany shall bend the knee
 Before a Turkish despot's nod,
 And Italy the Moslem yoke shall bear,
 I bow in meek humility,
 And kiss the holy rod.

Conquer—if such Thy will—
 Conquer the Scythian, while he drains
 The noblest blood from Europe's veins,
 And Havoc drinks her fill:
 We yield Thee trembling homage still;
 We rest in Thy command secure;
 For Thou alone art just, and wise, and pure.

But shall I live to see the day
 When Tartar ploughs Germanic soil divide,
 And Arab herdsmen fearless stray,
 And watch their flocks along the Rhine,
 Where princely cities now o'erlook his tide?
 The Danube's towers no longer shine,
 For hostile flame has given them to decay:
 Shall devastation wider spread
 Where the proud ramparts of Vienna swell,
 Shall solitary Echo dwell,
 And human footsteps cease to tread?
 O God, avert the omen dread!
 If Heaven the sentence did record,
 Oh, let Thy mercy blot the fatal word!

Hark to the votive hymn resounding
 Through the temple's cloistered aisles!
 See, the sacred shrine surrounding,
 Perfumed clouds of incense rise!
 The Pontiff opes the stately piles
 Where many a buried treasure lies;
 With liberal hand, rich, full, abounding,
 He pours abroad the gold of Rome;

VINCENZO DA FILICAJA.—4

He summons every Christian king
Against the Moslemin to bring
Their forces leagued for Christendom :
The brave Teutonic nations come,
And warlike Poles like thunderbolts descend,
Moved by his voice their brethren to defend.

He stands upon the Esquiline,
And lifts to heaven his holy arm,
Like Moses, clothed in power divine
While faith and hope his strength sustain.

Merciful God! has prayer no charm
Thy rage to soothe, thy love to gain?
The pious king of Judah's line
Beneath thine anger lowly bended,
And Thou didst give him added years;
The Assyrian Nineveh shed tears
Of humbled pride when death impended,
And thus the fatal curse forefended :
And wilt Thou turn away thy face
When Heaven's vicegerent seeks thy grace?

Sacred fury fires my breast,
And fills my laboring soul.
Ye who hold the lance in rest,
And gird you for the holy wars,
On, on, like ocean waves to conquest roll,
Christ and the Cross your leading star!
Already He proclaims your prowess blest :
Sound the loud trump of victory !
Rush to the combat, soldiers of the Cross!
High let your banners triumphantly toss :
For the heathen shall perish, and songs of the
free
Ring through the heavens in jubilee!
Why delay ye? Buckle on the sword and the
targe.

And charge, victorious champions, charge!

Transl. in U. S. Literary Gazette.

GEORGE FINLAY.—1

FINLAY, GEORGE, a British historian born in 1799; died at Athens, Greece, in 1875. At the age of twenty, while a student at Göttingen, he began to interest himself especially in the affairs of Greece. In 1823 he resolved to go to that country in order that he might judge for himself as to the likelihood of success for the uprising of the Greeks against the Turks. Arriving at Cephalonia in November, he had some intercourse with Lord Byron, who had already embarked in that enterprise. In 1829, when the independence of Greece had been secured, Mr. Finlay took up his residence in Attica; but the hopes which he had cherished of the regeneration of Hellas were not then realized; he lost all his fortune, which he had invested in an attempt to improve the agricultural condition of what had become his adopted land. In the years ensuing, during a part of which he acted as a newspaper correspondent, he wrote several works relating to the later history of Greece. The principal of these are: *The Hellenic Kingdom and the Greek Nation* (1836), *Greece under the Romans* (1844, second edition 1857), *The History of the Greek and Byzantine Empires* (1854), *The History of Greece under the Othoman and Venetian Dominion* (1856), and *The History of the Greek Revolution* (1861). A new edition of Finlay's greatest work, *The History of the Byzantine and Greek Empires*, practically re-written, and with many additions by the Rev. H. F. Tozer, was brought out in 1877.

THE VICISSITUDES OF NATIONS.

The vicissitudes which the great masses of the nations of the earth have undergone in past ages have hitherto received very little attention

from historians, who have adorned their pages with the records of kings, and the personal exploits of princes and great men, or attached their narrative to the fortunes of the dominant classes, without noticing the fate of the people. History, however, continually repeats the lesson that power, numbers, and the highest civilization of an aristocracy are, even when united, insufficient to insure national prosperity, and establish the powers of the rulers on so firm and permanent a basis as shall guarantee the dominant class from annihilation. On the other hand, it teaches us that conquered tribes, destitute of all these advantages, may continue to perpetuate their existence in misery and contempt. It is that portion only of mankind which eats bread raised from the soil by the sweat of its brow, that can form the basis of a permanent national existence. The history of the Romans and of the Jews illustrates these facts. Yet even the cultivation of the soil cannot always insure a race from destruction, "for mutability is nature's bane." The Thracian race has disappeared. The great Celtic race has dwindled away, and seems hastening to complete absorption in the Anglo-Saxon. The Hellenic race, whose colonies extended from Marseilles to Bactria, and from the Cimmerian Bosphorus to the coast of Cyrenaica, has become extinct in many countries where it once formed the bulk of the population, as in Magna Græcia and Sicily. On the other hand, mixed races have arisen, and, like the Albanians and Wallachians, have intruded themselves into the ancient seats of the Hellenes. But these revolutions and changes in the population of the globe imply no degradation of mankind, as some writers appear to think, for the Romans and English afford examples that mixed races may attain as high a degree of physical power and mental superiority as has ever been reached by races of the purest blood in ancient or modern times.—*History of the Greek and Byzantine Empires.*

JOHN FINLEY.—1

FINLEY, JOHN, an American poet, born in Rockbridge County, Virginia, in 1797; died in 1866. After serving an apprenticeship as a tanner and currier, he went to Richmond, Indiana, of which place he was for a time Mayor. He wrote many short poems, which appeared in the newspapers. One of these, *Bachelor's Hall*, was for a long time attributed to Thomas Moore.

BACHELOR'S HALL.

Bachelor's Hall? What a quare-looking place it is!

Kape me from sich all the days of my life!
Sure, but I think what a burnin' disgrace it is
Niver at all to be gettin' a wife.

See the old bachelor, gloomy and sad enough,
Placing his taykettle over the fire;
Soon it tips over—Saint Patrick! he's mad
enough

(If he were present) to fight with the Squire.

There like a hog in a mortar-bed wallowing,
Awkward enough, see him knading his dough;
Troth! if the bread he could ate widout swallow-
ing,

How it would favor his palate, you know?

His meal being over, the table's left setting so;
Dishes, take care of yourselves if you can!
But hunger returns—then he's fuming and fret-
ting so,

Och! let him alone for a baste of a man.

Pots, dishes, pans, and such greasy commodi-
ties,

Ashes and prata-skins kiver the floor;
His cupboard's a storehouse of conical oddities,
Sich as had niver been neighbors before.

Late in the night, then, he goes to bed shiver-
ing:

Niver the bit is the bed made at all!

He crapes, like a tarrapin, under the kivering:—
Bad luck to the picter of Bachelor's Hall.

FIRDUSI (ABUL KASIM), a Persian poet, born about 940; died in 1020. He is said to have been the son of a gardener on the domain of the Governor of Tús. He was carefully educated in the Arabic language and literature, the Old Persian, and the history and traditions of his country. For many years he cultivated his poetical talents with success, and at length conceived the design of relating in an epic poem the history of the Persian kings. He began his work when he was thirty-six years old. When he was more than fifty, he went to the court of the Sultan Mahmúd ibn Sabuktagin, drawn thither by the report that the monarch had directed the poets at his court to write a poetical version of the deeds of the ancient kings. For some time Firdusi remained at the court unnoticed; but at length one of his friends presented to Mahmúd the poet's version of the battles of Rustem and Isfendiyár. The Sultan immediately appointed him to complete the *Sháh-Nameh*, or *Book of the Kings*, gave him the name of Firdusi, or "Paradise," and commanded his treasurer to pay him a thousand pieces of gold for every thousand verses of the poem. The poet chose to wait until the work was complete, and receive the entire payment in a lump. The poem was at length completed in 60,000 verses. Mahmúd professed himself delighted, and ordered payment to be made. But whether through the parsimony of the king, or the treachery of his treasurer, silver was substituted for gold; the poet saw his splendid reward dwindle to paltry wages. He was at the bath when the money was brought to him. In a transport of disappointment and rage, he immediately divided it into three equal parts, which he gave to the keeper of

the bath, the seller of refreshments, and the slave who brought the money. "The Sultan shall know," said he, "that I did not bestow the labor of thirty years on a work to be rewarded with silver." On learning that his gift had been despised, Mahmúd reproached the treasurer, who contrived to throw the blame on Firdusi, and so inflamed the Sultan's rage that he condemned the poet to be trampled to death by an elephant on the following morning. In anguish Firdusi hastened to the Sultan, and besought his pardon. It was reluctantly granted, but the outraged poet fled, first giving into the hands of the king's favorite a sealed paper containing a bitter satire on Mahmúd. He first took refuge in Mazenderan, and afterward at Bagdad, where in honor of its Caliph, Al Kader Billah, he composed a thousand additional verses to the *Sháh Náme*. He also wrote *Yúsef and Zuleika*, a poem of 9000 couplets. He at length returned to his native town, where it is said that he lived obscurely until his death.

The *Sháh Náme* is regarded by the Orientals as an authority in the ancient history of Persia; but there are in it no pretensions to true history, chronology being disregarded, and some of the kings represented as reigning for hundreds of years. It is held in as high estimation, in comparison with other Oriental poems, as are the works of Homer in comparison with other poems of the West. Hence, Firdusi has been called the Homer of the East. The principal hero is Rustem, the son of Zál and Rúdábéh, who in his eighth year, was as powerful as any hero of his time. His exploits in early youth, as recorded by Firdusi, were the marvel of the world. The story of Rustem and

his son Sohráb is regarded as the finest episode of the *Sháh Náme*.

While on a hunting excursion to Turán, Rustem, overcome with fatigue after a long day's chase, lay down and fell asleep. His horse, Rakush, left to browse near him, was captured by a band of Tartars, and led away. On waking Rustem traced his horse by his footprints to Samengan, a small principality on the border of Turán. The king of Samengan went forth to meet him, begged that the hero would become his guest, and promised that his horse should be restored to him. Rustem accepted the king's hospitality, and was entertained at a feast, while servants were sent in search of Rakush. After the feast Rustem was shown to a handsome sleeping apartment. In the night he was awakened by a light shining across his eyes. On opening them he saw a beautiful girl attended by a female slave carrying a lamp. It was Tamineh, the king's daughter, who told him that the story of his wonderful deeds had captivated her heart, and that she had long before resolved to be the wife of no other man. Her beauty and tenderness instantly won his love, and he sent for her father, and asked his consent to their marriage. It was given, and the marriage was solemnized.

Rustem could spend but a short time with his bride. On parting with her he gave her his golden bracelet, telling her that if their child should be a daughter, she might bind the bracelet in her hair, and if it should be a son, she might place it on his arm. Tamineh told him that it was she who had caused Rakush to be stolen, in order that she might obtain a horse of his famous breed. The horse was restored to Rustem, and he returned to his king, and said nothing of his

marriage. In due time a son was born to Tamineh ; but when her husband sent her a rich present, and a message in regard to the child, she so feared to lose it that she replied that it was a daughter.

She named the boy Sohráb, and spared no pains on his education. When he was ten years old, she told him the name of his father, but cautioned him against revealing it on account of enemies. One day he asked her for a suitable war-horse, and found none that could carry him until he tried the foal of Rakush, which had been trained in the royal stables. He now announced his intention of going to war with Kaús, then king of Persia, and securing the kingdom for Rustem. On this, Afrasiyáb, who had always borne Rustem malice for his former defeat, sent a message to Sohráb, telling him that Kaús was also his enemy, and asking to join him against the king. Sohráb accepted his offer, and Afrasiyáb instructed Humán and Barmán, the leaders of his Tartar auxiliaries, to prevent Rustem and Sohráb from recognizing each other, but to bring them together in battle, when Sohráb, being younger and stronger, would probably vanquish his father, and could then be slain by the followers of Afrasiyáb, who would seize the kingdom for himself. Rustem was summoned by Kaús to drive out the invaders of Persia.

Sohráb, bent on discovering his father, questioned Hujir, but was deceived by him in regard to his father's tent and horse. Rustem, seeing the remarkable likeness, of the young prince, only fourteen years of age, to his own grandfather, inquired anxiously about him ; but, remembering Tamineh's assertion that their child was a daughter, put the thought of kinship aside, and went

to meet Sohráb in single combat. The battle was fought on three successive days, with spears, swords, clubs, bows and arrows, and finally by wrestling. Before every struggle, Sohráb, who instinctively loved Rustem, begged the champion to reveal his name. To the question, "Art thou not Rustem?" the champion replied, "I am the servant of Rustem." For two days the young hero had the advantage, but spared his adversary. On the third day, he was thrown by Rustem, who, fearing that he could not hold him, drove a dagger into his side, giving him a mortal wound. While dying Sohráb revealed his identity to his father, who was overwhelmed with anguish at his deed. We give large space to an extract from the great Persian epic :

THE DEATH OF SOHRÁB.

When the bright dawn proclaimed the rising day,
The warriors armed, impatient of delay,
But first Sohráb, his proud confederate nigh,
Thus wistful spoke, as swelled the brooding sigh—

"Now mark my great antagonist in arms!
His noble form my filial bosom warms;
My mother's tokens shine conspicuous here,
And all the proofs my heart demands appear;
Sure this is Rustem, whom my eyes engage!
Shall I, O grief! provoke my father's rage?
Offended nature then would curse my name,
And shuddering nations echo with my shame."

He ceased, then Húmán: "Vain, fantastic thought,
Oft have I been where Persia's champion fought,
And thou has heard what wonders he performed,
When, in his prime, Mazinderán was stormed;
That horse resembles Rustem's, it is true,
But not so strong nor beautiful to view."

Sohráb now buckles on his war-attire,
 His heart all softness, and his brain all fire;
 Around his lips such smiles benignant played,
 He seemed to greet a friend, as thus he said:

“Here let us sit together on the plain,
 Here social sit, and from the fight refrain;
 Ask we from Heaven forgiveness for the past,
 And bind our souls in friendship that may last;
 Ours be the feast—let us be warm and free,
 For powerful instinct draws me still to thee;
 Fain would my heart in bland affection join,
 Then let thy generous ardor equal mine;
 And kindly say with whom I now contend—
 What name distinguished boasts my warrior-
 friend?”

Thy name unfit for champion brave to hide,
 Thy name so long, long sought, and still denied;
 Say, art thou Rustem whom I burn to know?
 Ingenuous say, and cease to be my foe!”

Sternly the mighty champion cried, “Away!—
 Hence with thy wiles—now practised to delay;
 The promised struggle, resolute I claim,
 Then cease to move me to an act of shame.”

Sohráb rejoined: “Old man! thou wilt not
 hear
 The words of prudence uttered in thine ear;
 Then, Heaven! look on.”

Preparing for the shock,
 Each binds his charger to a neighboring rock;
 And girds his loins, and rubs his wrists, and
 tries

Their suppleness and force with angry eyes.
 And now they meet—now rise, and now de-
 scend,

And strong and fierce their sinewy arms extend:
 Wrestling with all their strength they grasp and
 strain,

And blood and sweat flow copious on the plain;
 Like raging elephants they furious close;
 Commotal wounds are given, and wrenching
 blows.

Sohráb now clasps his hands, and forward
 springs

Impatiently and round the champion clings ;
 Seizes his girdle belt, with powers to tear
 The very earth asunder in despair.

Rustem, defeated, feels his nerves give way,
 And thundering falls. Sohráb bestrides his
 prey :

Grim as the lion, prowling through the wood,
 Upon a wild ass springs, and pants for blood.

His lifted hand had lopt the gory head,

But Rustem, quick, with crafty ardor said :

“One moment, hold! what, are our laws un-
 known ?

A chief may fight until he is twice o'erthrown ;

The second fall his recreant blood is spilt,

These are our laws: avoid the menaced guilt.”

Proud of his strength, and easily deceived,

The wondering youth the artful tale believed ;

Released his prey, and wild as wind or wave,

Neglecting all the prudence of the brave,

Turned from the place, nor once the strife re-
 newed,

But bounded o'er the plain, and other cares pur-
 sued,

As if all memory of the war had died,

All thoughts of him with whom his strength was
 tried

When Rustem was released, in altered mood
 He sought the coolness of the murmuring
 flood ;

There quenched his thirst and bathed his limbs,
 and prayed,

Beseeching Heaven to yield its strengthening aid.

His pious prayer indulgent Heaven approved,

And growing strength through all his sinews
 moved ;

Such as erewhile his towering structure knew,

When his bold arm unconquered demons slew.

Yet in his mien no confidence appeared,

No ardent hope his wounded spirits cheered.

Again they met. A glow of youthful grace

Diffused its radiance o'er the stripling's face,

And when he saw in renovated guise

The foe, so lately mastered ; with surprise,

FIRDŪSĪ.—8

He cried: "What! rescued from my power
again

Dost thou confront me on the battle plain?
Or dost thou, wearied, draw thy vital breath,
And seek from warrior bold the shaft of death?
Truth has no charms for thee, old man; even
now,

Some further cheat may lurk upon your brow;
Twice have I shown thee mercy, twice thy age
Hath been thy safety—twice it soothed my
rage."

Then mild the champion: "Youth is proud
and vain!

The idle boast the warrior would disdain;
This aged arm perhaps may yet control
The wanton fury that inflames thy soul."

Again, dismounting, each the other viewed
With sullen glance, and swift the fight re-
newed;

Clinched front to front, again they tug and
bend,

Twist their broad limbs as every nerve would
rend;

With rage convulsive Rustem grasps him round;
Bends his strong back, and hurls him to the
ground;

Him who had deemed the triumph all his own;
But dubious of his power to keep him down,
Like lightning quick he gives the deadly thrust,
And spurns the stripling withering in the dust.

Thus as his blood that shining steel embrues,
Thine too shall flow when destiny pursues:
For when she marks the victim of her power,
A thousand daggers speed the dying hour.

Writhing with pain Sohráb in murmurs sighed—
And thus to Rustem; "Vaunt not in thy pride;
Upon myself this sorrow I have brought,
Thou but the instrument of fate—which
wrought

My downfall; thou art guiltless—guiltless quite;
O had I seen my father in the fight,
My glorious father! Life will soon be o'er;
And his great deeds enchant my soul no more.

Of him my mother gave the mark and sign,
 For him I sought, and what an end is mine !
 My only wish on earth, my only sigh,
 Him to behold, and with that wish I die.
 But hope not to elude his piercing sight,
 In vain for thee the deepest glooms of night
 Couldst thou through ocean's depths for refuge
 fly,
 Or 'midst the star-beams track the upper sky !
 Rustem, with vengeance armed, will reach thee
 there,
 His soul the prey of anguish and despair."

An icy horror chills the champion's heart,
 His brain whirls round with agonizing smart ;
 O'er his wan cheek no gushing sorrows flow,
 Senseless he sinks beneath the weight of woe ;
 Relieved at length, with frenzied look, he cries :
 " Prove thou art mine, confirm my doubting
 eyes !

For I am Rustem ! " Piercing was the groan,
 Which burst from his torn heart—as wild and
 lone,

He gazed upon him. Dire amazement shook
 The dying youth, and mournful thus he spoke :

" If thou art Rustem, cruel is thy part,
 No warmth paternal seems to fill thy heart ;
 Else hadst thou known me when, with strong
 desire,

I fondly claimed thee for my valiant sire ;
 Now from my body strip the shining mail,
 Untie these bands ere life and feeling fail ;
 And on my arm the direful proof behold !
 Thy sacred bracelet of refulgent gold !

When the loud brazen drums were heard afar,
 And, echoing round, proclaimed the pending
 war,

Whilst parting tears my mother's eyes o'er-
 flowed,

This mystic gift her bursting heart bestowed :
 ' Take this,' she said, ' thy father's token wear,
 And promised glory will reward thy care.'
 The hour is come, but fraught with bitterest woe,
 We meet in blood to wail the fatal blow."

The loosened mail unfolds the bracelet bright,
 Unhappy gift! to Rustem's 'wilder'd sight,
 Prostrate he falls—"By my unnatural hand,
 My son, my son is slain—and from the land
 Uprooted." Frantic, in the dust, his hair
 He rends in agony and deep despair;
 The western sun had disappeared in gloom,
 And still the champion wept his cruel doom;
 His wondering legions marked the long delay,
 And, seeing Rakush riderless astray,
 The rumor quick to Persia's monarch spread,
 And there described the mighty Rustem dead.
 Kaús, alarmed, the fatal tidings hears;
 His bosom quivers with increasing fears.
 "Speed, speed, and see what has befallen to-day
 To cause these groans and tears—what fatal
 fray!

If he be lost, if breathless on the ground,
 And this young warrior with the conquest
 crowned,
 Then must I, humbled, from my kingdom torn,
 Wander like Jemshid, through the world for-
 lorn."

The army, roused, rushed o'er the dusty plain,
 Urged by the monarch to revenge the slain;
 Wild consternation saddened every face,
 Túš winged with horror sought the fatal place,
 And thus beheld the agonizing sight—
 The murderous end of that unnatural fight.
 Sohráb, still breathing, hears the shrill alarms,
 His gentle speech suspends the clang of arms:
 "My light of life now fluttering sinks in shade,
 Let vengeance sleep, and peaceful vows be made.
 Beseech the king to spare the Tartar host,
 For they are guiltless, all to them is lost;
 I led them on, their souls with glory fired,
 While mad ambition all my thoughts inspired.
 In search of thee, the world before my eyes,
 War was my choice, and thou my sacred prize;
 With thee, my sire! in virtuous league combined,
 No tyrant king should persecute mankind.
 That hope is past, the storm has ceased to rave,
 My ripening honors wither in the grave;

Then let no vengeance on my comrades fall,
 Mine was the guilt, and mine the sorrow, all.
 How often have I sought thee—of my mind
 Figured thee to my sight—o'erjoyed to find
 My mother's token; disappointment came,
 When thou denied thy lineage and thy name;
 Oh! still o'er thee my soul impassioned hung,
 Still to my father fond affection clung!
 But fate, remorseless, all my hopes withstood,
 And stained thy reeking hand in kindred
 blood."

His faltering breath protracted speech denied;
 Still from his eyelids flowed a gushing tide:
 Through Rustem's soul redoubled horror ran,
 Heart-rending thoughts subdued the mighty
 man.

And now, at last, with joy-illumined eye,
 The Zabul bands their glorious chief desery;
 But when they saw his pale and haggard look,
 Knew from what mournful cause he gazed and
 shook,

With downcast mien they moaned and wept
 aloud;

While Rustem thus addressed the weeping
 crowd:

"Here ends the war! let gentle peace succeed
 Enough of death, I—I have done the deed!"

Then to his brother, groaning deep, he said:
 "O what a curse upon a parent's head!
 But go—and to the Tartar say—No more
 Let war between us steep the earth with gore."

Zúára flew, and wildly spoke his grief
 To crafty Húmán, the Turanian chief,
 Who, with dissembled sorrow, heard him tell
 The dismal tidings which he knew too well;
 "And who," he said, "has caused these tears to
 flow?"

Who, but Hujir? He might have stayed the
 blow;

But when Sohráb his father's banners sought,
 He still denied that him the champion fought:
 He spread the ruin, he the secret knew,
 Hence should his crime receive the vengeance
 due!"

Júára, frantic, breathed in Rustem's ear
 The treachery of the captive chief Hujir ;
 Whose headless trunk had weltered on the
 strand,

But prayers and force withheld the lifted hand.
 Then to his dying son the champion turned,
 Remorse more deep within his bosom burned ;
 A burst of frenzy fired his thrilling brain ;
 He clinched his sword, but found his fury vain ;
 The Persian chiefs the desperate act repress,
 And tried to calm the tumult in his breast.
 Thus Gudarz spoke : “ Alas ! wert thou to give
 Thyself a thousand wounds, and cease to live ;
 What would it be to him thou sorrowest o'er ?
 It would not save one pang—then weep no
 more ;

For if removed by death, O say, to whom
 Has ever been vouchsafed a different doom ?
 All are the prey of death—the crowned, the
 low,

And man, through life, the victim still of woe.”

Then Rustem : “ Fly ! and to the king relate
 The pressing horrors which involve my fate ;
 And if the memory of my deeds e'er swayed
 His mind, O supplicate his generous aid ;
 A sovereign balm he has whose wondrous power
 All wounds can heal and fleeting life restore ;
 Swift from his tent his potent medicine bring.”

But mark the malice of the brainless King !
 Hard as the flinty rock he stern denies
 The healthful draught, and gloomy thus replies :
 “ Can I forgive his foul and slanderous tongue ?
 The sharp disdain on me contemptuous flung ?
 Scorned 'midst my army by a shameless boy,
 Who sought my throne, my sceptre to destroy !
 Nothing but mischief from his heart can flow,
 Is it then wise to cherish such a foe ?
 The fool who warms his enemy to life,
 Only prepares for scenes of future strife.”

Gudarz, returning, told the hopeless tale—
 And thinking Rustem's presence might prevail ;

The champion rose, but ere he reached the throne,

Sohráb had breathed the last expiring groan.

Now keener anguish racked the father's mind,

Reft of his son, a murderer of his kind ;

His guilty sword distained with filial gore ;

He beat his burning breast, his hair he tore ;

The breathless corse before his shuddering view.

A shower of ashes o'er his head he threw ;

" In my old age," he cried, " what have I done ?

Why have I slain my son, my innocent son ?

Why o'er his splendid dawning did I roll

The clouds of death, and plunge my burning soul

In agony ? My son ! from heroes sprung ;

Better these hands were from my body wrung ;

And solitude and darkness, deep and drear,

Fold me from sight than hated linger here.

But when his mother hears with horror wild,

That I have shed the life-blood of her child,

So nobly brave, so dearly loved, in vain,

How can her heart that rending shock sustain ?"

Now on a bier the Persian warriors place

The breathless youth, and shade his pallid face ;

And turning from that fatal field away,

Move toward the champion's home in long
array.

Then Rustem, sick of martial pomp and show,

Himself the spring of all this scene of woe,

Doomed to the flames the pagantry he loved,

Shield, spear, and mace, so oft in battle proved ;

Now lost to all, encompassed by despair ;

His bright pavilion crackling blazed in air ;

The sparkling throne the ascending column fed ;

In smoking fragments fell the golden bed ;

The raging fire red glimmering died away,

And all the warrior's pride in dust and ashes
lay.

Translation of J. Atkinson.

FIRENZUOLA, AGNOLO, an Italian poet, born in 1493, died about 1545. He studied at Siena and Perugia; entered upon an ecclesiastical career, and finally became an Abate. His habits, however, were extremely loose, and his constitution was broken down in middle life. He translated into Italian the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius, and wrote original poems, most of which are of a questionable character, and also several works in prose. All his writings are esteemed models of style, and are cited as authorities in the vocabulary of the *Accademia della Crusca*. None of his writings were published until several years after his death. They have since been frequently reprinted. The latest edition, in two volumes, appeared at Florence in 1848.

UPON HIMSELF.

O thou, whose soul from the pure sacred stream,
 Ere it was doomed this mortal veil to wear,
 Bathed by the gold-haired god, emerged so fair,
 That thou like him in Delos born didst seem!
 If zeal that of my strength would wrongly deem,
 Bade me thy virtues to the world declare,
 And in my highest flight, struck with despair,
 I sunk unequal to such lofty theme:
 Alas! I suffer from the same mishap
 As the false offspring of the bird that bore
 The Phrygian stripling to the Thunderer's lap:
 Forced in the sun's full radiance to gaze
 Such streams of light on their weak vision pour,
 Their eyes are blasted in the furious blaze.

Transl. in the London Magazine.

GEORGE PARK FISHER.—1

FISHER, GEORGE PARK, an American clergyman and author, born at Wrentham, Mass., in 1827. He graduated at Brown University, in 1847, studied theology at Yale, Andover, and Halle. On his return from Germany in 1854 he was appointed Professor of Divinity at Yale, and in 1861 Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Yale Divinity School. In 1866 he became one of the editors of the *New Englander*. He is the author of *Essays on the Supernatural Origin of Christianity* (1865), *A History of the Reformation* (1873), *Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief*, *The Beginnings of Christianity*, *Discussions in History and Theology*, *Faith and Rationalism*, *The Christian Religion*, and *Outlines of Universal History* (1886.)

AN INFINITE AND ABSOLUTE BEING.

It is objected to the belief that God is personal, that personality implies limitation, and that, if personal, God could not be infinite and absolute. "Infinite," (and the same is true of "absolute") is an adjective, not a substantive. When used as a noun, preceded by the definite article, it signifies, not a Being, but an abstraction. When it stands as a predicate, it means that the subject, be it space, time, or some quality of a being, is without limit. Thus, when I affirm that space is infinite, I express a positive perception, or thought. I mean not only that imagination can set no bounds to space, but also that this inability is owing, not to any defect in the imagination or conceptive faculty, but to the nature of the object. When I say that God is infinite in power, I mean that he can do all things which are objects of power, or that his power is incapable of increase. No amount of power can be added to the power of which he is possessed. It is only when "the Infinite" is taken as the synonym of the sum of all existence, that personality

is made to be incompatible with God's infinitude. No such conception of him is needed for the satisfaction of the reason or the heart of man. Enough that he is the ground of the existence of all beings outside of himself, or the creative and sustaining power.

An absolute being is independent of all other beings for its existence and for the full realization of its nature. It is contended that, inasmuch as self-consciousness is conditioned on the distinction of the *Ego* from the *non-Ego*, the subject from the object, a personal being cannot have the attribute of self-existence, cannot be absolute. Without some other existence than himself, a being cannot be self-conscious. The answer to this is, that the premise is an unwarranted generalization from what is true in the case of the human, finite personality of man, which is developed in connection with a body, and is only one of numerous finite personalities under the same class. To assert that self-consciousness cannot exist independently of such conditions, because it is through them that I come to a knowledge of myself, is a great leap in logic. The proposition that man is in the image of God does not necessarily imply that the divine intelligence is subject to the restrictions and infirmities that belong to the human. It is not implied that God ascertains truth by a gradual process of investigation or of reasoning, or that he deliberates on a plan of action, and casts about for the appropriate means of executing it. These limitations are characteristic, not of intelligence in itself, but of finite intelligence. It is meant that he is not an impersonal principle or occult force, but is self-conscious and self-determining. Nor is it asserted that he is perfectly comprehensible by us. It is not pretended that we are able fully to think away the limitations which cleave to us in our character as dependent and finite, and to frame thus an adequate conception of a person infinite and absolute. Nevertheless, the existence of such a person, whom we can apprehend if not

comprehend, is verified to our minds by sufficient evidence. Pantheism, with its imminent Absolute, void of personal attributes, and its self-developing universe, postulates a deity limited, subject to change, and reaching self-consciousness—if it is ever reached—only in men. And Pantheism, by denying the free and responsible nature of man, maims the creature whom it pretends to deify, and annihilates not only morality, but religion also, in any proper sense of the term.

The citadel of Theism is in the consciousness of our own personality. Within ourselves God reveals himself more directly than through any other channel. He impinges, so to speak, on the soul which finds in its primitive activity an intimation and implication of an unconditioned Cause on whom it is dependent—a Cause self-conscious like itself, and speaking with holy authority in conscience, wherein also is presented the end which the soul is to pursue through its own free self-determination—an end which could only be set by a Being both intelligent and holy. The yearning for fellowship with the Being thus revealed—indistinct though it be, well-nigh stifled by absorption in finite objects and in the vain quest for rest and joy in them—is inseparable from human nature. There is an unappeasable thirst in the soul when cut off from God. It seeks for “living water.”—*Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief.*

JOHN FISHER.—1

FISHER, JOHN, an English clergyman, born in 1459; beheaded in 1535. In 1504 he was made Bishop of Rochester, and is supposed to have been the author of the treatise *Assertio Septem Sacramentorum*, for which Henry VIII. obtained the title of "Defender of the Faith." When in 1531 the claim of spiritual supremacy was broached for the king, Fisher refused to acknowledge it. Three years later he refused to take the oath of allegiance, and was committed to the Tower, his bishopric being declared vacant. Soon after he was beheaded upon charge of denying the king's supremacy. Fisher wrote several controversial works, sermons, and devotional treatises. A copious Biography of him appeared in 1854. One of his sermons, preached in 1509, was in honor of the Countess of Richmond, the mother of King Henry VII., in which he gives a picture of a pious lady of high rank.

THE PIOUS COUNTESS OF RICHMOND.

Her sober temperance in meats and drinks was known to all them that were conversant with her, wherein she lay in as great weight of herself as any person might, keeping alway her strait measure, and offending as little as any creature might: eschewing banquets, rere-suppers, juiceries betwixt meals. As for fasting, for age and feebleness, albeit she were not bound, yet those days that by the Church were appointed, she kept them diligently and seriously, and in especial the holy Lent throughout, that she restrained her appetite till one meal of fish on the day; besides her other peculiar fasts of devotion, as St. Anthony, St. Mary Magdalene, St. Catharine, with other; and throughout all the year, the Friday and Saturday she full truly observed. As to hard clothes wearing, she had her shirts and girdles of hair, which, when she was in health,

every week she failed not certain days to wear, sometime the one, sometime the other, that full often her skin, as I heard her say, was pierced therewith. In prayer, every day at her up-rising, which commonly was not long after five of the clock, she began certain devotions, and so after them, with one of her gentlewomen, the matins of Our Lady; then she came into her closet, where then with her chaplain she said also matins of the day; and after that daily heard four or five masses upon her knees; so continuing in her prayers and devotions unto the hour of dinner, which of the eating-day was ten of the clock, and upon the fasting-day eleven. After dinner full truly she would go her stations to three altars daily; daily her dirges and commendations she would say, and her even-songs before supper, both of the day and of Our Lady, beside many other prayers and psalters of David throughout the year; and at night before she went to bed, she failed not to resort unto her chapel, and there a large quarter of an hour to occupy her devotions. No marvel, through all this long time her kneeling was to her painful, and so painful that many times it caused in her back pain and disease. And yet, nevertheless, daily when she was in health, she failed not to say the crown of Our Lady, which after the manner of Rome containeth sixty and three aves, and at every ave to make a kneeling. As for meditation, she had divers books in French, wherewith she would occupy herself when she was weary of prayer. Wherefore divers she did translate out of the French into English. Her marvellous weeping they can bear witness of, which here before have heard her confession, which be divers and many, and at many seasons in the year, lightly every third day. Can also record the same those that were present at any time when she was houshilde, [received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper] which was full nigh a dozen times every year, what floods of tears there issued forth of her eyes!

FISK, WILBUR, an American clergyman and educator, born at Brattleboro, Vt., in 1792; died at Middletown, Conn., in 1838. He graduated at Brown University in 1815, and entered upon the study of law; but in 1818 he entered the itinerant ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and five years later was made Presiding Elder of the Vermont District. In 1826 he became Principal of an Academy at Wilbraham, Mass., of which he was one of the founders. The Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., was founded in 1832; and Mr. Fisk, who had declined several important educational positions, was chosen as first President of the new institution. In 1835-36, on account of impaired health he made a tour in Europe. During his absence he was elected a Bishop of the Methodist Church, but declined the position. His principal works are: *Sermons and Lectures on Universalism*, *Reply to Pierpont on the Atonement*, *The Calvinistic Controversy*, and *Travels in Europe*. His *Life* has been written by Rev. Joseph Holdich (1842.)

SEA-SICKNESS.

If I supposed that any sketch of this disease would produce even the premonitory symptoms upon my readers, I could not find it in my heart to inflict the misery upon one of the sons of Adam—except on the physicians; nor even upon them, except in hope that it would put them upon extra exertions to find a cure. On board the steamboat which conveyed us down to Sandy Hook an eminent physician suggested and sanctioned the theory, which I believe has gained extensive authority with the faculty, and certainly seems very plausible, and accords well with many of the symptoms, that the disease is the inversion of the peristaltic motion of the digestive muscles through the stomach and viscera.

Alas! what a picture of this distressing disorder. Only conceive the unpleasant sensation which this unnatural action must produce—the loathing, the shrinking back, and the spasmodic action of all the digestive organs. And when this system of “internal agitation” is begun, it is increased by its own action. The spasm increases the irritation, and the irritation increases the susceptibility to spasmodic action, until the coats of the stomach and all the abdominal viscera are convulsed. The sensations produced, however, are not those of *pain*, as we commonly use the term, but of loathing—of sickness—of death-like sickness—until nature is wearied, and the poor sufferer feels that life itself is a burden. He is told that he must not give up to it; he must keep about, take the air, and drive it off. At first he thinks that he will—he believes that he can; and, perhaps, after the first complete action of his nausea, feels relieved, and imagines that he has conquered; but another surge comes on, and rolls him and his vessel a few feet upward; and again she sinks, and he with her: but not *all* of him. His body goes down with the vessel, as it is meet that it should, according to the laws of gravitation; but that which his body contains cannot make ready for so speedy a descent. The *contained* has received an impetus upward, and it keeps on in this direction; while the *container* goes down with the ship. The result may be readily inferred.

But even then the worst is still to come. When the upward action, the distressing nausea, the convulsive retching continue, the deeper secretions are disturbed, and the mouth is literally filled with “gall and bitterness.” All objects around you now lose their interest; the sea has neither beauty nor sublimity; the roaring of the wave is like the wail of death; the careering of the ship before the wind, “like a thing of life,” is but the hastening and aggravation of agony. Your sympathy, if not lost, is paralyzed. Your dear friend—perhaps the wife of your bosom—

is suffering at the same time ; but you have not the moral courage, if you have the heart, to go to her assistance. And even that very *self*, which is so absorbing and exclusive, seems, by a strange paradox, hardly so interesting as to be worth an existence.

If the theory of the inversion of the peristaltic motion be true, it may yet be a curious, and perhaps not unprofitable physiological inquiry, What are the intermediate links between the motion of the vessel—which is evidently the *primum mobile* of all the agitation—and this inverted action of the digestive organs? Is this latter the effect of a previous action upon the nervous system? Is it the effect of sympathy between the brain and the stomach? If a nervous derangement is a prior link, are the nerves wrought upon by the imagination? and if so, through what sense is the imagination affected? Is it through the general feelings of the frame—the entire system—or is it chiefly through the organ of sight? I have not skill or knowledge sufficient to answer these questions. I cannot but think, however, that the eye has much to do in this matter. If you look at the vessel in motion, it seems to increase the difficulty; and hence, while under the influence of the disease, you cannot bear to look on anything around you, but are disposed to close the windows of the soul, and give yourself up to dark and gloomy endurance.

One of the social—or rather *anti*-social—concomitants of this disease is that it excites but little pity in those around you who are not suffering. One tells you, “It will do you good!” This is the highest comfort you get. Another assures you that “it is not a mortal disease,” and that “you will feel a great deal better when it is over.” Another laughs you in the face, with some atrocious pleasantry about “casting up accounts,” or “paying duties to Old Neptune.” A “searching operation,” this paying custom to the watery king. If his Majesty demanded but a

large percentage of your wares, it might be tolerable; but he takes all you have; he searches you through and through.

Wearied out at length, you throw yourself into your berth, where, by keeping in a horizontal position, and sinking into the stupor of a mere oyster existence, you find the only mitigation of your suffering. But here too you have painful annoyances. Is it cold: your extremities become numb and icy; the system, as in the cholera, has all the heat and action within, while the entire surface is torpid, and the extremities are cold as death. Is it hot: you have a sense of suffocation for the want of air; you open your eyes, and see the white drapery of your bed waving, and in a moment you anticipate the fanning of the breeze. No, no! that waving motion is not from the zephyr; it is from the same baleful agitation that is the source of all your distress.

To this hour I can scarcely think of the waving of that white drapery in the stagnant air of my state-room without associating with it the idea of a ghostly visitant in the hour of midnight, flapping his sepulchral wing about the bed of agony, and boding ill to the sufferer. Again you close your eyes. You think of home—of land anywhere—of the *terra firma* beds of the lower animals, even of the worst accommodated among them—the horse or the swine—and you feel that their lodgment would be a Paradise compared with your billow-tossed couch. But all is in vain, and you find no other alternative but to give yourself up to passive endurance. And such endurance! You listen to the bell dividing off the hours—and you feel that Time, like the slow fires of savage torments, has slackened his pace to prolong your sufferings. Suffice it to say that I have been describing what I have actually felt, in a greater or less degree, with occasional interruptions, for fifteen days during my voyage to Europe.—*Travels in Europe.*

FISKE, JOHN, an American author, born at Hartford, Conn., in 1842. He was educated at Harvard University, and at the Dane Law School, from which he graduated in 1865. In 1869 he was appointed Lecturer on Philosophy at Harvard, in 1870 Tutor in History, and in 1872 Assistant Librarian, which office he held until 1879. He has published *Myths and Myth-makers* (1872), *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy* (1874), *The Unseen World* (1876), *Darwinism and Other Essays* (1879), *Excursions of an Evolutionist* (1883), *The Destiny of Man Viewed in the Light of His Origin* (1884), *The Idea of God as Affected by Modern Knowledge*, and *American Political Ideas* (1885.)

THE SCIENTIFIC MEANING OF THE WORD "FORCE."

In illustration of the mischief that has been wrought by the Augustinian conception of Deity, we may cite the theological objections urged against the Newtonian theory of gravitation and the Darwinian theory of natural selection. Leibnitz who, as a mathematician but little inferior to Newton himself, might have been expected to be easily convinced of the truth of the theory of gravitation, was nevertheless deterred by theological scruples from accepting it. It appeared to him that it substituted the action of physical forces for the direct action of the Deity. Now the fallacy of this argument of Leibnitz is easy to detect. It lies in a metaphysical misconception of the meaning of the word "force." "Force" is implicitly regarded as a sort of entity or dæmon which has a mode of action distinguishable from that of Deity; otherwise it is meaningless to speak of substituting one for the other. But such a personification of "force" is a remnant of barbaric thought, in no wise sanctioned by physical science. When astronomy speaks of two planets as attracting each other

with a "force" which varies directly as their masses and inversely as the square of their distances apart, it simply uses the phrase as a convenient metaphor by which to describe the manner in which the observed movements of the two bodies occur. It explains that in presence of each other the two bodies are observed to change their positions in a certain specified way, and this is all that it means. This is all that a strictly scientific hypothesis can possibly allege, and this is all that observation can possibly prove.

Whatever goes beyond this, and imagines or asserts a kind of "pull" between the two bodies, is not science, but metaphysics. An atheistic metaphysics may imagine such a "pull," and may interpret it as the action of something that is not Deity, but such a conclusion can find no support in the scientific theorem, which is simply a generalized description of phenomena. The general considerations upon which the belief in the existence and direct action of Deity is otherwise founded are in no wise disturbed by the establishment of any such scientific theorem. We are still perfectly free to maintain that it is the direct action of Deity which is manifested in the planetary movements; having done nothing more with our Newtonian hypothesis than to construct a happy formula for expressing the mode or order of the manifestation. We may have learned something new concerning the manner of divine action; we certainly have not "substituted" any other kind of action for it. And what is thus obvious in this simple astronomical example is equally true in principle in every case whatever in which one set of phenomena is interpreted by reference to another set. In no case whatever can science use the words "force" or "cause" except as metaphorically descriptive of some observed or observable sequence of phenomena. And consequently at no imaginable future time, so long as the essential conditions of human thinking are maintained, can science even attempt to substitute the action of

any other power for the direct action of Deity.
—*The Idea of God.*

THE EARLY SETTLERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

The settlement of New England by the Puritans occupies a peculiar position in the annals of colonization, and without understanding this we cannot properly appreciate the character of the purely democratic society which I have sought to describe. As a general rule colonies have been founded, either by governments or by private enterprise, for political or commercial reasons. The aim has been—on the part of governments—to annoy some rival power, or to get rid of criminals, or to open some new avenue of trade ; or, on the part of the people, to escape from straitened circumstances at home, or to find a refuge from religious persecution. In the settlement of New England none of these motives were operative except the last, and that only to a slight extent. The Puritans who fled from Nottinghamshire to Holland in 1608, and twelve years afterwards crossed the ocean in the *Mayflower*, may be said to have been driven from England by persecution. But this was not the case with the Puritans who between 1630 and 1650 went from Lincolnshire, Norfolk, and Suffolk, and from Dorset and Devonshire, and founded the colonies of Massachusetts and Connecticut. These men left their homes at a time when Puritanism was waxing powerful and could not be assailed with impunity. They belonged to the upper and middle classes of the society of that day, outside of the peirage.

Mr. Freeman has pointed out the importance of the change by which, after the Norman Conquest, the Old-English nobility or *thegnhood* was pushed down into “a secondary place in the political and social scale.” Of the far-reaching effects of this change upon the whole subsequent history of the English race I shall hereafter have occasion to speak. The proximate effect was that “the ancient lords of the soil, thus thrust

down into the second rank, formed that great body of freeholders, the stout gentry and yeomanry of England, who were for so many ages the strength of the land." It was from this ancient thegnhood that the Puritan settlers of New England were mainly descended. It is no unusual thing for a Massachusetts family to trace its pedigree to a lord of the manor in the thirteenth or fourteenth century. The leaders of the New England emigration were country gentlemen of good fortune, similar in position to such men as Hampden and Cromwell; a large proportion of them had taken degrees at Cambridge. The rank and file were mostly intelligent and prosperous yeomen. The lowest ranks of society were not represented in the emigration; and all idle, shiftless, or disorderly people were rigorously refused admission into the new communities, the early history of which was therefore singularly free from anything like riot or mutiny. To an extent unparalleled, therefore, in the annals of colonization, the settlers of New England were a body of *picked men*. Their Puritanism was the natural outcome of their free-thinking, combined with an earnestness of character which could constrain them to any sacrifices needful for realizing their high ideal of life. They gave up pleasant homes in England, and they left them with no feeling of rancor towards their native land, in order that, by dint of whatever hardship, they might establish in the American wilderness what should approve itself to their judgment as a God-fearing community. It matters little that their conceptions were in some respects narrow. In the unflinching adherence to duty which prompted their enterprise, and in the sober intelligence with which it was carried out, we have, as I said before, the key to what is best in the history of the American people.—*American Political Ideas.*

FITZGERALD, PERCY HETHERINGTON, an Irish author, born in 1834. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, was admitted to the Irish bar, and was appointed a Crown Prosecutor on the Northeastern Circuit. Many of his novels first appeared in *All the Year Round*, *Once a Week*, and *Household Words*. Among his works are *Never Forgotten*, *The Second Mrs. Tillotson*, *The Bridge of Sighs*, *Bella Donna*, *Polly*, *The Sword of Damocles*, *The Night Mail*, *Diana Gay*, *The Life of Sterne*, *The Life of Garrick*, *Charles Townshend*, *A Famous Forgery*, being the life of Dr. Dodd, *Charles Lamb*, *Principles of Comedy*, *Pictures of School Life and Boyhood*, *The Kembles*, *Life and Adventures of Alexander Dumas*, *The Romance of the English Stage*, *Life of George IV.*, *The World Behind the Scenes*, *A New History of the English Stage*, *Recollections of a Literary Man*, *The Royal Dukes and Princesses of the Family of George III.* (1882), *The Recreations of a Literary Man*, *Kings and Queens of an Hour*, *Records of Love, Romance, Oddity, and Adventure* (1883), *Lives of the Sheridans*, and *The Book-Fancier* (1887.)

GOLDSMITH'S COMEDY.

That delightful comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*, would indeed deserve a volume, and is the best specimen of what an English comedy should be. It illustrates excellently what has been said as to the necessity of the plot depending on the characters, rather than the characters depending on the plot, as the fashion is at present. How would our modern playwright have gone to work, should he have lighted on this good subject for a piece—that of a gentleman's house being taken for an inn, and the mistakes it might

give rise to? He would have an irascible old proprietor, who would be thrown into contortions of fury by the insults he was receiving; visitors free and easy, pulling the furniture about, ransacking the wardrobes, with other farcical pranks, such as would betray that they were *not* gentlemen, or such as guests at an inn would never dream of doing. But farce would be got out of it somehow.

Very different were the principles of Goldsmith. He had this slight shred of a plot to start with; but it was conceived at the same moment with the character of Marlow—the delicacy and art of which conception is beyond description. It was the character of all others to bring out the farce and humor of the situation, viz., a character with its two sides—one that was forward and impudent with persons of the class he believed his hosts to belong to, but liable at any crisis, on the discovery of the mistake, to be reduced to an almost pitiable state of shyness and confusion. It is the consciousness that this change is *in petto* at any moment—that the cool town man may be hoisted in a second on this petard—that makes all so piquant for the spectator. To make Marlow a mere exquisite would have furnished a conventional dramatic contrast; but the addition of bashfulness—and of bashfulness after this artistic view—more than doubles the dramatic force. A further strengthening was the letting his friend into the secret; so that this delightfully self-sufficient creature is the only one of all concerned—including audience—who is unaware of his situation.

One could write on and on in praise of this delicious comedy. What was before Goldsmith's mind was the local color, as background for Marlow—the picture of the old country-house and its old-fashioned tenants, its regular types of character, as full and round as the portraits on the wall. Then there is the artful contrast of the characters, every figure in it separate, distinct, alive, colored, round, and to be thought

of, positively, like people we have known. Young Marlow, and Tony Lumpkin—old Harcastle, and Diggory, and Mrs. Harcastle—these are things to be recalled hereafter, from being framed in an admirable setting at a theatre in this metropolis, where the background, the atmosphere, the scenery, and dress, is like a series of pictures, and helps us over many shortcomings in the play. With excellent playing in one leading character, Tony, it haunts the memory as something enjoyable; and, to one who goes round the playhouses, it is as though he had been stopping at some cheerful country-house from which he was loth to depart.

What a play! we never tire of it. How rich in situations, each the substance of a whole play! At the very first sentence the stream of humor begins to flow. Mrs. Harcastle's expostulation against being kept in the country, and her husband's grumbling defence; the alehouse, and the contrast of the genteel travelers misdirected; the drilling of the servants by Harcastle; the matchless scene between Marlow, his friend, and the supposed landlord; the interrupted story of the Duke of Marlborough, unrivaled in any comedy; the scene between the shy Marlow and Miss Harcastle; Hastings's compliments to Mrs. Harcastle; the episode of the jewels; Marlow's taking Miss Harcastle for the barmaid; the drunken servant, and Harcastle's fairly losing all patience; and the delightful and airily delicate complications as to Marlow's denial of having paid any attentions; the puzzle of his father; the enjoyment of the daughter, who shares the secret with the audience—all this makes up an innumerable series of exquisite situations, yet all flowing from that one simple *motif* of the play—the mistaking a house for an inn! Matchless piece! with nothing forced, nothing strained, everything natural and easy. "Gay" would be the word to describe it. We regret when it is over, and look back to it with delight.—*Principles of Comedy and Dramatic Effect.*

FLAMMARION, CAMILLE, a French astronomer and author, born at Montigny-le-Roi, in 1842. He was educated in the ecclesiastical seminary of Langres, and at Paris, and studied in the Imperial Observatory for four years. In 1862 he became editor of the *Cosmos*, and in 1865 scientific editor of the *Siècle*. He is the author of *La Pluralité des Mondes Habités* and *Les Habitans de l'autre Monde* (1862), *Les Mondes Imaginaires et les Mondes Réels* (1864), *Les Merveilles Célestes*, translated under the title of *Wonders of the Heavens* (1865), *Dieu dans la Nature* (1866), *Histoire du Ciel* (1877), *Contemplations Scientifiques* and *Voyages Aériens* (1868), *L'Atmosphère* (1872), *Histoire d'un Planète* (1873), *Les Terres du Ciel* (1876), *L'Astronomie Populaire* (1880), and *Dans le Ciel et sur la Terre* (1886.) In 1868 Flammarion made several balloon ascents for the purpose of ascertaining the condition of the atmosphere at great altitudes. In 1880 he received a prize from the French Academy for his work *L'Astronomie Populaire*.

INFINITE SPACE.

There are truths before which human thought feels itself humiliated and perplexed, which it contemplates with fear, and without the power to face them, although it understands their existence and necessity; such are those of the infinity of space and eternity of duration. Impossible to define—for all definition could only darken the first idea which is in us—these truths command and rule us. To try to explain them would be a barren hope; it suffices to keep them before our attention in order that they may reveal to us, at every instant, the immensity of their value. A thousand definitions have been given; we will, however, neither quote nor recall one of them.

But we wish to open space before us, and employ ourselves there in trying to penetrate its depth. The velocity of a cannon-ball from the mouth of the cannon makes swift way, 437 yards per second. But this would be still too slow for our journey through space, as our velocity would scarcely be 900 miles an hour. This is too little. In nature there are movements incomparably more rapid: for instance, the velocity of light. This velocity is 186,000 miles per second. This will do better; thus we will take this means of transport. Allow me, then, by a figure of speech, to tell you that we will place ourselves on a ray of light, and be carried away on its rapid course.

Taking the earth as our starting-point we will go in a straight line to any point in the heavens. We start. At the end of the first second we have already traversed 186,000 miles; and at the end of the second, 372,000. We continue: Ten seconds, a minute, ten minutes have elapsed—111,600,000 miles have been passed. Passing, during an hour, a day, a week, without ever slacking our pace, during whole months, and even a year, the time which we have traversed is already so long that, expressed in miles, the number of measurement exceeds our faculty of comprehension, and indicates nothing to our mind; there would be trillions, and millions of millions. But we will not interrupt our flight. Carried on without stopping by this same rapidity of 186,000 miles each second, let us penetrate the expanse in a straight line for whole years, fifty years, even a century. Where are we? For a long time we have gone far beyond the last starry regions which are seen from the earth—the last that the telescope has visited; for a long time we travel in other regions, unknown and unexplored. No mind is capable of following the road passed over; thousands of millions joined to thousands of millions express nothing. At the sight of this prodigious expanse the imagination is arrested, humbled. Well! this is the wonderful point of

the problem : we have not advanced a single step in space. We are no nearer a limit than if we had remained in the same place. We should be able again to begin the same course starting from the point where we are, and add to our voyage a voyage of the same extent ; we should be able to join centuries on centuries in the same itinerary, with the same velocity, to continue the voyage without end and without rest ; we should be able to guide ourselves in any part of space, left, right, forward, backward, above, below, in every direction ; and when, after centuries employed in this giddy course, we should stop ourselves, fascinated, or in despair before the immensity eternally open, eternally renewed, we should again understand that our secular flights had not measured for us the smallest part of space, and that we were not more advanced than at our starting-point. In truth it is the infinite which surrounds us, as we before expressed it, or the infinite number of worlds. We should be able to float for eternity without ever finding anything before us but an eternally open infinite.

Hence it follows that all our ideas on space have but a purely relative value. When we say, for instance, to ascend to the sky, to descend under the earth, these expressions are false in themselves, for being situated in the bosom of the infinite, we can neither ascend nor descend ; there is no above or below ; these words have only an acceptation relative to the terrestrial surface on which we live. The universe must, therefore, be represented as an expanse without limits, without shores, illimited, infinite, in the bosom of which float suns like that which lights us, and earths like that which poises under our steps. Neither dome nor vaults, nor limits of any kind ; void in every direction, and in this void an immense number of worlds, which we will soon describe.—

Wonders of the Heavens.

FLAUBERT, GUSTAVE, a French novelist, born in 1821; died in 1880. His father was Chief Surgeon of the Hôtel Dieu in Rouen. His brother also was a physician, and he himself studied medicine, which he relinquished for literature. In 1849 he set out on a journey through Northern Africa, Asia Minor, Syria, and Southern Europe. During his travels he studied enthusiastically all that related to the past in the countries he visited. On his return to France, he engaged in authorship. His first publication was a novel, *Madame Bovary*, which appeared in the *Revue de Paris*, in 1857. Legal proceedings instituted against him on account of its alleged immorality fell to the ground. The next year he went to Tunis, and then to the ruins of Carthage, where he remained for a long time. This journey resulted in the production of the author's greatest work, *Salammbô*, published in 1862, and which has been called the "resurrection of Carthage." It is founded upon the revolt, under Spendius, of the Barbarian followers of Hamilcar Barca, after the first Punic war, their siege of Carthage, and their terrible punishment. The heroine of the tale is Salammbô, the daughter of Hamilcar, whose story has been grafted by the author on the historical foundation. Among Flaubert's other works are: *Sentimental Education* (1869), *The Temptation of St. Anthony* (1874), *Herodias*, *St. Julian the Hospitaller*, and *A Simple Heart* (1877), and *Bouvard et Pécuchet* (1880), completed a few weeks before the author's death.

UNDER THE WALLS OF CARTHAGE.

From the surrounding country the people, mounted on asses, or running on foot, pale,

breathless, wild with fear, came rushing into the city. They were flying before the Barbarian army, which, within three days, had traversed the road from Sicca, bent on falling upon and exterminating Carthage. Almost as soon as the citizens closed the gates, the Barbarians were descried, but they halted in the middle of the isthmus on the lake shore. At first they made no sign whatever of hostility. Many approached with palms in their hands, only to be repulsed by the arrows of the Carthaginians, so intense was the terror prevailing throughout the city. During the early morning and at nightfall stragglers prowled along the walls. A small man carefully enveloped in a mantle, with his face concealed under a very low visor, was specially noticeable. He tarried for hours looking at the aqueduct, and with such persistence, that he undoubtedly desired to mislead the Carthaginians as to his actual designs. He was accompanied by another man, of giant-like stature, who walked about bareheaded.

Carthage was defended throughout the entire width of the isthmus ; first by a moat, succeeded by a rampart of turf ; finally by a double-storied wall, thirty cubits high, built of hewn stones. It contained stables for three hundred elephants, with magazines for their caparisons, shackles, and provisions, as well as other stables for a thousand horses with their harness and fodder ; also casernes for twenty thousand soldiers, arsenals for their armor, and all the materials and necessaries for war. Towers were erected on the second story, furnished with battlements, clad on the exterior with bronze bucklers, suspended from cramp-irons.

The first line of walls immediately sheltered Malqua, the quarter inhabited by seafaring people and dyers of purple. Poles were visible on which purple sails were drying, and beyond, on the last terraces, clay furnaces for cooking saumure. At the back the city was laid out like an amphitheatre ; its high dwellings in the form

of cubes were variously built of stone, planks, shingles, reeds, shells, and pressed earth. The groves of the temples appeared like lakes of verdure in this mountain of diversely colored blocks. The public squares levelled it at unequal distances, and innumerable streets intercrossed from top to bottom. The boundaries of the three old quarters could be distinguished, now merged together and here and there rising up like huge rocks or spreading out in enormous flat spaces of walls—half-covered with flowers, and blackened by wide streaks caused by the throwing over of filth; and streets passed through in yawning spaces like streams under bridges.

The hill of the Acropolis, in the centre of Byrsa, disappeared under a medley of monuments; such as temples with torsel-columns, with bronze capitals, and metal chains, cones of uncemented stones banded with azure, copper cupolas, marble architraves, Babylonian buttresses, and obelisks poised on the points like reversed flambeaux. Peristyles reached to frontons; volutes unrolled between colonnades; granite walls supported tile partitions. All these were mounted one above another, half-hidden in a marvelous incomprehensible fashion. Here one felt the succession of ages, and the memories of forgotten countries were awakened. Behind the Acropolis, in the red earth, the Mappals road, bordered by tombs, extended in a straight line from the shore to the catacombs; then followed large dwellings in spacious gardens; and the third quarter, Megara, the new city, extended to the edge of cliffs, on which was erected a gigantic lighthouse where nightly blazed a beacon. Carthage thus deployed herself before the soldiers now encamped on the plains.

From the distance the soldiers could recognize the markets and the cross-roads, and disputed among themselves as to the sites of the various temples. Khamoûn faced the Syssites, and had golden tiles; Melkarth, to the left of Eschmoûn, bore on its roof coral branches; Tanit, beyond,

rounded up through the palm-trees its copper cupola ; and the black Moloch stood below the cisterns at the side of the lighthouse. One could see at the angles of the frontons, on the summit of the walls, at the corners of the squares, everywhere, the various divinities with their hideous heads, colossal or dwarfish, with enormous or immeasurably flattened bellies, open jaws, and outspread arms, holding in their hands pitchforks, chains, or javelins. And the blue sea spread out at the ends of the streets, which the perspective rendered even steeper.

A tumultuous people from morning till night filled the streets; young boys rang bells, crying out before the doors of the bath-houses; shops wherein hot drinks were sold sent forth steam; the air resounded with the clangor of anvils; the white cocks, consecrated to the sun, crowed on the terraces; bees awaiting slaughter bellowed in the temples; slaves ran hither and thither with baskets poised on their heads, and in the recesses of the porticoes now and again a priest appeared clothed in sombre mantle, barefooted, wearing a conical cap.

This spectacle of Carthage enraged the Barbarians. They admired her; they execrated her; they desired at the same time to inhabit her, and to annihilate her. But what might there not be in the military port, defended by a triple wall? Then behind the city, at the extremity of Megara, higher even than the Acropolis, loomed up Hamilear's palace.—*Salammbô*.

FLETCHER, ANDREW (commonly known as Fletcher of Saltoun), a Scottish politician and author, born in 1653; died in 1716. He was educated under the care of Gilbert Burnet, then minister of the parish of Saltoun; traveled extensively on the Continent, and in 1681 became a member of the Scottish Parliament, distinguishing himself for his vehement opposition to the arbitrary measures undertaken by the English Government of Charles II. He fled to Holland, and failing to appear before the Privy Council, when summoned, his estates were confiscated. He took a prominent part in the Revolution of 1688, which placed William III. on the throne of England. His estates were restored to him; but he soon became as ardent an opponent of William III. as he had been of Charles II. and James II. He opposed to the last the union between the kingdoms of England and of Scotland, and when the union was consummated, in 1707, he withdrew from public life. He wrote *Discourse of Government* (1698), two *Discourses concerning the Affairs of Scotland* (1698), *Speeches* (1703), *The Right Regulation of Governments* (1704.) These were published in a single volume in 1737; and in 1797 appeared an essay on his life and writings by the Earl of Buchan. Fletcher is the author of the fine saying, which has been erroneously attributed to the Earl of Chatham: "I knew a very wise man that believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation."

STATE OF SCOTLAND IN 1698.

There are at this day in Scotland—besides a great many poor families very meanly provided

ANDREW FLETCHER.—2

for by the church-boxes, with others, who, by living on bad food, fall into various diseases—two hundred thousand people begging from door to door. These are not only no way advantageous, but a very grievous burden to so poor a country. And though the number of them be perhaps double to what it was formerly, by reason of this present great distress, yet in all times there have been about one hundred thousand of those vagabonds, who have lived without any regard or subjection either to the laws of the land, or even those of God and nature. No magistrate could ever be informed, or discover, which way one in a hundred of these wretches died, or that ever they were baptized. Many murders have been discovered among them; and they are not only a most unspeakable oppression to poor tenants—who, if they give not bread, or some kind of provision, to perhaps forty such villains in one day are sure to be insulted by them—but they rob many poor people who live in houses distant from any neighborhood. In years of plenty many thousands of them meet together in the mountains, where they feast and riot for many days; and at country-weddings, markets, burials, and the like public occasions, they are to be seen, both men and women, perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming, and fighting together. These are such outrageous disorders, that it were better for the nation they were sold to the galleys or West Indies, than that they should continue any longer to be a burden and curse upon us.—*Discourse on the Affairs of Scotland.*

GILES FLETCHER.—1

FLETCHER, GILES, an English clergyman and poet, born in 1584; died in 1623. He was a brother of Phineas Fletcher, and son of the Rev. Giles Fletcher (1548-1610), an author of some repute. The younger Giles Fletcher was educated at Cambridge, and became Rector of Alderton, on the coast of Suffolk, where "his downish and low-parted parishioners valued not their pastor according to his worth, which disposed him to melancholy, and hastened his dissolution." A few months before his death he published *The Reward of the Faithful*, a theological treatise in prose. While at Cambridge he wrote several minor verses and his great poem, *Christ's Victory and Triumph, in Heaven, in Earth, Over and After Death* (1610). From this poem Milton borrowed much in his *Paradise Regained*.

THE SORCERESS OF VAIN DELIGHT.

The garden like a lady fair was cut,
 That lay as if she slumbered in delight,
 And to the open skies her eyes did shut;
 The azure fields of Heaven were 'sembled
 right

In a large round, set with the flowers of light:
 The flower-de-luce, and the round sparks of dew
 That hung upon their azure leaves, did shew
 Like twinkling stars, that sparkle in the evening
 blue.....

And all about, embayèd in soft sleep,
 A herd of charmèd beasts aground were
 spread,
 Which the fair witch in golden chains did keep,
 And them in willing bondage fetterèd:
 Once men they lived, but now the men were
 dead,

And turned to beasts; so fabled Homer old,
 That Circé with her potion, charmed in gold,
 Used manly souls in beastly bodies to immould.

GILES FLETCHER.—2

Through this false Eden, to his leman's bower—
Whom thousand souls devoutly idolize—
Our first destroyer led our Saviour;
There in the lower room, in solemn wise,
They danced a round, and poured their sacrifice
To plump Lyæus, and among the rest,
The jolly priest, in ivy garlands drest,
Chanted wild orgials, in honor of the feast.

A silver wand the sorceress did sway,
And, for a crown of gold, her hair she wore;
Only a garland of rosebuds did play
About her locks, and in her hand she bore
A hollow globe of glass, that long before
She full of emptiness had bladdered,
And all the world therein depictedèd:
Whose colors, like the rainbow, ever vanished.

Such watery orbicles young boys do blow
Out from their soapy shells, and much admire
The swimming world, which tenderly they row
With easy breath till it be raised higher;
But if they chance but roughly once aspire,
The painted bubble instantly doth fall.
Here when she came she 'gan for music call,
And sung this wooing song to welcome him
withal:

Love is the blossom where there blows
Everything that lives or grows:
Love doth make the heavens to move,
And the sun doth burn in love;
Love the strong and weak doth yoke,
And makes the ivy climb the oak;
Under whose shadows lions wild,
Softened by love, grow tame and mild:
Love no medicine can appease;
He burns the fishes in the seas;
Not all the skill his wounds can stench,
Not all the sea his fire can quench;
Love did make the bloody spear
Once a leafy coat to wear,

GILES FLETCHER.—3

While in his leaves there shrouded lay
Sweet birds, for love, that sing and play :
And of all love's joyful flame
I the bud and blossom am.

Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be.....

Thus sought the dire enchantress in his mind
Her guileful bait to have embosomèd :
But he her charms dispersèd into wind,
And her of insolence admonishèd.
And all her optic glasses shatterèd.
So with her sire to hell she took her flight ;
The starting air flew from the damned sprite ;
Where deeply both aggrieved plunged themselves
in night.

But to their Lord, now musing in his thought,
A heavenly volley of light angels flew,
And from his Father him a banquet brought
Through the fine element, for well they knew,
After his Lenten fast, he hungry grew :
And as he fed, the holy choirs combine
To sing a hymn of the celestial Trine ;
All thought to pass, and each was past all thought
divine.

The birds' sweet notes, to sonnet out their joys,
Attempered to the lays angelical ;
And to the birds the winds attune their noise ;
And to the winds the waters hoarsely call,
And echo back again revoicèd all ;
That the whole valley rung with victory.
But now our Lord to rest doth homewards fly :
See how the night comes stealing from the moun-
tains high.

Christ's Victory and Triumph.

FLETCHER, JOHN. See BEAUMONT AND
FLETCHER.

FLETCHER, JOHN WILLIAM [FLECHIÈRE, JEAN GUILLAUME], an English clergyman and author, born in Switzerland in 1729; died in England in 1785. He was educated at Geneva for the ministry, but finding himself unable to subscribe to the doctrine of predestination, he entered the Portuguese military service, and was to sail for Brazil. Accident prevented his sailing, and he then entered the Dutch service. Peace put an end to his military life before it was fairly begun. He then went to England and became a tutor. In 1755 he became intimate with Wesley, and in 1757 took orders in the Church of England. He declined a wealthy parish, and took that of Madeley, amongst a poor and neglected population, to whom he devoted himself. In 1769 he visited France, Switzerland, and Italy, and on his return was for a time at the head of the theological school at Trevecca, Wales. He made numerous missionary journeys with Wesley and Whitefield. Among his works are an *Address to Seekers of Salvation*, *Checks to Antinomianism*, *Christian Perfection*, and *A Portrait of St. Paul, or the Sure Model for Christians and Pastors*.

TRIVIAL SINS.

Every voluntary transgression argues a real contempt of the legislator's authority; and in such contempt there is found the seed of every sin that can possibly be committed, in opposition to his express command. All the commands of God, whether they be great or small, have no other sanction than that which consists in his Divine authority, and this authority is trampled under foot by every petty delinquent, as well as by every daring transgressor. Those which we usually esteem trivial sins are the more dangerous on account of their being less attended to.

They are committed without fear, without remorse, and generally without intermission. As there are more ships of war destroyed by worms than by the shot of the enemy, so the multitude of those who destroy themselves through ordinary sins exceeds the number of those who perish by enormous offences.

We have a thousand proofs that small sins will lead a man, by insensible degrees, to the commission of greater. Nothing is more common among us than the custom of swearing and giving away to wrath without reason; and these are usually regarded as offences of an inconsiderable nature. But there is every reason to believe that they who have contracted these vicious habits would be equally disposed to perjury and murder, were they assailed by a forcible temptation, and unrestrained with the dread of forfeiting their honor or their life. If we judge of a commodity by observing a small sample, so, by little sins, as well as by trivial acts of virtue, we may form a judgment of the heart. Hence the widow's two mites appeared a considerable oblation in the eyes of Christ, who judged by them how rich an offering the same woman would have made had she been possessed of the means. For the same reason, those frequent exclamations, in which the name of God is taken in vain, those poignant railleries, and those frivolous lies, which are produced in common conversation, discover the true disposition of those persons, who, without insult or temptation, can violate the sacred laws of piety and love. The same seeds produce fruit more or less perfect, according to the sterility or luxuriance of the soil in which they are sown. Thus the very same principle of malice which leads a child to torment an insect, acts more forcibly on the heart of a slanderous woman, whose highest joy consists in mangling the reputation of a neighbor; nor is the cruel tyrant actuated by a different principle, who finds a barbarous pleasure in persecuting the righteous and shedding the blood of the innocent.

If prejudice will not allow these observations to be just, reason declares the contrary. The very same action that, in certain cases, would be esteemed a failing, becomes, in some circumstances, an enormous crime. For instance: if I despise an inferior, I commit a fault; if the offended party is my equal, my fault rises in magnitude; if he is my superior, it is greater still; if he is a respectable magistrate—a beneficent prince—if that prince is my sovereign lord, whose lenity I have experienced after repeated acts of rebellion; who has heaped upon me many kindnesses; who means to bestow upon me still greater favors; and if, after all, I have been led to deny and oppose him, my crime is undoubtedly aggravated by all these circumstances to an extraordinary degree. But if this offended benefactor is Lord of lords, and King of kings, the Creator of man, the Monarch of angels, the Ancient of Days, before whom the majesty of all the monarchs upon earth disappears, as the lustre of a thousand stars is eclipsed by the presence of the sun—if this glorious Being has given his beloved Son to suffer infamy and death, in order to procure for me eternal life and celestial glory, my crime must then be aggravated in proportion to my own meanness, the greatness of benefits received, and the dignity of my exalted Benefactor. But our imagination is bewildered, when we attempt to scan the enormity which these accumulated circumstances add to those acts of rebellion, denominated sins.—*Portrait of St. Paul.*

MARIA JEWSBURY FLETCHER.—1

FLETCHER, MARIA JANE (JEWSBURY), an English poet, born in 1800; died in 1833. She was married in 1830 to the Rev. William Fletcher, missionary to India, and died at Bombay very soon after her arrival. She wrote *Three Histories, Letters to the Young*, and *Lays of Leisure Hours*.

BIRTH-DAY BALLAD.

Thou art plucking spring roses, Genie,
And a little red rose art thou!
Thou hast unfolded to-day, Genie,
Another bright leaf, I trow:
But the roses will live and die, Genie,
Many and many a time
Ere thou hast unfolded quite, Genie,
Grown into maiden prime.

Thou art looking now at the birds, Genie;
But, oh! do not wish their wing!
That would only tempt the fowler, Genie:
Stay thou on earth and sing;
Stay in the nursing nest, Genie,
Be not soon thence beguiled;
Thou wilt ne'er find another, Genie,
Never be twice a child.

Thou art building up towers of pebbles, Genie;
Pile them up brave and high,
And leave them to follow a bee, Genie,
As he wandereth singing by:
But if thy towers fall down, Genie,
And if the brown bee is lost,
Never weep, for thou must learn, Genie,
How soon life's schemes are crossed.

What will thy future fate be, Genie,
Alas! shall I live to see?
For thou art scarcely a sapling, Genie,
And I am a moss-grown tree:
I am shedding life's blossoms fast, Genie,
Thou art in blossom sweet,
But think of the grave betimes, Genie,
Where young and old oft meet.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.—1

FLETCHER, PHINEAS, an English clergyman and poet, brother of Giles Fletcher, born in 1582; died about 1665. He was educated at Eaton and Cambridge, and became chaplain to Sir Henry Willoughby, by whom he was presented to the rectorate of Hilgay, in Norfolkshire. He brought out several works, in verse and prose. Among these are *Locustæ*, an invective against the Jesuits (1627), *Joy in Tribulation*, a theological treatise (1632), *Piscatory Eclogues*, etc. (1633), and *A Father's Testament* (published in 1670, some years after his death). His chief work is *The Purple Island*, an allegorical poem in twelve cantos, describing the physical and mental constitution of the human being: the bones being spoken of as mountains, the veins as rivers, and so on. Five cantos are occupied with the phenomena of the body, seven with those of the mind.

THE DECAY OF HUMAN GREATNESS.

Fond man, that looks on earth for happiness,
And here long seeks what here is never
found!

For all our good we hold from Heaven by lease,
With many forfeits and conditions bound;
Nor can we pay the fine, and rentage due:
Though now but writ, and sealed, and given
anew,

Yet daily we it break, then daily must renew.

Why shouldst thou here look for perpetual
good,

At every loss 'gainst Heaven's face repining?
Do but behold where glorious cities stood,

With gilded tops and silver turrets shining;
There now the hart, fearless of greyhound, feeds,
And loving pelican in fancy breeds;
There screeching satyrs fill the people's empty
stedes.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.—2

Where is the Assyrian lion's golden hide,
That all the East once grasped in lordly paw?
Where that great Persian bear, whose swelling
pride

The lion's self tore out with ravenous jaw!
Or he which, 'twixt a lion and a pard,
Through all the world with nimble pinions fared.
And to his greedy whelps his conquered king-
doms shared.

Hardly the place of such antiquity,
Or note of these great monarchies we find:
Only a fading verbal memory,
And empty name in writ is left behind:
But when this second life and glory fades,
And sinks at length in time's obscurer shades,
A second fall succeeds, and double death in-
vades.

That monstrous beast, which, nursed in Tiber's
fen,
Did all the world with hideous shape affray;
That filled with costly spoil his gaping den,
And trod down all the rest to dust and clay:
His battering horns, pulled out by civil hands
And iron teeth, lie scattered on the sands;
Backed, bridled by a monk, with seven heads
yoked stands.

And that black vulture which with deathful wing
O'ershadows half the earth, whose dismal
sight
Frightened the Muses from their native spring,
Already stoops, and flags with weary flight:
Who then shall look for happiness beneath?
Where each new day proclaims chance, change,
and death,
And life itself's as flit as is the air we breathe.

The Purple Island.

TIMOTHY FLINT.—1

FLINT, TIMOTHY, an American clergyman and author, born at North Reading, Mass., in 1780; died at Salem, in 1840. He graduated at Harvard in 1800; two years afterwards he entered the Congregational ministry, and preached at several places in New England until 1815, when he went to the West as a missionary. Enfeebled health compelled him to return to Massachusetts in 1825. In 1828 he removed to Cincinnati, where for three years he edited the *Western Review*. He then came to New York, and was for a short time editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. He subsequently made his residence in Alexandria, Virginia, but usually passed the summer in New England. His principal works are: *Recollections of Ten Years passed in the Valley of the Mississippi* (1826), *Francis Berrian*, a novel (1826), *Geography and History of the Western States* (1828), *Arthur Clendinning* (1828), *George Mason, or the Backwoodsman* (1830), *Indian Wars in the West* (1833), *Memoirs of Daniel Boone* (1834). In 1835 he contributed to the *London Athenæum* a series of papers on American Literature.

THE SHORES OF THE OHIO IN 1815.

It was now the middle of November. The weather up to this time had been, with the exception of a couple of days of fog and rain, delightful. The sky has a milder and lighter azure than that of the Northern States. The wide, clean sand-bars stretching for miles together, and now and then a flock of wild geese, swans, or sand-hill cranes and pelicans, stalking along on them; the infinite varieties of form of the towering bluffs; the new tribes of shrubs and plants of the shores; the exuberant fertility of the soil, evidencing itself in the natural as well as cultivated vegetation, in the height and size of the

corn—of itself alone a matter of astonishment to an inhabitant of the Northern States—in the thrifty aspect of the young orchards, literally bending under their fruit; the surprising size and rankness of the weeds, and, in the enclosures where cultivation had been for a time suspended, the matted abundance of every kind of vegetation that ensued—all these circumstances united to give a novelty and freshness to the scenery. The bottom-forests everywhere display the huge sycamore—the king of the Western forest—in all places an interesting tree, but particularly so here, and in autumn, when you see its white and long branches among its red and yellow fading leaves. You may add that in all the trees that have been stripped of their leaves, you see them crowned with verdant tufts of the viscous or mistletoe, with its beautiful white berries, and their trunks entwined with grape-vines, some of them in size not much short of the human body.

To add to this union of pleasant circumstances, there is a delightful temperature of the air, more easily felt than described. In New England, where the sky was partially covered with fleecy clouds, and the wind blew very gently from the southwest, I have sometimes had the same sensations from the temperature there. A slight degree of languor ensues; and the irritability that is caused by the rougher and more bracing air of the North, and which is more favorable to physical strength and activity than enjoyment, gives place to a tranquillity highly propitious to meditation. There is sometimes, too, in the gentle and almost imperceptible motion, as you sit on the deck of the boat and see the trees apparently moving by you, and new groups of scenery still opening upon your eyes, together with the view of those ancient and magnificent forests which the axe has not yet despoiled, the broad and beautiful river, the earth and the sky, which render such a trip at this season the very element of poetry.—*Recollections of the Valley of the Mississippi.*

ADOLF LUDWIG FOLLEN.—1

FOLLEN, ADOLF LUDWIG, a German poet, brother of Charles Follen, born at Darmstadt in 1794; died in 1855. He was educated at Giessen, and subsequently became tutor in a noble family. In 1814 he entered the army as a volunteer, and served in the campaign against Napoleon. He then became editor of a newspaper at Elberfeld. In 1819 he became implicated in revolutionary movements, and was imprisoned at Berlin until 1821, when he was liberated, and took up his residence in Switzerland, where for several years he devoted himself to husbandry. He made excellent translations from Greek, Latin, and Italian, and wrote spirited German songs. A collection of his poems, *Free Voices of Fresh Youth*, appeared in 1819. In 1827 he put forth two volumes entitled *Bildersaal deutscher Dichtung*.

BLÜCHER'S BALL.

[Battle of the Katzbach, Aug. 1813.]

By the Katzbach, by the Katzbach, ha! there
was a merry dance,
Wild and weird and whirling waltzes skipped ye
through, ye knaves of France!
For there struck the bass-viol an old German
master famed—
Marshal Forward, Prince of Wallstadt, Gebhardt
Blücher, named.
Up! the Blücher hath the ball-room lighted
with the cannon's glare!
Spread yourselves, ye gay green carpets, that
the dancing moistens there!
And his fiddle-bow at first he waxed with Gold-
berg and with Janer;
Whew! he's drawn it now full length, his play
a stormy morning shower!
Ha! the dance went briskly onward; tingling
madness seized them all,

CHARLES FOLLEN.—1

As when howling mighty tempests on the arms
of windmills fall.
But the old man wants it cheery; wants a pleas-
ant dancing chime;
And with gun-stocks clearly, loudly, beats the old
Tentonic time.
Say, who, standing by the old man, strikes so
hard the kettle-drum,
And with crashing strength of arm, down lets
the thundering hammer come?
Gneisenau, the gallant champion: Allemania's
envious foes
Smites the mighty pair, her living double-eagle,
shivering blows.
And the old man scrapes the "Sweepout;" hap-
less Franks and hapless trulls!
Now what dancers leads the gray-beard? Ha!
ha! ha! 'tis dead men's skulls!
But as ye too much were heated in the sultriness
of hell,
Till ye sweated blood and brains, he made the
Katzbach cool ye well.
From the Katzbach, while ye stiffen, hear the
ancient proverb say,
"Wanton varlets, venal blockheads, must with
clubs be beat away."

Translation of C. C. Felton.

FOLLEN, CHARLES, brother of Adolf Follen, a German-American clergyman and author, born in Hesse Darmstadt, 1796; died in 1840. In 1813 he entered the University of Giessen, where, with other young men, he undertook to form a *Burschenschaft* which should embrace all students irrespective of the particular German territory whence they came. Soon after taking his degree, in 1818, as Doctor of Civil Law, he became a lecturer in the University of Jena. His acquaintance with Sand, the assassinator of Kotzebue, led to his arrest. He was taken to Weimar and Mannheim, examined,

and acquitted ; but was forbidden to lecture at Jena ; and was at length forced to take refuge in Switzerland. In 1821 he became Professor of Law at Basel, but his liberal sentiments drew upon him the disfavor of the Holy Alliance. An order for his arrest had been issued ; but he saved himself by flight to Paris, and thence to America. He first formed a class in Boston in civil law. In 1825 he was appointed Tutor of German at Harvard University ; in 1828 Teacher of Ecclesiastical History and Ethics in the Cambridge Divinity School, and in 1830 Professor of German Literature at Harvard. He studied divinity, and in 1836 became pastor of the First Unitarian Church in New York. In addition to his pastoral work, he wrote various articles for the *Christian Examiner* and other papers, and lectured on literature. In 1839 he was called to the Unitarian Church at East Lexington, Mass., and on the 13th of January, 1840, set out to attend the dedication of the church there. The steamer *Lexington*, on which he had taken passage, was burned, and he was among those who perished. His works include *Sermons*, *Lectures on Moral Philosophy*, *Schiller's Life and Dramas*, and several essays on *Psychology*, *The State of Man*, and other subjects.

THE PROVINCE OF THE PSYCHOLOGIST.

It is the province of the psychologist to notice the manifold impressions, recollections, and forebodings ; the divers perceptions, reflections and imaginings ; the ever-varying inclinations, temptations and struggles of the soul ; in short, all that is stirring, striving, and going on within us ; and to trace all to its elements, its original constitution, and intended harmonious progression. It is the province of the psychologist to

show how impressions call forth thoughts, and excite rival desires ; and how these inward struggles end in the enslavement or enfranchisement of the soul. It is the high calling of the observer of the mind to watch its progress, from the dawn of intelligence, the unfolding of the affections, and the first experiments of the will, through all the mistakes, the selfish desires, and occasional deflections from duty, onward to the lofty discoveries, the generous devotion, and moral conquests of the soul. Psychology leads us to the hidden sources of every action, every science and art, by making us acquainted with the motives which prompt, and the faculties which enable human beings to conceive of and carry into effect any practical and scientific or literary undertaking. The calculation of the orbit of a comet is an achievement which, to him who has not advanced much beyond the multiplication-table, would appear impossible if he were not obliged to admit it as a fact. Yet an accurate knowledge of the power by which the orbits of the celestial bodies are revealed to man, would convince him, that the same capacity which enables him to cast his private accounts, is fitted to ascertain the courses of the stars. A poetic composition like *Hamlet* or the *Midsummer Night's Dream* is something so wholly beyond the ordinary attainments of men that the author must appear more than human, if an intimate acquaintance with the soul did not convince us, that the power which enables us to understand and enjoy a single line of those compositions, is the same that formed a Shakespeare. And thus the resolution of a child rather to expose himself to punishment than to tell a falsehood, may be shown, by a strict psychological analysis, to be essentially the same that enables the martyr to endure the cross rather than deny his faith.—*Psychology.*

FOLLEN, ELIZA LEE (CABOT), an American author, born in 1787; died in 1860. In 1828 she married Charles Follen. After his death in 1840, she established a school. She was the author of *The Well-spent Hour* and *Selections from Fénelon* (1828), *The Skeptic* (1835), *Married Life*, and *Little Songs and Poems* (1839), *Twilight Stories*, and a second series of *Little Songs* (1859), *The Life of Charles Follen*, and several other works.

CHARACTERISTICS OF CHARLES FOLLEN.

From his earliest youth, when but a boy of twelve years of age, he had dwelt upon the idea of a state of society, in which every man, through his own free effort, should make himself a true image of Jesus; and had thought that thus the foundation would be laid for a reformation which should have no limit. All tyranny he considered sin. Every one, he thought, was bound to resist it, but first within his own breast; for it was his creed that no man is a free man who is the slave of any passion; no man is free who fears death; none but the believer in immortality can be truly free. After having subdued the enemy within, he thought every one bound to resist, as far as he was able, all unjust dominion wherever he encountered it, beginning in the circle in which he happened to be placed, and extending his efforts as his powers and opportunities enlarged. He believed that much might be done for Germany by a reformation founded on these principles, and commenced in the Universities by its hopeful youth. He thought every man, who should act from these convictions, would find himself possessed of an incalculable power, and might of himself produce an immeasurable effect. He early began his practical illustration of his theory by a life of purity and devotion to duty. He became a freeman according to his own idea of a freeman,

and thus consecrated himself to the work of a reformer by a perfect subjection of himself to the law of justice and universal brotherhood, as taught by Jesus.

He was exemplary in his devotion to study; he was pure and upright in all actions; so careful of the rights of others, and so free from all blemish himself, that even the malicious and the envious could not find aught against him. He exercised a power that was felt by all. He had perfected himself in all manly exercises. He was a skilful gymnast; he was master of the broadsword, and a powerful swimmer.

He took an active part with other members of the *Burschenschaft* in the formation and establishment of a court of honor among themselves, that should be empowered to settle all differences among them according to the rules of morality and justice. This was called the *Ehrenspiegel*, or "Mirror of Honor." Their decisions were to be binding upon the students; and thus they hoped to check, not only the bad practice of duelling, but many other evils from which they suffered. This great idea of a Christian Brotherhood, to be first formed in the Universities, and afterward to be spread over all Germany, fired the hopeful and aspiring soul of Charles Follen. He met with violent opposition. He and those who were of his opinion, and cherished the same purposes, were nicknamed and insulted by the *Landsmannschaften*. They were called "Old Blacks," from the color of their academic coats. Great stories were told of their revolutionary purposes, and at last they were accused, to the Rector, of treasonable acts. The Rector was, in consequence, called upon by his office to make an investigation into the charge against some of the students, particularly the adherents of the *Ehrenspiegel*. As soon as the accused ascertained that this was the case, they made a statement of facts, put all the records of their meetings into the hands of the Rector, and challenged an investigation of all their purposes and actions.

The trial and examination proved them innocent of any violation of the laws of the land or of the University.—*Life of Charles Follen.*

EVENING.

The sun is set, the day is o'er,
 And labor's voice is heard no more ;
 On high the silver moon is hung ;
 The birds their vesper hymns have sung,
 Save one, who oft breaks forth anew,
 To chant another sweet adieu
 To all the glories of the day,
 And all its pleasures passed away.

Her twilight robe all nature wears,
 And evening sheds her fragrant tears,
 Which every thirsty plant receives,
 While silence trembles on its leaves ;
 From every tree and every bush
 There seems to breathe a soothing hush,
 While every transient sound but shows
 How deep and still is the repose.

Thus calm and fair may all things be,
 When life's last sun has set with me ;
 And may the lamp of memory shine
 As sweetly o'er my day's decline
 As you pale crescent, pure and fair,
 That hangs so safely in the air,
 And pours her mild, reflected light
 To sooth and bless the weary sight.

And may my spirit often wake
 Like thine, sweet bird, and singing, take
 Another farewell of the sun—
 Of pleasures past, of labors done.
 See, where the glorious sun has set,
 A line of light is hanging yet ;
 Oh, thus may love awhile illumine
 The silent darkness of my tomb !

FONBLANQUE, ALBANY WILLIAM, an English journalist and publicist, born in 1797; died in 1872. He was the son of an eminent lawyer, and studied for the bar; but he became a political writer upon the London *Morning Chronicle*. In 1820 he succeeded Leigh Hunt as editor of the *Examiner*, which he conducted until 1846. In 1852 he was made Director of the Statistical Department in the Board of Trade. In 1837 he put forth, under the title *England Under Seven Administrations*, a collection, in three volumes, of some of his papers in the *Examiner*. His nephew, E. B. de Fonblanque, published in 1874 the *Life and Labors* of his uncle.

In 1828 the Duke of Wellington became Prime Minister. The English newspapers were full of the most minute details of his every-day habits and occupations. To ridicule these accounts, and incidentally the Duke himself, Fonblanque wrote this burlesque:

DAILY HABITS OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

The Duke of Wellington generally rises at about eight. Before he gets out of bed, he commonly pulls off his nightcap, and while he is dressing he sometimes whistles a tune, and occasionally damns his valet. The Duke of Wellington uses warm water in shaving, and lays on a greater quantity of lather than ordinary men. While shaving he chiefly breathes through his nose, with a view, as is conceived, of keeping the suds out of his mouth; and sometimes he blows out one cheek, sometimes the other, to present a better surface to the razor. When he is dressed he goes down to breakfast, and while descending the stairs he commonly takes occasion to blow his nose, which he does rather rapidly, following it up with three hasty wipes of his handkerchief, which he instantly afterwards

deposits in his right-hand coat pocket. The Duke of Wellington's pockets are in the skirts of his coats, and the holes perpendicular. He wears false horizontal flaps, which have given the world an erroneous opinion of their position.

The Duke of Wellington drinks tea for breakfast, which he sweetens with white sugar and corrects with cream. He commonly stirs the fluid two or three times with a spoon before he raises it to his lips. The Duke of Wellington eats toast and butter, cold ham, tongue, fowls, beef, or eggs; and sometimes both meat and eggs; the eggs are generally those of the common domestic fowl. During breakfast the Duke of Wellington has a newspaper either in his hand, or else on the table, or in his lap. The Duke of Wellington's favorite paper is the *Examiner*. After breakfast the Duke of Wellington stretches himself out and yawns. He then pokes the fire and whistles. If there is no fire, he goes to the window and looks out.

At about ten o'clock the General Post letters arrive. The Duke of Wellington seldom or never inspects the superscription, but at once breaks the seal, and applies himself to the contents. The Duke of Wellington appears sometimes displeased with his correspondents, and says *pshaw*, in a clear, loud voice. About this time the Duke of Wellington retires for a few minutes, during which it is impossible to account for his motions with the desirable precision.

At eleven o'clock, if the weather is fine, the Duke's horse is brought to the door. The Duke's horse on these occasions is always saddled and bridled. The Duke's horse is ordinarily the same white horse he rode at Waterloo, and which was eaten by the hounds at Strathfieldsaye. His hair is of a chestnut color. Before the Duke goes out, he has his hat and gloves brought him by a servant. The Duke's daily manner of mounting his horse is the same that it was on the morning of the glorious battle of Waterloo. His Grace takes the rein in his left hand, which

ALBANY FONBLANQUE.—3

he lays on the horse's mane; he then puts his left foot in the stirrup, and with a spring brings his body up, and his right leg over the body of the animal by the way of the tail, and thus places himself in the saddle. He then drops his right foot into the stirrup, puts his horse to a walk, and seldom falls off, being an admirable equestrian.

When acquaintances and friends salute the Duke in the streets, such is his affability that he either bows, touches his hat, or recognizes their civility in some way or other. The Duke of Wellington very commonly says, "How are you?" "It's a fine day!" "How do you do?" and makes frequent and various remarks on the weather, and the dust or the mud, as it may be.

At twelve o'clock on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the Duke's Master comes to teach him his Political Economy. The Duke makes wonderful progress in his studies, and his instructor is used pleasantly to observe that "The Duke gets on like a house on fire."

At the Treasury the Duke of Wellington does nothing but think. He sits on a leathern library chair, with his heels and a good part of his legs on the table. When thus in profound thought he very frequently closes his eyes for hours together, and makes an extraordinary and rather appalling noise through his nose. Such is the Duke of Wellington's devotion to business, that he eats no luncheon.

In the House of Lords the Duke's manner of proceeding is this: He walks up to the fireplace, turns his back to it, separates the skirts of his coat, tossing them over the dexter and sinister arms, thrusts his hands in his breeches pockets, and so stands at ease. The characteristic of the Duke's oratory is a brevity the next thing to silence. As brevity is the soul of wit, it may confidently be affirmed that in this quality Lord North and Sheridan were fools compared with him.—*Under Seven Administrations.*

LEGAL FICTIONS.

The forms of our law are of so happy a nature, that when they are employed on the gravest crimes, they cause a feeling of the ludicrous to spring up in the minds of the reader. The daily papers have given an abstract of the indictment against Corder, the murderer of Maria Marten, which *abstract* occupies about three fourths of a column of small print; and we ask whether any mortal can glance his eye over this article without having his sentiment of horror at the crime disturbed by a sense of the ludicrous absurdity of the jargon in which it is set forth:

“*First Count.*—The jurors of our Lord the King, upon their oath, present that William Corder, late of the parish of Polstead, *etc.*, Suffolk yeoman, on the 18th of May, *etc.*, with force and arms, *etc.*, in and upon one Maria Marten, in the fear of God, *etc.*, then and there being, feloniously, wilfully, and of his malice aforethought, did make an assault, and that the said William Corder, a certain pistol of 2s. value, then and there charged with gunpowder and one leaden bullet (which pistol he the said William Corder, in his right hand, then and there had and held) then and there feloniously, wilfully, and of his malice aforethought, did discharge and shoot off at, against, and upon the said Maria Marten; and the said William Corder, with the leaden bullet aforesaid, out of the pistol aforesaid, by the said William Corder discharged and shot off, then and there feloniously, wilfully, *etc.*, did strike, penetrate, and wound the said Maria Marten in and upon the left side of the face of her the said Maria Marten, *etc.*, giving her the said Maria Marten one mortal wound of the depth of four inches, and of the breadth of half an inch, of which said mortal wound she the said Maria Marten then and there instantly died; and so the jurors aforesaid, upon their oaths, *etc.*, do say, that the said William Corder, her the said Maria Marten, did kill and murder.”

As it would be impossible to proceed in the investigation of truth without the wholesome aid of a contradictory averment or a palpable lie, in the next count it is stated that William Corder killed Maria Marten with a sword of the value of one shilling. It may be asked of what importance is the value of the instrument. The answer is, that it serves to hang a falsehood on—which seems to be always good in the forms of the law; the instrument being valued at a worth obviously stated at random and false. The naked state of the accusation of Corder is this:—

1. He killed one Maria Marten with a wound from a pistol bullet on the left side of the face. Of this wound she instantly died.—
2. He killed one Maria Marten with the blow of a one-shilling sword on the left side of the body, of which wound she instantly died.—
3. He killed one Maria Marten with the blow of a sword on the right side of the face.—
4. He killed one Maria Marten by a blow on the right side of the neck.—
5. He killed one Maria Marten by strangling her with a handkerchief.—
6. He killed one Maria Marten by shooting her with a charge of shot from a gun.—
7. He killed one Maria Marten by throwing her into a hole and heaping upon her five bushels of earth of no value, and five bushels of clay of no value, and five bushels of gravel of no value, of all which load of fifteen bushels of no value she instantly died.—
8. He killed one Maria Marten by heaping fifteen bushels of clay, gravel, and earth, in equal quantities and equal worthlessness, upon her in a hole of a particular size.—
9. He killed one Maria Marten by stabbing her with a sharp instrument, and also strangling her.—
10. He killed one Maria Marten by shooting her with a pistol loaded with shot, by stabbing her with a sharp instrument, also a one-shilling sword, by strangling her with a handkerchief, and throwing her into a hole, and heaping earth, gravel, and clay on her.

Now it is mathematically certain, that if Corder killed only one Maria Marten, and not ten different Maria Martens, destroyed by different means, as set forth in the indictment, nine distinct lies have been averred respecting the circumstances. And it follows that no less than nine great lies, with their accompaniments, are absolutely necessary to the discovery of one truth, and the ends of justice.

If it had been simply set forth that Corder had killed Maria Marten, the minds of the jury would surely have been utterly at fault, and unequal to discover by the examination of the evidence whether he had indeed murdered the deceased, and by what means. How admirably promotive of the elucidation of the truth, and the detection of guilt, is that exact averment of the five bushels of clay, the five bushels of earth, and the five bushels of gravel! And what curious and profound effect there is in the statement that the earth, gravel, and clay were of "no value!" How directly all these points bear on the point at issue! And while so much nicety is observed, how much latitude is allowed! For example: exact in statement as these combined fifteen bushels sound, the clerk of the indictment might have made Corder either destroy Maria Marten in Polstead barn, with as much soil as would make a new world; or he might have made him smother her by flinging on her half a peck of mould.

Provided only a lie be told, English justice is satisfied. The effect of the lie is indifferent; all that is wanted is the customary and comforting example of falsehood. Whether you use a mountain or a molehill in an indictment for murder is indifferent, provided you give it the necessary character of a lie. For example: to have said that Corder killed Maria Marten by heaping earth upon her, might have been true; but the exactness of stating that he killed her with five bushels of earth, five of clay, and five of gravel, produces the desirable certainty of falsehood.

If falsehood were supposed to be an exhaustible body, nothing could be conceived more

politic than the system of English law, which would in this case expend so many lies on its own forms and proceedings, as to leave none for the use of rogues in evidence. But unfortunately such is not the moral philosophy, and the witness who goes into one of our courts, the vital atmosphere of which is charged with fiction, is too likely to have his inward and latent mendacity provoked by the example. He sees in the reputed sacred forms of justice, that the falsehood which is accounted convenient is not esteemed shameful; and why, he considers, may not the individual man have his politic fictions as well as that abstraction of all possible human excellence, Justice. The end sanctions the means. We cannot touch pitch without defilement; and it is impossible that a people can be familiarized with falsehood, and reconciled to it on pretense of its utility, without detriment to their morals.—
Under Seven Administrations.

THE IRISH CHURCH: 1835.

The last attention to a feasted Esquimau who can swallow no more, is to lay him on his back, and to coil a long strip of blubber into his mouth till it is quite filled; and then to cut off the superfluous fat close to his lips. With this full measure the Esquimau is content; for he is not an Ecclesiastical Body, and his friends do not cry out that he is starved because the surplus blubber is cut off, and appropriated to some empty stomach. The case of the Esquimau is the case of the Irish Church. It lies supine, full of fat things, and there is a superfluity which the Ministry is for cutting off smooth to the lips; but its champions raise a cry of spoliation and famine.

The question at present [1835] in debate is simply whether Lazarus shall have the crumbs which fall from the table of established Dives. It is merely a question of the shaking of the table-cloth. No one proposes to give away a dish or a seat, but only just to allow morality the benefit of the broken bread. Dives pronounces

this flat robbery; says that he has a man for every morsel; and that if a crumb of his abundance be abridged, he shall be brought to beggary. And here we may observe, by-the-by, that future etymologists, noting how our Dignitaries of the Church cling to riches, and delight in purple and fine linen, may easily fall into the blunder of supposing that Divines derived their name from Dives, and were the elect representatives of the pomps and vanities of riches.

The sinecure character of the Irish Establishment, and its gilding, have a kind of consistency, looking upon it as a sign—a sign of ascendancy. As we pass along the streets we see signs of Golden Boots and Golden Canisters, and such like, and they are always of a huge size, and serving no purpose of boot or canister, or whatever they represent; and so it is with a Golden Priesthood. It stands out as a sign, but fulfils no purpose of the thing it represents. The Irish, who only see in it the sign of their yoke, have to pay extravagantly for the gilding; and this is the hardship.

What is proposed for the abatement of this huge abuse? What is resisted as robbery, sacrilege, and so forth? A measure carrying the principle of justice feather-weight, and no more. The Virginius of Sheridan Knowles hears “a voice so fine, that nothing lives ’twixt it and silence.” This is a reform so fine, that nothing lives ’twixt it and abuse. Yet, fine as it is, small as it is, it is consecrated by the spirit of justice, and is as acceptable to the long-oppressed people of Ireland as drops of water are to the parched wretch in the desert. The fault of the pending Bill is on the side of inefficiency; it deals too tenderly with the abuse. But its moderation has certainly served the more strongly to expose the obstinate injustice of its opponents. It has been made manifest that men who oppose a gentle palliative like this, are wilfully resolved to resist any measure having in it one particle of the substance or spirit of Reform.—*Under Seven Administrations.*

FONTENELLE, BERNARD LE BOVIER DE, a French author, born in 1657; died in 1757. His father was an advocate of Rouen, his mother a sister of Pierre and Thomas Corneille. He was educated at the College of the Jesuits at Rouen, and studied law, which he abandoned on losing his first case. He then devoted himself to poetry. His tragedy, *Asper* (1680), was a failure, the more mortifying because it had been highly praised by Thomas Corneille. Of his other dramatic works: *Psyche*, *Bellérophon*, *Endymion*, *Thetis and Peleus*, *Lavinia*, *Brutus*, *Idalie*, not one have kept the stage. His first literary success was the *Dialogues des Morts*, published in 1683. The *Entretiens sur la Pluralité des Mondes* (1686), written for the purpose of setting forth attractively Decartes's theory of vortices, enhanced his reputation. In 1687 Fontenelle removed to Paris, and published *L'Histoire des Oracles*, a translation and abridgment of the Latin of the Hollander, Dale. This work which takes the ground that oracles were not inspired by demons, and that they did not cease at the birth of Christ, was attacked by the Jesuit Battus, who maintained the contrary. Fontenelle left his critic in possession of the field. "All quarrels displease me," he wrote to his friend Leclerc. "I would rather the devil had been the prophet, since the Jesuit father will have it so, and since he thinks that more orthodox." The controversy in regard to the respective merits of ancient and modern writers was then raging, and Fontenelle took the modern side in a *Digression sur les Anciens et les Modernes* (1688.) In the same year appeared his *Poésies Pastorales*, and shortly afterward his *Doutes sur le*

Système Physique des Causes Occasionnelles, in opposition to Malebranche. Racine and Boileau, who had always disliked Fontenelle, had four times succeeded in securing his rejection from the French Academy. In 1691 he was admitted, notwithstanding their efforts against him. He afterwards became a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and the Academy of Sciences. In 1699 he was nominated Perpetual Secretary of the latter body, and held the office for forty-two years. His *Histoire de l'Académie des Sciences* (1696-1699), and his *Éloges des Académiciens* (1708-1719), are distinguished for the beauty of their style. The *Éloges* contain his best work. He was famous for the charm of his conversation as well as of his writings. He has been accused of heartlessness. It is said that he neither laughed nor wept. His two mottoes, "Everything is possible," and "Everybody is right," may at once account for his numerous friends, and for the lack of true feeling in his poems. His last words when dying were, "I do not suffer, my friends; but I feel a sort of difficulty in living."

CONCERNING THE WORLD IN THE MOON.

The Marchioness was so intent upon her notions, that she would fain have engaged me next day to proceed where I left off; but I told her, since the moon and stars were become the subject of our discourse, we should trust our chimeras with nobody else. At night, therefore, we went again into the park, which was now wholly dedicated to our learned conversation.

"Well, Madame," said I, "I have great news for you; that which I told you last night, of the moon being inhabited, may be otherwise now; there is a new fancy got into my head, which puts those people in great danger."

“I cannot,” said her ladyship, “suffer such whims to take place. Yesterday you were preparing me to receive a visit from the Lunarians, and now you would insinuate there are no such folks. You must not trifle with me thus: once you would have me believe the moon was inhabited; I surmounted that difficulty, and do now believe it.”

“You are a little too nimble,” replied I; “did not I advise you never to be entirely convinced of things of this nature, but to reserve half of your understanding free and disengaged, that you might admit of a contrary opinion, if there should be occasion?”

“I care not for your suppositions,” said she, “let us come to matters of fact. Are we not to consider the moon as St. Denis?”

“No,” said I, “the moon does not so much resemble the earth as St. Denis does Paris: the sun draws vapors from the earth, and exhalations from the water, which, mounting to a certain height in the air, do there assemble and form the clouds; these uncertain clouds are driven irregularly round the globe, sometimes shadowing one country and sometimes another; he, then, who beholds the earth from afar off, will see frequent alterations upon its surface, because a great country, overcast with clouds, will appear dark or light, as the clouds stay, or pass over it; he will see the spots on the earth often change their place, and appear or disappear as the clouds remove, but we see none of these changes wrought upon the moon, which would certainly be the case, were there but clouds about her; yet, on the contrary, all her spots are fixed and certain, and her light parts continue where they were at first, which indeed is a great misfortune; for by this reason the sun draws no exhalations or vapors above the moon; so that it appears she is a body infinitely more hard and solid than the earth, whose subtle parts are easily separated from the rest, and mount upward as soon as heat puts them in motion; but it must be a heap of rock

and marble, where there is no evaporation; besides, exhalations are so natural and necessary where there is water, that there can be no water at all where there is no exhalation. And what sort of inhabitants must those be whose country affords no water, is all rock, and produces nothing?"

"This is very fine," said the Marchioness; "you have forgot, since you assured me we might from hence distinguish seas in the moon. Pray, what is become of your Caspian Sea and your Black Lake?"

"All conjecture, Madame," replied I, "though for your ladyship's sake, I am very sorry for it; for those dark places we took to be seas may perhaps be nothing but large cavities; it is hard to guess right at so great a distance."

"But will this suffice, then," said she, "to extirpate the people in the moon?"

"Not altogether," replied I; "we will neither determine for nor against them."

"I must own my weakness, if it be one," said she. "I cannot be so perfectly undetermined as you would have me to be, but must believe one way or another; therefore, pray fix me quickly in my opinion as to the inhabitants of the moon: preserve or annihilate them, as you please; and yet methinks I have a strange inclination for them, and would not have them destroyed, if it were possible to save them."

"You know," said I, "Madame, I can deny you nothing; the moon shall be no longer a desert; to do you a service we will repeople her. Since to all appearance the spots on the moon do not change, I cannot conceive there are any clouds about her that sometimes obscure one part, and sometimes another; yet this does not hinder but that the moon sends forth exhalations and vapors. It may so happen that the vapors which issue from the moon may not assemble round her in clouds, and may not fall back again in rain but only in dews. It is sufficient for this that the

air with which the moon is surrounded—for it is certain she is so as well as the earth—should somewhat vary from our air, and the vapors of the moon be a little different from those of the earth, which is very probable. Hereupon the matter being otherwise disposed in the moon than on the earth, the effects must be different; though it is of no great consequence whether they are or no; for from the moment we have found an inward motion in the parts of the moon, or one produced by foreign causes, here is enough for the new birth of its inhabitants, and a sufficient and necessary fund for their subsistence. This will furnish us with corn, fruit, water, and what else we please; I mean according to the custom or manner of the moon, which I do not pretend to know; and all proportional to the wants and uses of the inhabitants, with whom I own I am as little acquainted.”

“That is to say,” replied the Marchioness, “you know all is very well, without knowing how it is so; which is a great deal of ignorance, founded upon a very little knowledge. However, I comfort myself that you have restored to the moon her inhabitants again, and have enveloped her in an air of her own, without which a planet would seem to me very naked.”

“It is these two different airs, Madame, that hinder the communication of the two planets; if it was only flying, as I told you yesterday, who knows but we might improve it to perfection, though I confess there is but little hope of it; the great distance between the moon and the earth is a difficulty not easy to be surmounted; yet were the distance but inconsiderable, and the two planets almost contiguous, it would still be impossible to pass from the air of the one into the air of the other. The water is the air of fishes. They never pass into the air of the birds, nor the birds into the air of the fishes; and yet it is not the distance that hinders them, but both are imprisoned by the air they breathe in. We find

our air consists of thicker and grosser vapors than the air of the moon; so that one of her inhabitants arriving at the confines of our world, as soon as he enters our air, will inevitably drown himself, and we shall see him fall dead on the earth."

"I should rejoice," said the Marchioness, "to see the wreck of a good number of these lunar people; how pleasant would it be to behold them lie scattered on the ground, where we might consider at our ease their extraordinary and curious figures!"

"But," replied I, "suppose they could swim on the surface of our air, and be as curious to see us, as you are to see them; should they angle or cast a net for us, as for so many fish, would that please you?"

"Why not?" said she, smiling; "for my part, I would go into their nets of my own accord were it but for the pleasure of seeing such strange fishermen."

"Consider, Madame, you would be very sick when you were drawn to the top of our air, for there is no respiration in its whole extent, as may be seen on the tops of some very high mountains. Here, then, are natural barricades, which defend the passage out of our world, as well as the entry into that of the moon; so that, since we can only guess at that world, let us fancy all we can of it."—*Conversations on the Plurality of Worlds.*

WILFRID DE FONVIELLE.—1

FONVIELLE, WILFRID DE. a French author born in Paris in 1828. He was first a teacher of mathematics, then a journalist, and a writer on scientific subjects. Among his works are: *L'Homme Fossil* (1865), *Les Merveilles du Monde Invisible* (1866), *Eclairs et Tonnerres*, translated into English under the title of *Thunder and Lightning* (1867), *L'Astronomie Moderne* (1868), and *Comment se font des Miracles en dehors l'Eglise* in which he reviews, from the common-sense point of view the pretensions of the spiritualistic mediums, (1879.) He made several balloon ascents, and when Paris was besieged, escaped from the city in a balloon and went to London, where he set forth the benefits which has been conferred upon the government by balloons. An account of his ascents, published in 1870, has been translated into English under the title of *Travels in the Air*.

TERRESTRIAL WATERSPOUTS.

When a cloud is thick enough, tenacious enough, and, perhaps, when the air is sufficiently charged with moisture, the electric matter draws it towards the earth. It is no longer then a simple fulminating globe which precipitates itself with impetuosity towards us; it is a threatening column which descends from the skies. Sometimes this column progresses so slowly that a man can follow it on foot. But one must possess, it will be readily admitted, almost superhuman courage not to fly at once in an opposite direction. For these meteors sometimes break their connection with the earth, and the most frightful and incredible effects are the result. For instance, M. de Gasparin tells us that the waterspout of Courtizou overturned one of the walls of Orange. The extremity of this column of vapor having commenced whirling around like a sling hanging from the clouds, caused a breach in the mass of

masonry, the opening of which was thirty-nine feet long, sixteen feet high, and four feet wide. This species of bastard lightning tore up in an instant a mass of matter weighing at least 200 tons.

It appears difficult to conceive a storm more favorable for observing the formation of these meteors than the frightful waterspout of Malau-nay. Effectively, in the early part of the day, two storm-clouds approached, driven violently one towards the other by contrary currents. These two masses being charged with the same kind of electricity, doubtless positive electricity, could not amalgamate into one cloud, nor could they discharge each other by giving birth to a brilliant flash of lightning. The higher storm-cloud, which appeared the stronger of the two, managed, though not without difficulty, to push down the lower cloud. Who knows but that this happened by the intervention of the earth which, being powerfully electro-negative, attracted the vapor charged with positive electricity? As soon as the horn, pulled from the vanquished cloud, had approached to within a few yards of the earth, its fire was seen to flow from it like a stream which had just found an issue, for the point of the horn was perfectly incandescent. The tail of a waterspout is almost always seen to be luminous when it approaches the ground without coming in contact with it; so powerful is the effect of the fluid which passes from the summit of the cone.

Sometimes the electric tube rises from the earth; in this case it is not watery vapor which forms the threatening horn, but whirlwinds of dust which rise towards the clouds with a frightful gyratory motion.—*Thunder and Lightning.*

FOOTE, MARY (HALLOCK), an American artist and novelist, born in New York in 1847. She studied art at the School of Design for Women in New York, and became an illustrator for several magazines. She soon began to write short stories, illustrating them with her own drawings. Among them are *Friend Barton's Concern* and *A Story of a Dry Season*. In 1882 she published *The Led-Horse Claim*, and in 1885 *John Bodewin's Testimony*, novels of mining life.

COMING INTO CAMP.

Mr. Newbold and his daughter rode back to the camp in the splendor of a sunset that loomed red behind the skeleton pines. Josephine let her horse take his own way down the wagon-track, while she watched its dying changes. But she lost the last tints in her preoccupation with the dust and the strange meetings and partings on the broad and level road by which they approached the town. That quickening of the pulse which makes itself felt in every human community as day draws to a close had intensified the life of the camp. The sound of its voices and footsteps, the smoke of its fires, rose in the still, cool air.

Cradled between two ranges of the mother mountains of the continent, the little colony could hardly have been more inland in its situation; it had, nevertheless, in many respects the characteristics of a seaport. It owed its existence to hazardous ventures from a distance. Its shops were filled, not with the fruits of its soil or the labor of its hands, but with cargoes that had been rocked in the four-wheeled merchantmen of the plains. Bronzed-faced, hairy-throated men occupied more than their share of its sidewalks, spending carelessly in a few days and nights the price of months of hardship and isolation. Its hopes and its capital were largely bound up in the fate of adventurers into that unpeopled land

which has no history except the records written in fire, in ice, and in water, on its rocks and river-beds; the voyage across that inland sea where the smoke of lonely camp-fires goes up from wagon-roads that were once hunter-trails, and trails that were once the tracks of buffalo. There were men seen at intervals of many months in its streets, whom the desert and the mountains called, as the sea calls the men of the coast towns. It was a port of the wilderness.

The arrivals due that Saturday night were seeking their dusty moorings. Heavily loaded freighters were lurching in, every mule straining in his collar, every trace taut and quivering. Express wagons of lighter tonnage took the dust of the freighters, until the width of the road gave their square-trotting draught-horses a chance to swing out and pass. In and out among the craft of heavier burden, shuffled the small, tough bronchos. Their riders were for the most part light-built like their horses, with a bearing at once alert and impassive. They were young men, notwithstanding the prevailing look of care and stolid endurance, due in some cases, possibly, to the dust-laden hollows under the sun-wearied eyes, and to that haggardness of aspect which goes with a beard of a week's growth, a flannel shirt loosely buttoned about a sunburned throat, and a temporary estrangement from soap and water. These were the doughty privateersmen, returning with a convoy of pack-animals from the valley of the Gunnison or the Clearwater, or the tragic hunting-grounds of the Indian Reservation. Taking the footpath way beside his loaded donkey trudged the humble "grub-stake," or the haggard-eyed charcoal-burner from his smoking camp in the nearest timber; while far up on the mountain, distinct in the reflected glow of sunset, a puff of white dust appeared from moment to moment, following the curves of the road, where the passenger-coach was making its best speed, with brakes hard down, on the home grade from the summit of the pass.—*John Bodewin's Testimony.*

SAMUEL FOOTE.—1

FOOTE, SAMUEL, an English comic actor and humorist, born in 1720; died in 1777. He studied for a while at Worcester College, Oxford, but was obliged to leave at the age of twenty. He afterwards began the study of law; but in consequence of his dissolute habits soon lost two fortunes, one of which he inherited from his uncle, the other from his father. In 1744 he betook himself to the stage, attempting both tragedy and comedy with slight success. But his talent for imitation came to his aid. In 1747 he opened the Haymarket Theatre with a piece called *The Diversions of the Morning*, written by himself, and in which he was the principal actor. This was followed by *Mr. Foote taking Tea with his Friends*, *The Auction of Pictures*, and other pieces, all of which were successful, the main reason for their success being Foote's exaggerated mimicry of any person of note whose appearance or manner was capable of being caricatured. For ten years he kept the theatre open, eluding all attempts of the dramatic licensers to close it. In 1767 a fall from his horse rendered necessary the amputation of one of his legs. The Duke of York, who witnessed the accident, procured for him a regular patent to open a theatre. This he carried on for ten years, mainly producing his own pieces. During this period he made another fortune which he contrived to squander. In 1777, broken in health, he set out upon a journey to France, but died before he had left the shores of England. Foote produced in all about 25 dramatic pieces, and several others have been attributed to him. The best of these are: *The Minor*, satirizing the Methodists (1760), *The Mayor of Garratt*

SAMUEL FOOTE.—2

(1763), *The Devil upon Two Sticks* (1768), *The Lame Lover* (1770), *The Nabob* (1772), and *The Bankrupt* (1773). A selection from the plays of Foote, with an entertaining *Memoir*, by William Cooke, in three volumes, was published in 1805.

CHARLOTTE, SERJEANT CIRCUIT, AND SIR LUKE LIMP.

Char.—Sir, I have other proofs of our hero's vanity not inferior to that I have mentioned.

Serj.—Cite them.

Char.—The paltry ambition of levying and following titles.

Serj.—Titles! I don't understand you.

Char.—I mean the poverty of fastening in public upon men of distinction, for no other reason but because of their rank; adhering to Sir John till the baronet is superseded by my lord; quitting the puny peer for an earl; and sacrificing all three to a duke.

Serj.—Keeping good company!—a laudable ambition!

Char.—True, sir, if the virtues that procured the father a peerage could with that be entailed on the son.

Serj.—Have a care, hussy; there are severe laws against speaking evil of dignities.

Char.—Sir!

Serj.—*Scandalum magnatum* is a statute must not be trifled with; why, you are not one of those vulgar sluts that think a man the worse for being a lord?

Char.—No, sir; I am contented with only not thinking him the better.

Serj.—For all this, I believe, hussy, a right honorable proposal would soon make you alter your mind.

Char.—Not unless the proposer had other qualities than what he possesses by patent. Besides, sir, you know Sir Luke is a devotee to the bottle.

Serj.—Not a whit the less honest for that.

SAMUEL FOOTE.—3

Char.—It occasions one evil at least, that when under its influence, he generally reveals all, sometimes more than he knows.

Serj.—Proofs of an open temper, you baggage; but come, come, all these are but trifling objections.

Char.—You mean, sir, they prove the object a trifle.

Serj.—Why, you pert jade, do you play on my words? I say Sir Luke is——

Char.—Nobody.

Serj.—Nobody! how the deuce do you make that out? He is neither a person attainted nor outlawed, may in any of his majesty's courts sue or be sued, appear by attorney or in propria personâ, can acquire, buy, procure, purchase, possess, and inherit, not only personalities, such as goods and chattels, but even realties, as all lands, tenements, and hereditaments, whatsoever and wheresoever.

Char.—But, sir——

Serj.—Nay, further, child, he may sell, give, bestow, bequeath, devise, demise, lease, or to farm let, ditto lands, or to any person whomsoever—and——

Char.—Without doubt, sir; but there are, notwithstanding, in this town a great number of nobodies, not described by Lord Coke.

[SIR LUKE LIMP makes his appearance, and after a short dialogue, enter a SERVANT, who delivers a card to SIR LUKE.]

Sir Luke.—[*Reads*] “Sir Gregory Goose desires the honor of Sir Luke Limp's company to dine. An answer is desired.” Gadso! a little unlucky; I have been engaged for these three weeks.

Serj.—What! I find Sir Gregory is returned for the corporation of Fleeceem.

Sir Luke.—Is he so? Oh, oh! that alters the case. George, give my compliments to Sir Gregory, and I'll certainly come and dine there. Order Joe to run to Alderman Inkle's in Threadneedle street; sorry can't wait upon him, and confined to my bed two days with the new influenza.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Char.—You make light, Sir Luke, of these sort of engagements.

Sir Luke.—What can a man do! These fellows—when one has the misfortune to meet them—take scandalous advantage: When will you do me the honor, pray, Sir Luke, to take a bit of mutton with me? Do you name the day. They are as bad as a beggar who attacks your coach at the mounting of a hill; there is no getting rid of them without a penny to one, and a promise to t'other.

Serv.—True; and then for such a time too—three weeks! I wonder they expect folks to remember. It is like a retainer in Michaelmas term for the summer assizes.

Sir Luke.—Not but upon these occasions no man in England is more punctual than——

[Enter a SERVANT who gives SIR LUKE a letter.]

From whom?

Serv.—Earl of Brentford. The servant waits for an answer.

Sir Luke.—Answer! By your leave, Mr. Serjeant and Charlotte. [*Reads.*] “Taste for music—Mons. Dupont—fail—dinner on table at five.” Gadso! I hope Sir Gregory’s servant ain’t gone.

Serv.—Immediately upon receiving the answer.

Sir Luke.—Run after him as fast as you can—tell him quite in despair—recollect an engagement that can’t in nature be missed, and return in an instant. [*Exit Servant.*]

Char.—You see, sir, the knight must give way for my lord.

Sir Luke.—No, faith, it is not that, my dear Charlotte; you saw that was quite an extempore business. No, hang it, no, it is not for the title; but, to tell you the truth, Brentford has more wit than any man in the world; it is that makes me fond of his house.

Char.—By the choice of his company he gives an unanswerable instance of that.

Sir Luke.—You are right, my dear girl. But

now to give you a proof of his wit; you know Brentford's finances are a little out of repair, which procures him some visits that he would gladly excuse.

Serj.—What need he fear? His person is sacred; for by the tenth of William and Mary—

Sir Luke.—He knows that well enough, but for all that—

Serj.—Indeed, by a late act of his own house—which does them infinite honor—his goods or chattels may be—

Sir Luke.—Seized upon when they can find them; but he lives in ready furnished lodgings, and hires his coach by the month.

Serj.—Nay, if the sheriff return “non inventus.”

Sir Luke.—A plague o' your law; you make me lose sight of my story. One morning a Welsh coachmaker came with his bill to my lord, whose name was unluckily Lloyd. My lord had the man up. You are called, I think, Mr. Lloyd? At your lordship's service, my lord. What, Lloyd with an *L*? It was with an *L*, indeed, my lord. Because in your part of the world I have heard that Lloyd and Flloyd were synonymous, the very same names. Very often, indeed, my lord. But you always spell yours with an *L*? Always. That, Mr. Lloyd, is a little unlucky; for you must know I am now paying my debts alphabetically, and in four or five years you might have come in with an *F*; but I am afraid I can give you no hopes for your *L*. Ha, ha, ha!

[Enter a SERVANT.]

Serv.—There was no overtaking the servant.

Sir Luke.—That is unlucky: tell my lord I'll attend him. I'll call on Sir Gregory myself.

[Exit Servant.]

Serj.—Why, you won't leave us, Sir Luke?

Sir Luke.—Pardon, dear Serjeant and Charlotte; I have a thousand things to do for half a million of people, positively; promised to pro-

cure a husband for Lady Cicely Sulky, and match a coach-horse for Brigadier Whip; after that must run into the city to borrow a thousand for young At-all at Almack's; send a Cheshire cheese by the stage to Sir Timothy Tankard in Suffolk; and get at the Heralds' office a coat-of-arms to clap on the coach of Billy Bengal, a nabob newly arrived; so you see I have not a moment to lose.

Serj.—True, true.

Sir Luke.—At your toilet to-morrow you may — [*Enter a Servant abruptly and runs against Sir Luke.*] Can't you see where you are running, you rascal?

Serv.—Sir, his Grace, the Duke of——

Sir Luke.—Grace! where is he? Where——

Serv.—In his coach at the door. If you an't better engaged, would be glad of your company to go into the city, and take a dinner at Dolly's.

Sir Luke.—In his own coach, did you say?

Serv.—Yes, sir.

Sir Luke.—With the coronets—or——

Serv.—I believe so.

Sir Luke.—There's no resisting of that. Bid Joe run to Sir Gregory Goose's.

Serv.—He is already gone to Alderman Inkle's.

Sir Luke.—Then do you step into the knight—hey!—no—you must go in to my lord's—hold, hold, no—I have it—step first to Sir Greg's, then pop in at Lord Brentford's just as the company are going to dinner.

Serv.—What shall I say to Sir Gregory?

Sir Luke.—Anything—what I told you before.

Serv.—And what to my lord?

Sir Luke.—What!—tell him that my uncle from Epsom—no—that won't do, for he knows I don't care a farthing for him—hey? Why, tell him—hold, I have it. Tell him that as I was going into my chair to obey his commands, I was arrested by a couple of bailiffs, forced into a

EDWARD FORBES.—1

hackney-coach, and carried into the Pied Bull in the Borough; I beg ten thousand pardons for making his Grace wait, but his Grace knows my misfor—— [Exeunt Sir Luke and Serv.

Char.—Well, sir, what d'ye think of the proofs? I flatter myself I have pretty well established my case.

Serj.—Why, hussy, you have hit upon points; but then they are but trifling flaws; they don't vitiate the title; that stands unimpeached.—*The Lame Lover.*

FORBES, EDWARD, a British naturalist, born on the Isle of Man in 1815; died near Edinburgh in 1854. He studied medicine at Edinburgh, but devoted himself mainly to scientific pursuits and to literature. He was among the earliest to collect specimens in natural history by means of deep-sea dredging. In 1842 he became Professor of Botany in King's College, London, and shortly afterwards was appointed Curator of the Museum of the Geological Society. His scientific publications were very numerous. Among his more important works was the preparation of a palæontological and geographical map of the British Islands, with an explanatory dissertation upon the *Distribution of Marine Life*. In 1852 he was chosen President of the Geological Society, and in 1853 was made Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh. A collection of his purely literary papers, with a Memoir by Prof. Huxley, appeared soon after his death.

FORD, JOHN, an English dramatist, born in 1586; died about 1640. He was of good family, his grandfather and father having attained legal eminence. At sixteen he was entered as a student at law at the Inner Temple, was called to the bar, and practised until past fifty, when he retired to his estate, and nothing further is recorded of him. He appears to have gained a competent fortune in his profession, so that he was able to write without regard to any pecuniary profit which he might gain from his dramas, and to disregard the prevailing taste of the theatre-goers of his time. Some of his dramas were produced in conjunction with others, especially with Rowley, Dekker, and Webster, and it is impossible to fix with certainty the respective shares of each. The titles of sixteen plays, wholly or in part by Ford, have been preserved, but several of these are not now known to be extant; some of them do not appear to have ever been printed. *Love's Melancholy*, probably the earliest of Ford's dramas, was first acted in 1628; *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*, a powerful tragedy, was printed in 1633; *The Broken Heart*, upon the whole the best of Ford's dramas, was also printed in 1633, but both were probably produced upon the stage a little earlier; *The Lady's Trial* was acted in 1638, and printed in the following year. The first complete edition of Ford's *Works*, edited by Weber, was published in 1811; in 1827 appeared an edition edited by Gifford; and in 1847 an expurgated edition was issued in "Murray's Family Library." Gifford's edition, revised by Dyce, with Notes and an Introduction (1869), is the best. An Essay on Ford, by Algernon Charles Swinburne, was published among his "Notes and Essays" in 1875.

JOHN FORD.—2

CALANTHA AND PENTHEA.

Cal.—Being alone, Penthea, you have granted
The opportunity you sought, and might
At all times have commanded.

Pen.— 'Tis a benefit. [for.
Which I shall owe your goodness even in death
My glass of life, sweet princess, hath few minutes
Remaining to run down; the sands are spent:
For, by an inward messenger, I feel
The summons of departure short and certain.

Cal.—You feed too much your melancholy.

Pen.— Glories
Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams,
And shadows soon decaying: on the stage
Of my mortality my youth hath acted
Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length;
By varied pleasures sweetened in the mixture,
But tragical in issue.

Cal.—Contemn not your condition for the
proof.
Of bare opinion only: to what end
Reach all these moral texts?

Pen.— To place before you
A perfect mirror, wherein you may see
How weary I am of a lingering life,
Who count the best a misery.

Cal.— Indeed,
You have no little cause; yet none so great
As to distrust a remedy.

Pen.— That remedy
Must be a winding-sheet, a fold of lead,
And some untrod-on corner in the earth.
Not to detain your expectation, princess,
I have an humble suit.

Cal.— Speak, and enjoy it.

Pen.— Vouchsafe, then, to be my executrix;
And take that trouble on ye, to dispose
Such legacies as I bequeath impartially:
I have not much to give, the pains are easy.
Heaven will reward your piety and thank it,
When I am dead: for sure I must not live;
I hope I cannot.

Cal.— Now beshrew thy sadness;
Thou turn'st me too much woman.

Pen.— Her fair eyes
Melt into passion : then I have assurance
Encouraging my boldness. In this paper
My will was charactered ; which you, with par-
don,
Shall now know from mine own mouth.

Cal.— Talk on, prithee ;
It is a pretty earnest.

Pen.— I have left me
But three poor jewels to bequeath. The first is
My youth ; for though I am much old in griefs,
In years I am a child.

Cal.— To whom that ?

Pen.— To virgin wives ; such as abuse not wed-
lock
By freedom of desires, but covet chiefly
The pledges of chaste beds, for ties of love
Rather than ranging of their blood ; and next
To married maids ; such as prefer the number
Of honorable issue in their virtues,
Before the flattery of delights by marriage ;
May those be ever young.

Cal.— A second jewel
You mean to part ?

Pen.— 'Tis my fame ; I trust
By scandal yet untouched ; this I bequeath
To Memory and Time's old daughter, Truth.
If ever my unhappy name find mention,
When I am fallen to dust, may it deserve
Beseeming charity without dishonor.

Cal.— How handsomely thou play'st with
harmless sport
Of mere imagination ? Speak the last.
I strangely like thy will.

Pen.— This jewel, madam,
Is dearly precious to me ; you must use
The best of your discretion, to employ
This gift as I intend it.

Cal.— Do not doubt me.

Pen.— 'Tis long ago, since first I lost my
heart ;
Long I have lived without it : but instead
Of it, to great Calantha, Sparta's heir,

By service bound, and by affection vowed,
I do bequeath in holiest rites of love
Mine only brother Ithocles.

Cal.— What saidst thou?

Pen.—Impute not, heaven-blest lady, to ambition,

A faith as humbly perfect as the prayers
Of a devoted suppliant can endow it:
Look on him, princess, with an eye of pity;
How like the ghost of what he late appeared
He moves before you!

Cal.— Shall I answer here,
Or lend my ear too grossly?

Pen.— First his heart
Shall fall in cinders, scorched by your disdain,
Ere he will dare, poor man, to ope an eye
On these divine looks, but with low-bent
thoughts

Accusing such presumption: as for words,
He dares not utter any but of service;
Yet this lost creature loves you. Be a princess
In sweetness as in blood; give him his doom,
Or raise him up to comfort.

Cal.— What new change
Appears in my behavior that thou darest
Tempt my displeasure?

Pen.— I must leave the world,
To revel in Elysium; and 'tis just
To wish my brother some advantage here.
Yet by my best hopes, Ithocles is ignorant
Of this pursuit. But if you please to kill him,
Lend him one angry look, or one harsh word,
And you shall soon conclude how strong a power
Your absolute authority holds over
His life and end.

Cal.— You have forgot, Penthea,
How still I have a father.

Pen.— But remember
I am sister: though to me this brother
Hath been, you know, unkind, O most unkind.

Cal.—Christalla, Philema, where are ye?—
Lady,
Your check lies in my silence.

The Broken Heart.

FORD, RICHARD, an English traveller and author, born in 1796, died in 1858. He was educated at Winchester and at Trinity College, Cambridge, studied law at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar, but never entered into practice. In 1839 he went to Spain, where he resided several years. From 1836 to 1857 he was a frequent contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, his papers relating mainly to the life, literature, and art of Spain. He prepared Murray's *Hand-Book for Spain* (1845; rewritten and enlarged in 1855). He also wrote *Gatherings in Spain* (1848), and *Tauromachia, the Bull Fights of Spain* (1852).

SPAIN AND THE SPANIARDS IN 1840.

Since Spain appears on the map to be a square and most compact kingdom, politicians and geographers have treated it and its inhabitants as one and the same; practically, however, this is almost a geographical expression, as the earth, air, and morals of the different portions of this conventional whole are altogether heterogeneous. Peninsular man has followed the nature by which he is surrounded; mountains and rivers have walled and moated the dislocated land; mists and gleams have diversified the heavens; and differing like soil and sky, the *people*, in each of the once independent provinces, now bound loosely together by one golden hoop, the crown, has its own particular character. To hate his neighbor is a second nature to the Spaniard; no spick and span Constitution, be it printed on parchment or calico, can at once efface traditions and antipathies of a thousand years; the accidents of localities and provincial nationalities, out of which they have sprung, remain too deeply dyed to be forthwith discharged by theorists.

The climate and productions vary no less than do language, costume, and manners; and so

division and localism have, from time immemorial, formed a marked national feature. Spaniards may talk and boast of their *Patria*, as is done by the similarly circumstanced Italians, but like them and the Germans, they have the fallacy, but no real Fatherland; it is an aggregation rather than an amalgamation—every single individual in his heart really only loving his native province, and only considering as his fellow-countryman, *su paisano*—a most binding and endearing word—one born in the same locality as himself: hence it is not easy to predicate much in regard to “the Spains” and Spaniards in general which will hold quite good as to each particular portion ruled by the sovereign of *Las Espanas*, the plural title given to the chief of the federal union of this really little united kingdom. *Espanolismo* may, however, be said to consist in a love for a common faith and king, and in a coincidence of resistance to all foreign dictation. The deep sentiments of religion, loyalty and independence, noble characteristics indeed, have been sapped in our times by the influence of Trans-Pyreanean revolutions. Two general observations may be premised:

First, The people of Spain, the so-called lower orders, are superior to those who arrogate to themselves the title of being their betters, and in most respects are more interesting. The masses, the least spoiled and the most national, stand like pillars amid ruins, and on them the edifice of Spain's greatness is, if ever, to be reconstructed. This may have arisen, in this land of anomalies, from the peculiar policy of government in church and state, where the possessors of religious and civil monopolies, who dreaded knowledge as power, pressed heavily on the noble and rich, dwarfing down their bodies by intermarriages, and all but extinguishing their minds by inquisitions; while the people, overlooked in the obscurity of poverty, were allowed to grow out to their full growth like wild weeds of a rich soil. They, in fact, have long enjoyed, under despot-

isms of church and state, a practical and personal independence, the good results of which are evident in their stalwart frames and manly bearing.

Secondly, A distinction must ever be made between the Spaniard in his *individual* and *collective* capacity, and still more in an *official* one. Taken by himself, he is true and valiant; the nicety of his *Pundonor*, or point of personal honor, is proverbial; to him, as an individual, you may safely trust your life, fair fame, and purse. Yet history, treating of these individuals in the collective, *juatados*, presents the foulest examples of misbehavior in the field, of Punic bad faith in the cabinet, of bankruptcy and repudiation on the exchange. This may be also much ascribed to the deteriorating influence of bad government, by which the individual Spaniard, like the monk in a convent, becomes fused into the corporate. The atmosphere is too infectious to avoid some corruption, and while the Spaniard feels that his character is only in safe keeping when in his own hands, and no man of any nation knows better than how to uphold it, when linked with others, his self-pride, impatient of any superior, lends itself readily to feelings of mistrust, until self-interest and preservation become uppermost. From suspecting that he will be sold and sacrificed by others, he ends by floating down the turbid stream like the rest: yet even official employment does not quite destroy all private good qualities, and the *empleado* may be appealed to as an individual.

JOHN FORSTER.—1

FORSTER, JOHN, an English biographer and historian, born in 1812; died in 1876. In 1828 he came to London and attended law classes, but devoted himself mainly to journalism and literary work, although he was formally called to the bar. He was successively editor of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, of the *Daily News*, succeeding Dickens, and of the *Examiner*, succeeding Fonblanque, holding this last position from 1847 to 1856. In 1861 he was appointed a Commissioner in Lunacy. In 1855 he married the wealthy widow of Henry Colburn, the publisher. For many years he was a frequent contributor to the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and *Foreign Quarterly Reviews*. His biographical and historical works are numerous and valuable. The principal are: *The Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England* (1840), *Life of Goldsmith* (1848, greatly enlarged in 1854), *The Arrest of the Five Members by Charles I.*, and *Debates on the Great Remonstrance* (1860), *Sir John Eliot* (1864), *Life of Walter Savage Landor* (1868), *Life of Charles Dickens* (1871-74), and *Early Life of Jonathan Swift* (1875). This last work is the first volume of a complete biography of Swift, upon which he had been engaged for several years; but he died while he was engaged upon it.

SWIFT AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS.

Swift's later time, when he was governing Ireland as well as his Deanery, and the world was filled with the fame of *Gulliver*, is broadly and intelligibly written. But as to all the rest, his life is a work unfinished; to which no one has brought the minute examination indispensably required, where the whole of a career has to be considered to get at the proper comprehension

of certain parts of it. The writers accepted as authorities for the obscurer portion of it are found to be practically worthless, and the defect is not supplied by the later and greater biographers. Johnson did him no kind of justice, because of too little liking for him; and Scott, with much hearty liking, as well as a generous admiration, had too much other work to do. Thus, notwithstanding noble passages in both memoirs, and Scott's pervading tone of healthy, manly wisdom, it is left to an inferior hand to attempt to complete the tribute begun by these illustrious men.—*Preface to Life of Swift.*

THE LITERARY PROFESSION AND THE LAW OF
COPYRIGHT.

“It were well,” said Goldsmith, on one occasion, with bitter truth, “if none but the dunces of society were combined to render the profession of an author ridiculous or unhappy.” The profession themselves have yet to learn the secret of co-operation; they have to put away internal jealousies; they have to claim for themselves, as poor Goldsmith, after his fashion, very loudly did, that defined position from which greater respect, and more frequent consideration in public life, could not long be withheld; in fine, they have frankly to feel that their vocation, properly regarded, ranks with the worthiest, and that, on all occasions, to do justice to it, and to each other, is the way to obtain justice from the world. If writers had been thus true to themselves, the subject of copyright might have been equitably settled when attention was first drawn to it; but while Defoe was urging the author's claim, Swift was calling Defoe a fellow that had been pilloried, and we have still to discuss as *in formâ pauperis* the rights of the English author.

Confiscation is a hard word, but after the decision of the highest English court, it is the word which alone describes fairly the statute of Anne, for encouragement of literature. That is now

superseded by another statute, having the same gorgeous name, and the same inglorious meaning; for even this last enactment, sorely resisted as it was, leaves England behind any other country in the world, in the amount of their own property secured to her authors. In some, to this day, perpetual copyright exists; and though it may be reasonable, as Dr. Johnson argued, that it was to surrender a part for greater efficiency or protection to the rest, yet the commonest dictates of natural justice might at least require that an author's family should not be beggared of their inheritance as soon as his own capacity to provide for them may have ceased. In every continental country this is cared for, the lowest term secured by the most niggardly arrangement being twenty-five years; whereas in England it is the munificent number of seven. Yet the most laborious works, and often the most delightful, are for the most part of a kind which the hereafter only can repay. The poet, the historian, the scientific investigator, do indeed find readers to-day; but if they have labored with success, they have produced books whose substantial reward is not the large and temporary, but the limited and constant nature of their sale. No consideration of moral right exists, no principle of economical science can be stated, which would justify the seizure of such books by the public, before they had the chance of remunerating the genius and the labor of their producers.

But though Parliament can easily commit this wrong, it is not in such case the quarter to look to for redress. There is no hope of a better state of things till the author shall enlist upon his side the power of which Parliament is but the inferior expression. The true remedy for literary wrongs must flow from a higher sense than has at any period yet prevailed in England of the duties and responsibilities assumed by the public writer, and of the social consideration and respect that their effectual discharge should have undisputed right to claim.—*Life of Goldsmith.*

FORSYTH, JOSEPH, a Scottish traveller and author, born in 1763; died in 1815. He conducted for many years a classical seminary near London. In 1802 he set out upon a tour in Italy; in the next year he was arrested at Turin in pursuance of an order issued by Napoleon for the detention of all British subjects travelling in his dominions. He was not set at liberty until the downfall of Napoleon in 1814. In the meantime he wrote out the notes which he had prepared of his visit to Italy. This was published in 1812. under the title, *Remarks on Antiquities, Arts, and Letters during an Excursion in Italy in the years 1802 and 1803*. The immediate object of the publication was to enlist the sympathies of Napoleon and of the leading members of the National Institute in his behalf. The effort was unsuccessful, and the author regretted that it had been made. The work has been several times reprinted; a fourth edition was issued in 1835, being brought down to that date by another hand.

THE ITALIAN VINTAGE.

The vintage was in full glow, men, women, children, asses, all were variously engaged in the work. I remarked in the scene a prodigality and negligence which I never saw in France. The grapes dropped unheeded from the panniers, and hundreds were left unclipped on the vines. The vintagers poured on us as we passed the richest ribaldry of the Italian language, and seemed to claim from Homer's old *vindemiator* a prescriptive right to abuse the traveller.

THE COLOSSEUM IN 1803.

A colossal taste gave rise to the Colosseum. Here, indeed, gigantic dimensions were necessary; for though hundreds could enter at once, and fifty thousand find seats, the space was still in-

sufficient for room, and the crowd for the morning games began at midnight. Vespasian and Titus, as if presaging their own deaths, hurried the building, and left several marks of their precipitancy behind. In the upper walls they have inserted stones which had evidently been dressed for a different purpose. Some of the arcades are grossly unequal; no moulding preserves the same level and form round the whole ellipse, and every order is full of license. The Doric has no *triglyphs* and *metopes*, and its arch is too low for its columns; the Ionic repeats the entablature of the Doric; the third order is but a rough cast of the Corinthian, and its foliage the thickest water-plants; the fourth seems a mere repetition of the third in pilasters; and the whole is crowned by a heavy attic. Happily for the Colosseum, the shape necessary to an amphitheatre has given it a stability of construction sufficient to resist fires, and earthquakes, and lightnings, and sieges. Its elliptical form was the hoop which bound and held it entire till barbarians rent that consolidating ring; popes widened the breach; and time, not unassisted, continues the work of dilapidation. At this moment the hermitage is threatened with a dreadful crash, and a generation not very remote must be content, I apprehend, with the picture of this stupendous monument. Of the interior elevation, two slopes, by some called *meniana*, are already demolished; the *arena*, the *podium*, are interred. No member runs entire round the whole ellipse; but every member made such a circuit, and reappears so often that plans, sections, and elevations of the original work are drawn with the precision of a modern fabric. When the whole amphitheatre was entire, a child might comprehend its design in a moment, and go direct to his place without straying in the porticos, for each arcade bears its number engraved, and opposite to every fourth arcade was a staircase. This multiplicity of wide, straight, and separate passages proves the attention which the ancients paid to the safe discharge of a crowd; it

finely illustrates the precept of Vitruvius, and exposes the perplexity of some modern theatres.

Every nation has undergone its revolution of vices; and as cruelty is not the present vice of ours, we can all humanely execrate the purpose of amphitheatres, now that they lie in ruins. Moralists may tell us that the truly brave are never cruel; but this monument says "No." Here sat the conquerors of the world, coolly to enjoy the tortures and death of men who had never offended them. Two aqueducts were scarcely sufficient to wash the blood which a few hours' sport shed in this imperial shambles. Twice in one day came the senators and matrons of Rome to the butchery; a virgin always gave the signal for slaughter; and when glutted with bloodshed, these ladies sat down in the wet and steaming *arenæ* to a luxurious supper! Such reflections check our regret for its ruin. As it now stands the Colosseum is a striking image of Rome itself—decayed, vacant, serious, yet grand—half-gray, and half-green—erect on one side, and fallen on the other; with consecrated ground in its bosom—inhabited by a beadsman; visited by every caste; for moralists, antiquaries, painters, architects, devotees, all meeting here to meditate, to examine, to draw, to measure, and to pray. "In contemplating antiquities, says Livy, "the mind itself becomes antique." It contracts from such objects a venerable rust, which I prefer to the polish and the point of those wits who have lately profaned this august ruin with ridicule.

FORTESCUE, SIR JOHN, an English jurist, born about 1395; died about 1485; but the exact dates are uncertain. He was born shortly after the accession of Henry IV., lived through his reign, and those of Henry V., Henry VI., Edward IV., Richard III., and into that of Henry VII. In 1426 he was made one of the Governors of Lincoln's Inn, and in 1442 (during the reign of Henry VI.) Chief Justice of the King's Bench. During the War of the Roses he was a zealous Lancastrian, and when the Yorkists gained the preponderance in Parliament, a bill of attainder was passed against him, and he fled to Scotland and in 1564 to France. Returning to England, after some years, he was made prisoner by Edward IV. at the battle of Tewksbury (1471.) Having been pardoned by the victor, he withdrew to his estate in Gloucester, and passed the remainder of his life in retirement. Fortescue wrote several notable books in Latin and in English. The most important of his English works is *The Difference between an Absolute and a Limited Monarchy*, first printed in 1714.

THE COMMONS AND THE KINGDOM.

Some men have said that it were good for the king that the commons of England were made poor, as be the commons of France. For then they would not rebel, as now they done oftentimes, which the commons of France do not, nor may do; for they have no weapon, nor armour, nor good to buy it at withal. To these manner of men may be said, with the philosopher, *Ad parva respicientes, de facili enunciant*; that is to say, they that seen few things woll soon say their advice. Forsooth those folks consideren little the good of the realm, whereof the might most stondesth upon archers, which be no rich men, And if they were made poorer than they be, they

should not have herewith to buy them bows, arrows, jacks, or any other armour of defence, whereby they might be able to resist our enemies when they list to come upon us, which they may do on every side, considering that we be an island; and, as it is said before, we may not have soon succours of any other realm. Wherefore we should be a prey to all other enemies, but if we be mighty of ourself, which might stondesth most upon our poor archers; and therefore they needen not only to have such habiliments as now is spoken of, but also they needen to be much exercised in shooting, which may not be done without right great expenses, as every man expert therein knoweth right well. Wherefore the making poor of the commons, which is the making poor of our archers, should be the destruction of the greatest might of our realm. Item, if poor men may not lightly rise, as in the opinion of those men, which for that cause would have the commons poor; how then, if a mighty man made a rising, should he be repressed, when all the commons be so poor, that after such opinion they may not fight, and by that reason not help the king with fighting? And why maketh the king the commons to be every year mustered, sithen it was good they had no harness, nor were able to fight? Oh, how unwise is the opinion of these men; for it may not be maintained by any reason! Item, when any rising hath been made in this land, before these days by commons, the poorest men thereof hath been the greatest causers and doers therein. And thrifty men have been loth thereto, for dread of losing of their goods, yet oftentimes they have gone with them through menaces, or else the same poor men would have taken their goods; wherein it seemeth that poverty have been the whole and chief cause of all such rising. The poor man hath been stirred thereto by occasion of his poverty for to get good; and the rich men have gone with them because they wold not be poor by losing of their goods. What then would fall, if all the commons were poor?

FORTUNE, ROBERT, a British naturalist and author, born in Scotland in 1813; died in 1880. He was trained as a horticulturist; was employed in the botanical gardens of Edinburgh, where he attended the lectures in the University. He was afterwards employed in the botanical gardens at Chiswick, near London, and in 1843 was appointed by the London Horticultural Society to collect plants in China, the ports of which had just been thrown open to Europeans. Upon his return he published *Three Years' Wanderings in the Northern Provinces of China*. In 1848 he was sent to China by the East India Company to investigate the mode of cultivation of the tea-plant, collect seeds, and introduce its culture into Northern India. Upon his return to Great Britain he published *Two Visits to the Tea Countries of China* (1852.) Subsequently he made a third visit to China, of which he gave an account in his *Residence among the Chinese, Inland, on the Coast, and at Sea* (1857.) In 1857 he was deputed by the U. S. Patent Office to visit China to collect seeds of the tea-shrub and other plants. He was absent two years, having collected and shipped to the United States the seeds of a large number of plants. In 1863 he published, in London, *Yedo and Pekin*.

CHINESE THIEVES.

About two in the morning I was awakened by a loud yell from one of my servants, and I suspected at once that we had had a visit from thieves, for I had frequently heard the same sound before. Like the cry one hears at sea when a man has fallen overboard, this alarm can never be mistaken when once it has been heard. Before I had time to inquire what was wrong,

one of my servants and two of the boatmen plunged into the canal and pursued the thieves. Thinking that we had only lost some cooking utensils, or things of little value that might have been lying outside the boat, I gave myself no uneasiness about the matter, and felt much inclined to go to sleep again. But my servant, who returned almost immediately, awoke me most effectually. "I fear," said he, opening my door, "the thieves have been inside the boat, and have taken away some of your property." "Impossible," said I; "they cannot have been here." "But look," he replied; "a portion of the side of your boat under the window has been lifted out."

Turning to the place indicated by my servant I could see, although it was quite dark, that there was a large hole in the side of the boat not more than three feet from where my head had been lying. At my right hand, and just under the window, the trunk used to stand in which I was in the habit of keeping my papers, money, and other valuables. On the first suspicion that I was the victim, I stretched out my hand in the dark to feel if this was safe. Instead of my hand resting on the top of the trunk, as it had been accustomed to do, it went down to the floor of the boat, and I then knew for the first time that the trunk was gone. At the same moment, my servant, Tung-a, came in with a candle, and confirmed what I had just made out in the dark. The thieves had done their work well—the boat was empty. My money, amounting to more than one hundred Shanghai dollars, my accounts, and other papers—all, all were gone. The rascals had not even left me the clothes I had thrown off when I went to bed.

But there was no time to lose; and in order to make every effort to catch the thieves, or at least get back a portion of my property, I jumped into the canal, and made for the bank. The tide had now risen, and instead of finding only about two feet of water—the depth when we

went to bed—I now sank up to the neck, and found the stream very rapid. A few strokes with my arms soon brought me into shallow water and to the shore. Here I found the boatmen rushing about in a frantic manner, examining with a lantern the bushes and indigo vats on the banks of the canal, but all they had found was a few Manilla cheroots which the thieves had dropped apparently in their hurry. A watchman with his lantern and two or three stragglers, hearing the noise we made, came up and inquired what was wrong; but when asked whether they had seen anything of the thieves, shook their heads, and professed the most profound ignorance. The night was pitch dark, everything was perfectly still, and, with the exception of the few stragglers already mentioned, the whole town seemed sunk in deep sleep. We were therefore perfectly helpless and could do nothing further. I returned in no comfortable frame of mind to my boat. Dripping with wet, I lay down on my couch without any inclination to sleep.

It was a serious business for me to lose so much money, but that part of the matter gave me the least uneasiness. The loss of my accounts, journals, drawings, and numerous memoranda I had been making during three years of travel, which it was impossible for any one to replace, was of far greater importance. I tried to reason philosophically upon the matter; to persuade myself that as the thing could not be helped now, it was no use being vexed with it; that in a few years it would not signify much either to myself or any one else whether I had been robbed or not; but all this fine reasoning would not do.—*Residence among the Chinese.*

NICOLO UGO FOSCOLO.—1

FOSCOLO, NICOLO UGO, an Italian author, born on the island of Zante in 1778; died near London in 1827. Upon the death of his father, a physician at Spoleto, in Dalmatia, the family removed to Venice. Foscolo went to the University of Padua, where he made himself master of ancient Greek—modern Greek being his vernacular tongue. At the age of nineteen he produced his tragedy of *Tieste*, which was received with some favor at Venice. He had already begun to take part in the stormy political disputes growing out of the overthrow of the Venetian State. He addressed an adulatory Ode to Bonaparte, from whom he hoped not merely the overthrow of the Venetian oligarchy, but the establishment of a free Republic. Notwithstanding that in the autumn of 1797 Venice was by treaty made over to Austria, he adhered to the French side, and when the hostilities again broke out between France and Austria he joined the French army, and was among those who were made prisoners at the taking of Genoa in 1800. After his release he took up his residence at Milan, where in 1807 he wrote the *Carne mi Sepolcri*, the best of his poems, which reads like an effort to seek refuge in the past from the misery of the present and the darkness of the future. In 1809 he received the appointment of Professor of Italian Eloquence at the University of Pavia; but this professorship was before long abolished by Napoleon. After many vicissitudes, in 1816 he went to England, which was thereafter his home. He entered upon a strictly literary life, contributed to reviews upon Italian subjects, and in 1821 wrote in English his essays upon Petrarch and Dante, which brought him fame and

NICOLO UGO FOSCOLO.—2

money; but his irregular way of life involved him in constant pecuniary straits. In 1871, forty-four years after his death, his remains were removed to Florence, and deposited in the magnificent Church of Santa Croce. Italians place the name of Foscolo high upon the list of their great writers.

THE SEPULCHRES.

Beneath the cypress shade, or sculptured urn
By fond tears watered, is the sleep of death
Less heavy? When for me the sun no more
Shall shine on earth, and bless with genial
beams

This beauteous race of beings animate—
When bright with flattering hues, the future
hours

No longer dance before me, and I hear
No more the magic of thy dulcet verse,
Nor the sad gentle harmony it breathes—
When mute within my breast the inspiring
voice

Of youthful Poesy and Love, sole light
To this my wandering life—what guerdon then
For vanished years will be the marble, reared
To mark my dust amid the countless throng
Wherewith Death widely strews the land and
sea?

And thus it is! Hope, the last friend of man,
Flies from the tomb, and dim Forgetfulness
Wraps in its rayless night all mortal things.
Change after change, unfelt, unheeded, takes
Its tribute—and o'er man, his sepulchres,
His being's lingering traces, and the relics
Of earth and heaven, Time in mockery treads.

Yet why hath man, from immemorial years,
Yearned for the illusive power which may re-
tain

The parted spirit on life's threshold still?
Doth not the buried live, e'en though to him
The day's enchanted melody is mute,
If yet fond thoughts and tender memories

NICOLO UGO FOSCOLO.—3

He wake in friendly breasts? O, 'tis from
heaven,

This sweet communion of abiding love!
A boon celestial! By its charm we hold
Full oft a solemn converse with the dead,
If yet the pious earth, which nourished once
Their ripening youth, in her maternal breast
Yielding a last asylum, shall protect
Their sacred relics from insulting storms,
Or step profane—if some secluded stone
Preserve their names, and flowery verdure wave
Its fragrant shade above their honored dust.
But he who leaves no heritage of love
Is heedless of an urn—and if he look
Beyond the grave, his spirit wanders lost
Among the wailings of infernal shores;
Or hides its guilt beneath the sheltering wings
Of God's forgiving mercy; while his bones
Moulder unrecked of on the desert sand,
Where never loving woman pours her prayer,
Nor solitary pilgrim hears the sigh
Which mourning Nature sends us from the
tomb.....

From the days

When first the nuptial feast and judgment-seat
And altar softened our untutored race,
And taught to man his own and others' good,
The living treasured from the bleaching storm
And savage brute those sad and poor remains,
By Nature destined for a lofty fate.
Then tombs became the witnesses of pride,
And altars for the young:—thence gods in-
voked
Uttered their solemn answers; and the oath
Sworn on the father's dust was thrice revered.
Hence the devotion, which, with various rites,
The warmth of patriot virtue, kindred love,
Transmits through the countless lapse of years.

Not in those times did stones sepulchred pave
The temple floors—nor fumes of shrouded
corpses,

Mixed with the altar's incense, smite with fear
The suppliant worshiper—nor cities frown,

NICOLO UGO FOSCOLO.—4

Ghastly with sculptured skeletons—while leaped
Young mothers from their sleep in wild affright,
Shielding their helpless babes with feeble arm,
And listening for the groans of wandering
ghosts,

Imploring vainly from their impious heirs
Their gold-bought masses. But in living green,
Cypress and stately cedar spread their shade
O'er unforgotten graves, scattering in air
Their grateful odors;—vases which received
The mourners' votive tears. Their pious friends
Enticed the day's pure gleam to gild the gloom
Of monuments; for man his dying eye
Turns ever to the sun, and every breast
Heaves its last sigh towards the departing light,
There fountains flung aloft their silver spray,
Watering sweet amaranths and violets
Upon the funeral sod; and he who came
To commune with the dead breathed fragrance
round,

Like bland airs wafted from Elysian fields.

Happy, my friend, who in thine early years
Hast crossed the wide dominion of the winds!
If e'er the pilot steered thy wandering bark
Beyond the Ægean Isles, thou heardst the
shores

Of Hellespont resound with ancient deeds;
And the proud surge exult, that bore of old
Achilles's armor to Rhæteum's shore,
Where Ajax sleeps. To souls of generous
mould

Death righteously awards the meed of fame;
Not subtle wit, nor kingly favor gave
The perilous spoils to Ithaca, where waves,
Stirred to wild fury by infernal gods,
Rescued the treasures from the shipwrecked
bark.

For me, whom years and love of high renown
Impel through far and various lands to roam,
The Muses, greatly waking in my breast
Sad thoughts, bid me invoke the heroic dead.
They sit and guard the sepulchres; and when

Time with cold wing sweeps tombs and fanes to
 ruin,
 The gladdened desert echoes with their song,
 And its loud harmony subdues the silence
 Of noteless ages.

Yet on Ilium's plain,
 Where now the harvest waves, to pilgrim eyes
 Devout gleams star-like an eternal shrine—
 Eternal for the Nymph espoused by Jove,
 Who gave her royal lord the son whence sprung
 Troy's ancient city, and Assaracus,
 The fifty sons of Priam's regal line,
 And the wide empire of the Latin race.
 She, listening to the Fates' resistless call,
 That summoned her from vital airs of earth
 To choirs Elysian, of heaven's sire besought
 One boon in dying :—" O, if e'er to thee,"
 She cried, " this fading form, these locks were
 dear,

And the soft cares of Love—since Destiny
 Denies me happier lot, guard thou at least
 That thine Electra's fame in death survive !"

She prayed, and died. Then shook the Thun-
 derer's throne,

And, bending in assent, the immortal head
 Showered down ambrosia from celestial locks,
 To sanctify her tomb.—Eriethon there
 Reposes—there the dust of Ilus lies.
 There Trojan matrons, with dishevelled hair,
 Sought vainly to avert impending fate
 From their doomed lords. There, too, Cassandra
 stood,

Inspired with deity, and told the ruin
 That hung o'er Troy—and poured her wailing
 song

To solemn shades—and led the children forth,
 And taught to youthful lips the fond lament ;
 Sighing, she said—

" If e'er the Gods permit
 Your safe return from Greece, where, exiled
 slaves,
 Your hands shall feed your haughty conqueror's
 steeds,

NICOLÒ UGO FOSCOLO.—6

Your country ye will seek in vain ! Yon walls
By mighty Phœbus reared, shall cumber earth,
In smouldering ruins. Yet the Gods of Troy
Shall hold their dwelling in these tombs ;—

Heaven grants

One proud, last gift—in grief a deathless name.
Ye cypresses and palms, by princely hands
Of Priam's daughters planted ! ye shall grow,
Watered, alas ! by widows' tears. Guard ye
My slumbering fathers ! He who shall withhold
The impious axe from your devoted trunks
Shall feel less bitterly *his* stroke of grief,
And touch the shrine with not unworthy hand.
Guard ye my fathers ! One day shall ye mark
A sightless wanderer 'mid your ancient shades :
Groping among your mounds, he shall embrace
The hallowed urns, and question of their trust.
Then shall the deep and caverned cells reply
In hollow murmur, and give up the tale
Of Troy twiced razed to earth and twice rebuilt ;
Shining in grandeur on the desert plain,
To make more lofty the last monument
Raised for the sons of Pelus. There the bard,
Soothing their restless ghosts with magic song,
A glorious immortality shall give
Those Grecian princes, in all lands renowned,
Which ancient Ocean wraps in his embrace.
And thou, too, Hector, shalt the meed receive
Of pitying tears, where'er the patriot's blood
Is prized or mourned, so long as yonder sun
Shall roll in heaven, and shine on human woe."

Transl. in Amer. Quarterly Review.

FOSTER, JOHN, an English clergyman and essayist, born in 1770; died in 1843. In early life he was a weaver, but having united with the Baptist Church at the age of seventeen, he studied for the ministry at the Baptist College at Bristol, and commenced his labors as a preacher in 1797. He preached in several places, lastly at Frome, where he went in 1804. Here he wrote his four notable *Essays*, "On a Man's writing Memoirs of Himself," "On Decision of Character," "On the Application of the Epithet Romantic," and "On Some of the Causes by which Evangelical Religion has been Rendered Less Acceptable to Persons of Cultivated Taste." He became one of the principal contributors to the *Eclectic Review*, for which he wrote nearly two hundred articles during the ensuing thirteen years. In 1820 he wrote the last of his great *Essays*, "On the Evils of Popular Ignorance." His health now gave way, and, although he preached at intervals during the remaining twenty-three years of his life, his labor was mainly that of preparing books for the press. Besides the writings already mentioned, Foster put forth two volumes of his *Contributions to the Eclectic Review*. After his death appeared two series of *Lectures Delivered at Bristol* (1844 and 1847,) and an Introductory Essay to Doddridge's *Rise and Progress* (1847.) The *Life and Correspondence of Foster*, edited by J. E. Ryland, published in 1846, has gone through several editions.

CHANGES IN LIFE AND OPINIONS

Though in memoirs intended for publication a large share of incident and action would generally be necessary, yet there are some men whose mental history alone might be very interesting

to reflective readers; as, for instance, that of a thinking man remarkable for a number of complete changes of his speculative system. From observing the usual tenacity of views once deliberately adopted in mature life, we regard as a curious phenomenon the man whose mind has been a kind of caravansera of opinions, entertained a while, and then sent on pilgrimage; a man who has admired and then dismissed systems with the same facility with which John Bunce found, adored, married, and interred his succession of wives, each one being, for the time, not only better than all that went before, but the best in the creation. You admire the versatile aptitude of a mind sliding into successive forms of belief in this intellectual metempsychosis, by which it animates so many new bodies of doctrines in their turn. And as none of those dying pangs which hurt you in a tale of India attend the desertion of each of these speculative forms which the soul has a while inhabited, you are extremely amused by the number of transitions, and eagerly ask what is to be the next, for you never deem the present state of such a man's views to be for permanence, unless perhaps when he has terminated his course of believing everything in ultimately believing nothing. Even then—unless he is very old, or feels more pride in being a skeptic, the conqueror of all systems, than he ever felt in being the champion of one—even then it is very possible he may spring up again, like a vapor of fire from a bog, and glimmer through new mazes, or retrace his course through half of those which he trod before. You will observe that no respect attaches to this Proteus of opinion after his changes have been multiplied, as no party expect him to remain with them, nor deem him much of an acquisition if he should. One, or perhaps two, considerable changes will be regarded as signs of a liberal inquirer, and therefore the party to which his first or his second intellectual conversion may assign him will receive him gladly. But he will be

deemed to have abdicated the dignity of reason when it is found that he can adopt no principles but to betray them; and it will be perhaps justly suspected that there is something extremely infirm in the structure of that mind, whatever vigor may mark some of its operations, to which a series of very different, and sometimes contrasted theories, can appear in succession demonstratively true and which intimates sincerely the perverseness which Petruccio only affected, declaring that which was yesterday to a certainty the sun, to be to-day as certainly the moon.

It would be curious to observe in a man who should make such an exhibition of the course of his mind, the sly deceit of self-love. While he despises the system which he has rejected, he does not deem it to imply so great a want of sense in him once to have embraced it, as in the rest who were then or are now its disciples and advocates. No; in him it was no debility of reason; it was at the utmost but a merge of it; and probably he is prepared to explain to you that such peculiar circumstances as might warp even a very strong and liberal mind, attended his consideration of the subject, and misled him to admit the belief of what others prove themselves fools by believing.

Another thing apparent in a record of changed opinions would be, what I have noticed before, that there is scarcely any such thing in the world as simple conviction. It would be amusing to observe how reason had, in one instance, been overruled into acquiescence by the admiration of a celebrated name, or in another into opposition by the envy of it; how most opportunely reason discovered the truth just at the time that interest could be essentially served by avowing it; how easily the impartial examiner could be induced to adopt some part of another man's opinions, after that other had zealously approved some favorite, especially if unpopular part of his, as the Pharisees almost became partial even to Christ at the moment that he defended one of

their doctrines against the Sadducees. It would be curious to see how a professed respect for a man's character and talents, and concern for his interests, might be changed, in consequence of some personal inattention experienced from him, into illiberal invective against him or his intellectual performances; and yet the-railer, though actuated solely by petty revenge, account himself the model of equity and candor all the while. It might be seen how the patronage of power could elevate miserable prejudices into revered wisdom, while poor old Experience was mocked with thanks for her instruction; and how the vicinity or society of the rich, and, as they are termed, great, could perhaps melt a soul that seemed to be of the stern consistence of early Rome into the gentlest wax on which Corruption could wish to imprint the venerable creed—"The right divine of Kings to govern wrong," with the pious inference that justice was outraged when virtuous Tarquin was expelled. I am supposing the observer to perceive all these accommodating dexterities of reason; for it were probably absurd to expect that any mind should in itself be able in its review to detect all its own obliquities, after having been so long beguiled, like the mariners in a story which I remember to have read, who followed the direction of their compass, infallibly right as they thought, till they arrived at an enemy's port, where they were seized and doomed to slavery. It happened that the wicked captain, in order to betray the ship, had concealed a large loadstone at a little distance on one side of the needle.

On the notions and expectations of one stage of life I suppose all reflecting men look back with a kind of contempt, though it may be often with the mingling wish that some of its enthusiasm of feeling could be recovered—I mean the period between proper childhood and maturity. They will allow that their reason was then feeble, and they are prompted to exclaim: "What fools we have been!" while they recollect how sin-

cerely they entertained and advanced the most ridiculous speculations on the interests of life and the questions of truth; how regretfully astonished they were to find the mature sense of some of those around them so completely wrong; yet in numerous other instances, what veneration they felt for authorities for which they have since lost all their respect; what a fantastic importance they attached to some most trivial things; what complaints against their fate were uttered on account of disappointments which they have since recollected with gaiety or self-congratulation; what happiness of Elysium they expected from sources which would soon have failed to impart even common satisfaction; and how certain they were that the feelings and opinions then predominant would continue through life.

If a reflective aged man were to find at the bottom of an old chest—where it had lain forgotten fifty years—a record which he had written of himself when he was young, simply and vividly describing his whole heart and pursuits, and reciting verbatim many passages of the language which he sincerely uttered, would he not read it with more wonder than almost every other writing could at his age inspire? He would half lose the assurance of his identity, under the impression of this immense dissimilarity. It would seem as if it must be the tale of the juvenile days of some ancestor, with whom he had no connection but that of name.—*On a Man's Writing Memoirs of Himself.*

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.—1

FOSTER, STEPHEN COLLINS, an American song-writer and composer, born at Pittsburgh, Penn., in 1826; died at New York in 1864. His first published song, "Open Thy Lattice, Love," was written in 1842, when he was a merchant's clerk at Cincinnati. This was rapidly followed by many others, the most popular of them being composed in the negro dialect; but in his later years he rarely used this patois. Among the songs in good English are "Willie, we have Missed You," "Jennie with the Light Brown Hair," and "Old Dog Tray." He published more than one hundred songs, the music as well as the words of many of them being by himself.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

'Way down upon de Swanee Ribber,
Far, far away—
Dar's whar my heart is turning ebber—
Dar's whar de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam;
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wandered,
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I;
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder!
Dare let me live and die!

One little hut among the bushes—
One dat I love—
Still sadly to my memory rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming,
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming
Down in my good old home?

BARON DE LA MÔTTE FOUQUÉ.—1

FOUQUÉ, FRIEDRICH HEINRICH KARL, BARON DE LA MOTTE, a German novelist, dramatist, and poet, born in 1777; died in 1843. Sprung from a noble family, he served in the wars of the French Republic and against Napoleon. Having been disabled for military service, he left the army in 1813, and devoted himself to literary pursuits. But before this he had been a voluminous author, writing mainly under the pseudonym of "Pellegrin." Towards the close of his life he lectured at Halle upon poetry and literature in general, and went to Berlin for the purpose of lecturing there; but died suddenly before commencing his lectures. His works in prose and verse, and dramas, are very numerous, the earliest appearing in 1804, and the latest being published in 1844—the year after his death. Two years before his death he prepared a collection of his *Select Works* in twelve volumes. Of his tales *The Magic Ring*, *Sintram*, and *Aslauga's Knight* have been translated into English, the last by Carlyle, in his "German Romance." The most popular of Fouqué's works is *Undine*, first published in 1811, of which, up to 1881, twenty-four German editions had been published; and it has been translated into nearly every European language. Fouqué was thrice married. His second wife, CAROLINE VON ROCHOW (1773–1831), was an author of considerable repute. His third wife, ALBERTINE TODE, wrote a romance, *Reinhold*, published in 1865.

HOW UNDINE CAME TO THE FISHERMAN.

It is now—the fisherman said—about fifteen years ago that I was one day crossing the wild forest with my goods, on my way to the city. My wife had stayed at home, as her wont is;

BARON DE LA MÔTTE FOUQUÉ.—3

and at this particular time for a very good reason, for God had given us in our tolerably advanced age a wonderfully beautiful child. It was a little girl; and a question always arose between us whether for the sake of the new-comer we would not leave our lovely home that we might better bring up this dear gift of Heaven in some more habitable place. Well, the matter was tolerably clear in my head as I went along. This slip of land was so dear to me, and I shuddered when amid the noise and brawls of the city I thought to myself, "In such scenes as these, or in one not much more quiet, thou wilt soon make thy abode!" But at the same time I did not murmur against the good God; on the contrary, I thanked Him in secret for the new-born babe. I should be telling a lie, too, were I to say that on my journey through the wood, going or returning, anything befell me out of the common way; and at that time I had never seen any of its fearful wonders. The Lord was ever with me in those mysterious shades.

On this side of the forest, alas! a sorrow awaited me. My wife came to meet me with tearful eyes and clad in mourning. "Oh! good God," I groaned, "where is our dear child? Speak!" "With Him on whom you have called, dear husband," she replied; and we entered the cottage together, weeping silently. I looked around for the little corpse, and it was then only that I learned how it had all happened.

My wife had been sitting with the child on the edge of the lake, and she was playing with it, free of all fear and full of happiness; the little one suddenly bent forward, as if attracted by something very beautiful on the water. My wife saw her laugh, dear angel, and stretch out her little hands; but in a moment she had sprung out of her mother's arms and sunk beneath the watery mirror. I sought long for our little lost one; but it was all in vain; there was no trace of her to be found.

The same evening we, childless parents, were

BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.—3

sitting silently together in the cottage; neither of us had any desire to talk, even had our tears allowed us. We sat gazing into the fire on the hearth. Presently we heard something rustling outside the door; it flew open, and a beautiful little girl, three or four years old, richly dressed, stood on the threshold smiling at us. We were quite dumb with astonishment, and I knew not at first whether it were a vision or a reality. But I saw the water dripping from her golden hair and rich garments, and I perceived that the pretty child had been lying in the water, and needed help. "Wife," said I, "no one has been able to save our dear child; yet let us at any rate do for others what would have made us so blessed." We undressed the little one, put her to bed, and gave her something warm. At all this she spoke not a word, and only fixed her eyes, that reflected the blue of the lake and of the sky, smilingly upon us.

Next morning we quickly perceived that she had taken no harm from her wetting, and I now inquired about her parents, and how she had come here. But she gave a confused and strange account. She must have been born far from here, not only because for the fifteen years I have not been able to find out anything of her parentage, but because she then spoke, and at times still speaks, of such singular things that such as we are cannot tell but that she may have dropped upon us from the moon. She talks of golden castles, of crystal domes, and heaven knows what besides. The story that she told with most distinctness was, that she was out in a boat with her mother on the great lake, and fell into the water; and that she only recovered her senses here under the trees, where she felt herself quite happy on the merry shore.

We had still a great misgiving and perplexity weighing on our hearts. We had indeed soon decided to keep the child we had found, and to bring her up in the place of our lost darling; but who could tell us whether she had been baptized

BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.—4

or not? She herself could give us no information on the matter. She generally answered our questions by saying that she well knew she was created for God's praise and glory, and that she was ready to let us do with her whatever would tend to his honor and glory.

My wife and I thought that if she were not baptized there was no time for delay, and that if she were, a good thing could not be repeated too often. And in pursuance of this idea we reflected upon a good name for the child, for we were often at a loss to know what to call her. We agreed at last that "Dorothea" would be the most suitable for her, for I had once heard that it meant a "gift of God," and she had been sent to us by God as a gift and comfort in our misery. She, on the other hand, would not hear of this, and told us that she thought she had been called Undine by her parents, and that Undine she wished still to be called. Now this appeared to me a heathenish name, not to be found in any calendar, and I took counsel therefore of a priest in the city. He also would not hear of the name Undine; but at my earnest request he came with me through the mysterious forest in order to perform the rite of baptism here in my cottage. The little one stood before us so prettily arrayed, and looked so charming, that the priest's heart was at once moved within him; and she flattered him so prettily, and braved him so merrily, that at last he could no longer remember the objections he had ready against the name of Undine. She was therefore baptized "Undine," and during the sacred ceremony she behaved with great propriety and sweetness, wild and restless as she invariably was at other times, for my wife was quite right when she said that it has been hard to put up with her.—*Undine.*

The Knight Huldbrand, to whom the old fisherman told this story, was married to Undine, the Water-sprite. After a while he becomes wearied with the strange ways

of his always loving wife ; and is betrothed to the proud and selfish Bertalda—who turns out to be the long-lost daughter of the old fisherman, having been saved by the water-spirits, and was adopted by a nobleman and his wife. Undine mysteriously disappears, only to reappear at the close of the story.

THE MARRIAGE AND DEATH OF HULDBRAND.

If I were to tell you how the marriage-feast passed at the castle, it would seem to you as if you saw a heap of bright and pleasant things, but a gloomy veil of mourning spread over them all, the dark hue of which would make the splendor of the whole look less like happiness than a mockery of the emptiness of all earthly things. It was not that any spectral apparitions disturbed the festive company ; for, as we have told, the castle had been secured from the mischief by the closing up by Undine of the fountain in the castle courtyard. But the knight and the fisherman and all the guests felt as if the chief personage were still lacking at the feast ; and that this chief personage could be none other than the loved and gentle Undine. Whenever a door opened the eyes of all were involuntarily turned in that direction, and it was nothing but the butler with new dishes, or the cup-bearer with a flask of still richer wine, they would look down again sadly, and the flashes of wit and merriment which had passed to and fro would be extinguished by sad remembrances. The bride was the most thoughtless of all, and therefore the most happy ; but even to her it sometimes seemed strange that she should be sitting at the head of the table, wearing a green wreath and gold-embroidered attire, while Undine was lying at the bottom of the Danube, a cold and stiff corpse, or floating away with the current into the mighty ocean. For ever since her father had spoken of something of the sort, his words

BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.—6

were ever ringing in her ear ; and this day especially they were not inclined to give place to other thoughts. The company dispersed early in the evening, not broken up by the bridegroom himself, but sadly and gloomily by the joyless mood of the guests and their forebodings of evil. Bertalda retired with her maidens, and the knight with his attendants. But at this mournful festival there was no laughing train of attendants and bridesmen.

Bertalda wished to arouse more cheerful thoughts ; she ordered a splendid ornament of jewels which Huldbrand had given her, together with rich apparel and veils, to be spread out before her, that from these latter she might select the brightest and the best for her morning attire. But looking in the glass she espied some slight freckles on her neck, and remembering that the water of the closed-up fountain had rare cosmetic virtues, she gave orders that the stone with which Undine had closed it should be removed, and watched the progress of the work in the moon-lit court of the castle.

The men raised the enormous stone with an effort ; now and then indeed one of the number would sigh as he remembered that they were destroying the work of their former beloved mistress. But the labor was far lighter than they had imagined. It seemed as if a power within the spring itself were aiding them in raising the stone. "It is," said the workmen to each other in astonishment, "just as if the water within had become a springing fountain."

And the stone rose higher and higher, and almost without the assistance of the workmen it rolled slowly down upon the pavement with a hollow sound. But from the opening of the fountain there rose solemnly a white column of water. At first they imagined that it had really become a springing fountain, till they perceived that the rising form was a pale female figure veiled in white. She was weeping bitterly, raising her hands wailingly above her head, and

wringing them as she walked with a slow and serious step to the castle building. The servants fled from the spring; the bride, pale and stiff with horror, stood at the window with her attendants. When the figure had now come close beneath her room it looked moaningly up to her, and Bertalda thought she could recognize beneath the veil the pale features of Undine. But the sorrowing form passed on, sad, reluctant, and faltering, as if passing to execution.

Bertalda screamed out that the knight was to be called; but none of the maids ventured from the spot, and even the bride herself became mute, as if trembling at her own voice. While they were still standing fearfully at the window, motionless as statues, the strange wanderer had reached the castle, had passed up the well-known stairs and through the well-known halls, ever in silent tears. Alas! how differently had she once wandered through them.

The knight, partly undressed, had already dismissed his attendants, and in a mood of deep dejection he was standing before a large mirror, a taper was burning dimly beside him. There was a gentle tap at his door. Undine used to tap thus when she wanted playfully to tease him. "It is all fancy," said he to himself; "I must seek my nuptial bed." "So you must, but it must be a cold one," he heard a tearful voice say from without; and then he saw in the mirror his door opening slowly—slowly—and the white figure entered, carefully closing it behind her. "They have opened the spring," said she softly, "and now you must die."

He felt, in his paralyzed heart, that it could not be otherwise; but, covering his eyes with his hands, he said, "Do not make me mad with terror in my hour of death. If you wear a hideous face behind that veil, do not raise it, but take my life, and let me see you not." "Alas!" replied the figure, "will you not look upon me once more? I am as fair as when you wooed me on the promontory." "Oh, that it were so!"

sighed Huldbrand, "and that I might die in your fond embrace!" "Most gladly, my loved one," said she; and throwing her veil back, her lovely face smiled forth, divinely beautiful.

Trembling with love and with the approach of death, she kissed him with a holy kiss; but, not relaxing her hold, she pressed him fervently to her, and wept as if she would weep away her soul. Tears rushed into the knight's eyes, and seemed to surge through his heaving breast, till at length his breathing ceased, and he fell softly back from the beautiful arms of Undine, upon the pillows of his couch—a corpse. "I have wept him to death," said she to some servants who met her in the antechamber; and, passing through the affrighted group, she went slowly out toward the fountain.—*Undine*.

THE BURIAL OF HULDBRAND.

The knight was to be interred in a village churchyard which was filled with the graves of his ancestors; and this church had been endowed with rich privileges and gifts both by his ancestors and himself. His shield and helmet lay already on the coffin to be lowered with it into the grave; for Sir Huldbrand of Ringstetten had died the last of his race. The mourners began their sorrowful march, singing requiems under the bright calm canopy of heaven. Father Heilmann walked in advance, bearing a high crucifix, and the inconsolable Bertalda followed, supported by her aged father.

Suddenly in the midst of the black-robed attendants in the widow's train, a snow-white figure was seen, closely veiled, and wringing her hands with fervent sorrow. Those near whom she moved felt a secret dread, and retreated either backward or to the side, increasing by their movements the alarm of the others near to whom the white stranger was now advancing; and thus a confusion in the funeral train was well-nigh beginning. Some of the military escort were so daring as to address the figure, and to attempt to

move it from the procession; but she seemed to vanish from under their hands, and yet was immediately seen advancing with slow and solemn step. At length, in consequence of the continued shrinking of the attendants to the right and the left, she came close behind Bertalda. The figure now moved so slowly that the widow did not perceive it, and it walked meekly and humbly behind her undisturbed.

This lasted until they came to the churchyard, where the procession formed a circle around the open grave. Then Bertalda saw her unbidden companion, and starting up, half in anger and half in terror, she commanded her to leave the knight's last resting-place. The veiled figure, however, gently shook her head in refusal, and raised her hands as if in humble supplication to Bertalda, deeply agitating her by the action. Father Heilmann motioned with his hand, and commanded silence, as they were to pray in mute devotion over the body which they were now covering with the earth.

Bertalda knelt silently by, and all knelt, even the grave-diggers among the rest. But when they arose again, the white stranger had vanished. On the spot where she had knelt there gushed out of the turf a little silver spring, which rippled and murmured away till it had almost entirely encircled the knight's grave; then it ran farther, and emptied itself into a lake which lay by the side of the burial-place. Even to this day the inhabitants of the village show the spring, and cherish the belief that it is the poor rejected Undine, who in this manner still embraces her husband in her loving arms.—*Undine*,

FOURIER, FRANÇOIS CHARLES MARIE, a French author, born in 1772; died in 1837. He was the son of a linen-draper of Besançon, was educated in his native town, and when eighteen years old became a clerk in a mercantile house in Lyons. Later he obtained a position as travelling clerk in France, Germany, and Holland. In 1793 he commenced business in Lyons with the capital left him by his father; but when Lyons was pillaged by the army of the Convention, he lost his property, and escaped death only by enlisting as a private soldier. At the end of two years he was discharged on account of ill health.

He had always disliked mercantile life, but there was no other way open to him, and he again became a clerk in a house, which employed him to superintend the destruction of a large quantity of rice that had been spoiled by being kept too long, in order to force prices up during a time of scarcity. This added to his disgust with commercial methods, and led him to devote himself to the study of social, commercial, and political questions, with a view to the prevention of abuses and the furtherance of human organization and progress. In 1799, believing that he had found a clue in "the universal laws of attraction," he applied himself to construct his theory of Universal Unity, on which he based his plans of practical association. His first work, a general prospectus of his theory, was published in 1808 under the title of *Théorie des Quatre Mouvements et des Destinées Générales*. It attracted little attention, and was soon withdrawn by its author from circulation. In 1822 he published two volumes of his work on Universal Unity, entitled *L'Association*.

Domestique Agricole, which appeared later as *La Théorie de l'Unité Universelle*. Besides containing a variety of speculations on philosophical and metaphysical questions, the work sets forth the author's theory and plans of association, involving many topics. The remaining seven volumes of the work were not then published. In 1829 Fourier issued an abridgment in one volume, entitled *Le Nouveau Monde Industrielle et Sociétaire*, which attracted attention, and led to a negotiation with Baron Capel, Minister of Public Works, for an experiment of the plan of association. The revolution of 1830 destroyed Fourier's hopes in this direction, but his theories had gained numerous converts, and in 1832, *Le Phalanstère, ou La Réforme Industrielle*, a weekly journal, was established as an organ of the socialistic doctrines. A joint-stock company was formed, and an estate was purchased, with a view to a practical experiment of association. The community who had begun the experiment was soon dispersed for lack of money to carry it on. In 1835 Fourier published the first volume of a work entitled *False Industry, Fragmentary, Repulsive, and Lying, and the Antidote, a Natural, Combined, Attractive, and Truthful Industry, giving Quadruple Products*. A second volume of this work was in press at the time of his death in 1837.

AFFINITIES IN FRIENDSHIP.

Affinities in friendship are then, it appears, of two kinds: there is affinity of character, and affinity of industry or action. Let us choose the word *action*, which is better suited to our prejudices, because our readers cannot conceive what is meant by an affinity in industry, nor how the

pleasure of making clogs can give birth amongst a collection of men to a fiery friendship and a devotion without bounds. They will be able to form an idea of affinity of action, if we apply it to the case of a meal; this action makes men cheerful; but industrial action is much more jovial in harmony than a cheerful meal is with us. Numerous intrigues prevail in the most trifling labor of the harmonians; hence it comes that the affinity of action is to them as strong a friendly tie as the affinity of character. You will see the proof of this in the mechanism of the passional series, and you must admit provisionally this motive of the affinity of action, since we perceive even in the present day accidental proofs of it in certain kinds of work, where enthusiasm presides without any interested motive.

It seems, then, that Friendship, so extolled by our philosophers, is a passion very little known to them. They consider in Friendship only one of two springs—the spiritual, or the affinity of characters; and they regard even this only in its simple working, in the form of identity or accord of tastes. They forget that affinity of character is founded just as much upon contrast—a tie as strong as that of identity. An individual frequently delights us by his complete contrast to our own character. If he is dull and silent, he makes a diversion to the boisterous pastimes of a jovial man; if he is gay and witty, he derides the misanthrope. Whence it follows, that Friendship, even if we only consider one of its springs, is still of compound essence; for the single spring of the affinity of character presents two diametrically opposite ties, which are:—

Affinity } Spiritual, by identity.
 } Spiritual, by contrast.

Characters that present the greatest contrasts become sympathetic when they reach a certain degree of opposition. . . . Contrast is as different from antipathy as diversity is from dis-

cord. Diversity is often a germ of esteem and friendship between two writers; it establishes between them a homogeneous diversity or emulative competition, which is in fact very opposite to what is called discord, quarreling, antipathy, heterogeneity. Two barristers, who had pleaded cleverly against each other in a striking cause, will mutually esteem each other after the struggle. The celebrated friendship of Theseus and Pirithous arose from a furious combat, in which they long fought together and appreciated each other's bravery.

The existing friendship has not, therefore, philosophical insipidities as its only source. If we may believe our distillers of fine sentiments, it appears that two men cannot be friends except they agree in sobbing out tenderness for the good of trade and the constitution. We see, on the contrary, that friendships are formed between the most contrasted as well as between identical characters. Let us remark on this head, that contrast is not contrariety, just as diversity is not discord. Thus in Love, as in Friendship, contrast and diversity are germs of sympathy to us, whereas contrariety and discord are germs of antipathy.

The affinity of characters is, then, a compound and not a simple spring in Friendship, since it operates through the two extremes, through contrast or counter-accord as well as through identity or accord. This spring is therefore made up of two elements, which are identity and contrast.

If it can be proved (and I pledge myself to do it) that the other spring of Friendship, or affinity of industrial tastes, is in like manner composed of two elements which form ties through contrast and identity, it will result from it, that Friendship, strictly analyzed, is composed of four elements, two of which are furnished by the spiritual spring in identity and contrast, and two furnished by the material spring in identity and contrast. Friendship is not, therefore, a

FRANÇOIS CHARLES FOURIER,—5

passion of a compound essence, but of an essence bi-compounded of four elements.—*The Passions of the Human Soul.*

THE UNIVERSAL SIDEREAL LANGUAGE.

This is the place to usher on the stage the muse and the poetical invocations to the learned of all sizes. Come forth all ye cohorts, with all your -ologies and -isms—theologists of all degrees, geologists, archaeologists, and chronologists, psychologists and ideologists; you also natural philosophers, geometers, doctors, chemists, and naturalists; you, especially grammarians, who have to lead the march, figure in the advance guard, and sustain the first fire; for it will be necessary to employ exclusively your ministry during one year at least, in order to collect and explain the signs, the rudiments and the syntax of the natural language that will be transmitted to us by the stars. Once initiated into this universal language of harmony, the human mind will no longer know any limits; it will learn more in one year of sidereal transmissions than it would have learnt in ten thousand years of incoherent studies. The gouty, the rheumatic, the hydrophobic, will come to the telegraph to ask for the remedy for their sufferings; one hour later, they will know it by transmission from those stars, at present the object of our jokes, and which will become shortly the objects of our idolatry. Each of the classes of *savans* will come in turn to gain the explanation of the mysteries which for three thousand years have clogged science, and all the problems will be solved in an instant.

The geometer who cannot pass beyond the problems of the fourth degree, will learn the theory that gives the solutions of the twentieth and hundredth degrees. The astronomer will be informed of all that is going on in the stars of the vault, and of the milky way, and in the universes, whereof ours is only an individual. A hopeless problem like that of the longitudes, will be to him but the object of one hour's telegraphic

FRANÇOIS CHARLES FOURIER.—6

communication; the natural philosopher will cause to be explained to him in a few moments his insoluble problems, such as the composition of light, the variations of the compass, etc.; he will be able to penetrate suddenly all the most hidden mysteries in organization and the properties of beings. The chemist, emancipated from his gropings, will know at the first onset all the sources and properties of gases and acids; the naturalist will learn what is the true system of nature, the unitary classification of the kingdoms in hieroglyphical relation with the passions. The geologist, the archæologist, will know the mysteries of the formation of the globe, of their anatomy and interior structure, of their origin and end. The grammarians will know the universal language, spoken in all the harmonized worlds, as well of the sidereal vault as of the planetary vortex which is its focus. The chronologist and the cosmogonist will know to a minute almost at what epoch the physical modifications took place. One morning of telegraphic sitting will unravel all the errors of Scaliger, of Buffon, and the rest. The poet, the orator, will have communicated to them the masterpieces that have been for thousands of years the admiration of those worlds refined in the culture of letters and of arts. Every one will see the forms and will learn the properties of the new animals, vegetables, and minerals, that will be yielded to us in the course of the fourth and the following creations. Finally, the torrents of light will be so sudden, so immense, that the *savans* will succumb beneath the weight, as the blind man operated on for cataract lies for some days the rays of the star of which he was so long deprived.—*Passions of the Human Soul. Transl. of MORELL.*

CHARLES JAMES FOX.—1

FOX, CHARLES JAMES, an English statesman and author, born in 1749 ; died in 1806. He was a son of Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland, who amassed a large fortune as Paymaster of the Forces, and showed himself the most indulgent of fathers. When the son was barely fourteen, his father took him to Bath, and was in the habit of giving him five guineas every night to play with. At this early age Fox contracted the habit of gambling, at which he made and lost several fortunes. After studying at Eton, he went to Oxford ; but left College without taking a degree. He went to the Continent, in 1766. He returned to England in 1768, having been returned to Parliament for the "poeket borough" of Midhurst, and took his seat before he had attained his majority. Almost from the outset he assumed a prominent place in political affairs ; and soon became acknowledged to be the most effective debater in Parliament, of which he was a member for one constituency or another during the remainder of his life. To write the life of Fox would be to write the political history of Great Britain for almost forty years. We touch only upon some of its salient points. He opposed the action of the Government towards the revolted American colonies ; he supported proposals for Parliamentary reform ; he strove against the misgovernment of India, and was prominently associated with Burke in conducting the impeachment of Warren Hastings ; he opposed the hostile attitude of Great Britain towards the French Revolution ; he was for a score of years among the most earnest and persistent advocates of the abolition of the slave-trade.

Fox's fame rests mainly upon his unri-

valled power as a Parliamentary orator and debater. A collection of his speeches in the House of Commons, in six volumes, was made in 1815. These, however, give no idea of his power as an orator. He never wrote his speeches, and rarely if ever even revised the reports made of them. The speeches, as published, are the abstracts made by the Parliamentary reporters without the aid of stenography. A great part of them profess to be only minutes of the leading points. Some of them—especially the later ones—seem to be tolerably full. The earliest of these parliamentary speeches was delivered January 9, 1770; the last June 10, 1806; the whole number is not less than five hundred. The last of these speeches, which is apparently reported nearly verbatim, is upon the Abolition of the Slave-trade, which concludes thus :

ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

I do not suppose that there can be above one, or perhaps two, members of this House who can object to a condemnation of the nature of the trade; and shall now proceed to recall the attention of the House to what has been its uniform, consistent, and unchangeable opinion for the last eighteen years, during which we should blush to have it stated that not one step has yet been taken towards the abolition of the trade. If, then, we have never ceased to express our reprobation, surely the House must think itself bound by its character, and the consistency of its proceedings, to condemn it now.

The first time this measure was proposed on the motion of my honorable friend [Mr. Wilberforce], which was in the year 1791, it was, after a long and warm discussion, rejected. In the following year, 1792, after the question had been during the interval better considered, there appeared to be a very strong disposition, generally, to adopt it

to the full ; but in the committee the question for its gradual abolition was carried. On that occasion, when the most strenuous efforts were made to specify the time when the total abolition should take place, there were several divisions in the House about the number of years, and Lord Melville, who was the leader and proposer of the gradual abolition, could not venture to push the period longer than eight years—or the year 1800—when it was to be totally abolished. Yet we are now in the year 1806, and while surrounding nations are reproaching us with neglect, not a single step has been taken toward this just, humane, and politic measure. When the question for a gradual abolition was carried, there was no one could suppose that the trade would last so long ; and in the meantime we have suffered other nations to take the lead of us. Denmark, much to its honor, has abolished the trade ; or, if it could not abolish it altogether, has at least done all it could, for it has prohibited its being carried on in Danish ships or by Danish sailors. I own that when I began to consider the subject, early in the present session, my opinion was that the total abolition might be carried this year ; but subsequent business intervened, occasioned by the discussion of the military plan ; besides which there was an abolition going forward in the foreign trade from our colonies, and it was thought right to carry that measure through before we proceeded to the other. That bill has passed into a law, and so far we have already succeeded ; but it is too late to carry the abolition through the other House. In this House, from a regard to the consistency of its own proceedings, we can indeed expect no great resistance ; but the impediments that may be opened in another would not leave sufficient time to accomplish it.

No alternative is therefore now left but to let it pass over for the present session ; and it is to afford no ground for a suspicion that we have abandoned it altogether, that we have recourse to the measure which I am about to propose. The

motion will not mention any limitation, either as to the time or manner of abolishing the trade. There have been some hints indeed thrown out in some quarters that it would be a better measure to adopt something that must inevitably lead to an abolition; but after eighteen years of close attention which I have paid to the subject, I cannot think anything so effectual as a direct law for that purpose. The next point is as to the time when the abolition shall take place; for the same reasons or objections which led to the gradual measure of 1792 may occur again. That also I leave open; but I have no hesitation to state that with respect to that my opinion is the same as it is with regard to the manner, and that I think it ought to be abolished immediately. As the motion, therefore, which I have to make will leave to the House the time and manner of abolition, I cannot but confidently express my hope and confident expectation that it will be unanimously carried.

Mr. Fox, at the close of his speech, presented the following resolution. An extended debate ensued. Among those who spoke in favor of the motion were Sir Samuel Romilly, Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Canning, and Mr. Windham. Among those who spoke against it were Lord Castlereigh, Sir William Young, and General Tarleton. The motion was carried, the vote being 114 yeas and 15 nays.

MR. FOX'S MOTION FOR THE ABOLITION OF THE
SLAVE TRADE.

Resolved, That this House, conceiving the African slave-trade to be contrary to the laws of justice, humanity, and sound policy, will with all practicable expedition proceed to take effectual measures for abolishing the said trade, in such manner, and at such period, as may be deemed expedient.

This was the last public act performed by Charles James Fox. Within a week he became so seriously ill that he was forced to discontinue his attendance in Parliament. In his speech he had said: "So fully am I impressed with the vast importance and necessity of attaining what will be the object of my motion this night, that if during the almost forty years that I have had the honor of a seat in Parliament, I had been so fortunate as to accomplish that, and that only, I should think I had done enough, and could retire from public life with comfort, and the satisfaction that I had done my duty." The bill for the abolition of the slave-trade was passed in Parliament the next year (1807), but months before, Fox was dead. Dropsical symptoms had manifested themselves; these increased rapidly. The usual surgical operation was twice performed on the 7th and 31st of August, and after each operation he fell into a state of exhaustion from which he only partially rallied. On the 7th day of September his physicians gave up all hope; he died on the evening of the 13th, in the fifty-eighth year of his age; and his remains were interred by the side of those of Pitt in Westminster Abbey.

Perhaps the best idea of Fox as an orator may be gained from his letter to the electors of Westminster, which though not delivered orally is in all respects a labored speech, prepared under circumstances which must have called forth his best powers. His course in 1792 in regard to the relations between the British Government and the French Republic occasioned bitter censures from almost every quarter. To explain his course, and to defend it, Fox addressed a

long letter to his constituents, the electors of Westminster.

LETTER TO THE ELECTORS OF WESTMINSTER.

To vote in small minorities is a misfortune to which I have been so much accustomed, that I cannot be expected to feel it very acutely. To be the object of calumny and misrepresentation gives me uneasiness, it is true, but an uneasiness not wholly unmixed with pride and satisfaction, since the experience of all ages and countries teaches us that calumny and misrepresentation are frequently the most unequivocal testimonies of the zeal, and possibly the effect, with which he, against whom they are directed, has served the public. But I am informed that I now labor under a misfortune of a far different nature from these, and which can excite no other sensations than those of concern and humiliation. I am told that *you* in general disapprove of my late conduct; and that, even among those whose partiality to me was most conspicuous, there are many who, when I am attacked upon the present occasion, profess themselves neither able nor willing to defend me.

That your unfavorable opinion of me (if in fact you entertain such) is owing to misrepresentation, I can have no doubt. To do away with the effects of this misrepresentation is the object of this letter; and I know of no mode by which I can accomplish this object at once so fairly, and (as I hope) so effectually, as by stating to you the different motions which I made in the House of Commons in the first days of this session, together with the motives which induced me. [Here follow the statement and the justification.]

I have now stated to you fully, and I trust fairly, the arguments which persuaded me to the course of conduct which I have pursued. In these consists my defense, upon which you are to pronounce; and I hope I shall not be thought presumptuous when I say that I expect with con-

CHARLES JAMES FOX.—7

fidence a favorable verdict. If the reasonings which I have adduced fail of convincing you, I confess that I shall be disappointed, because to my understanding they appear to have more of irrefragible demonstration than can often be hoped for in political discussions. But even in this case, if you see in them probability strong enough to induce you to believe that, though not strong enough to convince you, they—and not any sinister or oblique motives—did in fact actuate me, I still have gained my cause; for in this supposition, though the propriety of my conduct may be doubted, the rectitude of my intentions must be admitted.

Knowing therefore the justice and candor of the tribunal to which I have appealed, I await your decision without fear. Your approbation I anxiously desire, but your acquittal I confidently expect. Pitied for my supposed misconduct by some of my friends, openly renounced by others, attacked and misrepresented by my enemies, to you I have recourse for refuge and protection. And conscious that if I had shrunk from my duty I should have merited your censure, I feel myself equally certain that by acting in conformity to the motives which I have explained to you, I can in no degree have forfeited the esteem of the City of Westminster, which it has so long been the first pride of my life to enjoy, and which it shall be my constant endeavor to preserve.

As an author, in the strict sense of the word, Fox is to be judged solely by his fragment of a *History of James II.* This was written in 1797. He had evidently purposed to write a history of the entire reign of that monarch; but he brought it only through the first two years of that reign, ending with the execution (July 15, 1685) of the Duke of Monmouth, an illegitimate son of Charles II., and nephew of James. This fragment, containing about

half as much matter as a volume of this Cyclopædia, must be regarded merely as an evidence of what Fox could have done as a historian.

EXECUTION OF THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH.

At ten o'clock on the 15th of July, 1685, Monmouth proceeded in a carriage of the Lieutenant of the Tower to Tower-hill, the place destined for his execution. The two bishops [Turner and Kenn] were in the carriage with him, and one of them took the opportunity of informing him that their controversial altercations were not at an end; and that upon the scaffold he would again be pressed for explicit and satisfactory declarations of repentance. When arrived at the bar which had been put up for the purpose of keeping out the multitude, Monmouth descended from the carriage, and mounted the scaffold with a firm step, attended by his spiritual assistants. The sheriffs and executioners were already there. The concourse of spectators was innumerable; and if we are to credit traditional accounts, never was the general compassion more affectingly expressed. The tears, sighs, and groans which the first sight of this heart-rending spectacle produced, were soon succeeded by an universal and awful silence; a respectful attention and affectionate anxiety to hear every syllable that should pass the lips of the sufferer.

The Duke began by saying he should speak little; he came to die, and he should die a Protestant of the Church of England. Here he was interrupted by the assistants, and told that if he was of the Church of England, he must acknowledge the doctrine of non-resistance to be true. In vain did he reply that if he acknowledged the doctrine of the Church in general, it included all. They insisted he should own *that* doctrine particularly with respect to his case; and urged much more concerning their favorite point, upon which, however, they obtained no-

thing but a repetition in substance of former answers. He was then proceeding to speak of Lady Harriet Wentworth—of his high esteem for her, and of his confirmed opinion that their connection was innocent in the sight of God—when Goslin, the sheriff, asked him, with all the unfeeling bluntness of a vulgar mind, whether he was ever married to her. The Duke refusing to answer, the same magistrate, in the like strain, though changing his subject, said he hoped to have heard of his repentance for the treason and bloodshed which had been committed; to which the prisoner replied, with great mildness, that he died very penitent. Here the churchmen again interposed, and renewing their demand of *particular* penitence and *public* acknowledgment upon public affairs, Monmouth referred them to the following paper, which he signed that morning: “I declare that the title of king was forced upon me, and that it was very much contrary to my opinion when I was proclaimed. For the satisfaction of the world, I do declare that the late King told me he was never married to my mother. Having declared this, I hope the King who is now, will not let my children suffer on this account. And to this I put my hand this fifteenth day of July, 1685.—Monmouth.”

There was nothing, they said, in that paper about resistance; nor—though Monmouth, quite worn out with their importunities, said to one of them, in the most affecting manner, “I am to die, pray my lord, I refer to my paper”—would those men think it consistent with their duty to desist. There were only a few words they desired on one point. The substance of these applications on one hand, and answers on the other, was repeated over and over again, in a manner that could not be believed if the facts were not attested by the signatures of the persons principally concerned. If the Duke, in declaring his sorrow for what had passed, used the word *invasion*, “Give it the true name,” said they, “and call it *rebellion*.” “What name

you please," replied the mild-tempered Monmouth. He was sure he was going to everlasting happiness, and considered the serenity of his mind in his present circumstances as a certain earnest of the favor of his Creator. His repentance, he said, must be true, for he had no fear of dying; he should die like a lamb. "Much may come from natural courage," was the unfeeling and brutal reply of one of the assistants. Monmouth, with that modesty inseparable from true bravery, denied that he was in general less fearful than other men, maintaining that his present courage was owing to his consciousness that God had forgiven him his past transgressions, of all which generally he repented with all his soul.

At last the reverend assistants consented to join with him in prayer; but no sooner were they risen from their kneeling posture than they returned to their charge. Not satisfied with what had passed, they exhorted him to a *true* and *thorough* repentance: would he not pray for the King? and send a dutiful message to his Majesty to recommend the Duchess and his children? "As you please," was the reply; "I pray for him and for all men." He now spoke to the executioner, desiring that he might have no cap over his eyes, and began undressing. One would have thought that in this last sad ceremony the poor prisoner might have been unmolested, and that the divines might have been satisfied that prayer was the only part of their function for which their duty now called upon them.

They judged differently, and one of them had the fortitude to request the Duke, even in this stage of the business, that he would address himself to the soldiers then present, to tell them he stood a sad example of rebellion, and entreat the people to be loyal and obedient to the King. "I have said I will make no speeches," repeated Monmouth, in a tone more peremptory than he had before been provoked to; "I will make no speeches, I come to die." "My Lord, ten words

will be enough," said the persevering divine; to which the Duke made no answer, but turning to the executioner, expressed a hope that he would do his work better now than in the case of Lord Russell. He then felt the axe, which he apprehended was not sharp enough; but being assured that it was of proper sharpness and weight, he laid down his head. In the meantime many fervent ejaculations were used by the reverend assistants, who, it must be observed, even in these moments of horror, showed themselves not unmindful of the points upon which they had been disputing—praying God to accept his *imperfect* and *general* repentance.

The executioner now struck the blow, but so feebly or unskilfully, that Monmouth, being but slightly wounded, lifted up his head and looked him in the face as if to upbraid him, but said nothing. The two following strokes were as ineffectual as the first, and the headsman, in a fit of horror, declared that he could not finish his work. The sheriffs threatened him; he was forced again to make a further trial, and in two more strokes separated the head from the body. Thus fell, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, James, Duke of Monmouth, a man against whom all that has been said by the most inveterate enemies both to him and his party, amounts to little more than this—that he had not a mind equal to the situation in which his ambition, at different times, engaged him to place himself.—*History of James the Second.*

Besides the history as it thus concludes, there are a few short paragraphs evidently intended for a succeeding chapter. Of these the following is the longest :

PLANS OF JAMES II.

James was sufficiently conscious of the increased strength of his situation, and it is probable that the security he now felt in his power inspired him with the design of taking more de-

cided steps in favor of the popish religion and its professors than his connection with the Church of England party had before allowed him to entertain. That he from this time attached less importance to the support and affection of the Tories is evident from Lord Rochester's [Lawrence Hyde] observations, communicated afterwards to Burnet. This nobleman's abilities and experience in business, his hereditary merit, as son of Lord Chancellor Clarendon, and his uniform opposition to the Exclusion Bill, had raised him high in the esteem of the Church party. This circumstance, perhaps, as much or more than the King's personal kindness to a brother-in-law, had contributed to his advancement to the first office in the state. As long, therefore, as James stood in need of the support of the party, as long as he meant to make them the instruments of his power and the channels of his favor, Rochester was in every respect the fittest person in whom to confide; and accordingly, as that nobleman related to Burnet, His Majesty honored him with daily confidential communications upon all his most secret schemes and projects. But upon the defeat of the rebellion, an immediate change took place, and from the day of Monmouth's execution, the King confined his conversation with the Treasurer to the mere business of his office.

In writing the *History of James II.*, Fox laid it down as a principle that he "would admit into the work no word for which he had not the authority of Dryden." Among the numerous works relating to Fox, the most notable is the *Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox*, edited by Lord John Russell (3 vols., 1854).

FOX, GEORGE, the founder of the "Society of Friends" or Quakers, born in Derbyshire, England, in 1624; died at London in 1690. His father was a pious weaver, but too poor to give his son any education beyond reading and writing. He was apprenticed to a shoemaker, but at the age of nineteen he abandoned this occupation, and for some years led a solitary and wandering life preparing himself for the mission to which he believed himself divinely called. In his *Journal* he thus describes some of the visions which marked his spiritual career:

FOX'S VISIONS.

One morning, as I was sitting by the fire, a great cloud came over me, and a temptation beset me, and I sate still. And it was said, "All things come by nature;" and the Elements and Stars came over me, so that I was in a moment quite clouded with it; but inasmuch as I sat still and said nothing, the people of the house perceived nothing. And as I sate still under it and let it alone, a living hope rose in me, and a true voice arose in me which cried: "There is a living God who made all things." And immediately the cloud and temptation vanished away, and the life rose over it, and all my heart was glad, and I praised the living God. Afterwards the Lord's power broke forth, and I had great openings and prophecies, and spoke unto the people of the things of God, which they heard with attention and silence, and went away and spread the fame thereof.

Fox made his first public appearance as a preacher at Manchester, in 1648, and he was put in prison as a disturber of the peace. He was subsequently for nearly forty years beaten and imprisoned times almost without number. He thus describes one of the earliest of these experiences:

GEORGE FOX.—2

MALTREATMENT AT ULVERSTONE.

The people were in a rage, and fell upon me in the steeple-house before his [Justice Sawrey's] face, knocked me down, kicked me, and trampled upon me. So great was the uproar, that some tumbled over their seats for fear. At last he came and took me from the people, led me out of the steeple-house, and put me into the hands of the constables and other officers, bidding them whip me, and put me out of the town. Many friendly people being come to the market, and some to the steeple-house to hear me, divers of these they knocked down also, and broke their heads, so that the blood ran down several; and Judge Fell's son running after to see what they would do with me, they threw him into a ditch of water, some of them crying: "Knock the teeth out of his head." When they had hauled me to the common moss-side, a multitude following, the constables and other officers gave me some blows over my back with willow-rods, and thrust me among the rude multitude, who, having furnished themselves with staves, hedge-stakes, holm or holly bushes, fell upon me, and beat me upon the head, arms, and shoulders, till they had deprived me of sense; so that I fell down upon the wet common. When I recovered again, and saw myself lying in a watery common, and the people standing about me, I lay still a little while, and the power of the Lord sprang through me, and the eternal refreshings revived me, so that I stood up again in the strengthening power of the eternal God, and stretching out my arms amongst them, I said with a loud voice: "Strike again! here are my arms, my head, and cheeks!" Then they began to fall out among themselves. —*Journal.*

In 1655 Fox was sent up as a prisoner to London, where he had an interview with the Lord Protector, Oliver Cromwell, which he thus describes:

GEORGE FOX.—3

INTERVIEW WITH OLIVER CROMWELL.

After Captain Drury had lodged me at the Mermaid, over against the Mews at Charing Cross, he went to give the Protector an account of me. When he came to me again, he told me the Protector required that I should promise not to take up a carnal sword or weapon against him or the government, as it then was; and that I should write it in what words I saw good, and set my hand to it. I said little in reply to Captain Drury, but the next morning I was moved of the Lord to write a paper to the Protector, by the name of Oliver Cromwell, wherein I did, in the presence of the Lord God, declare that I did deny the wearing or drawing of a "carnal sword, or any other outward weapon, against him or any man; and that I was sent of God to stand a witness against all violence, and against the works of darkness, and to turn people from darkness to light; to bring them from the occasion of war and fighting to the peaceable Gospel, and from being evil-doers, which the magistrates' sword should be a terror to." When I had written what the Lord had given me to write, I set my name to it, and gave it to Captain Drury to hand to Oliver Cromwell, which he did.

After some time, Captain Drury brought me before the Protector himself at Whitehall. It was in a morning, before he was dressed; and one Harvey, who had come a little among Friends, but was disobedient, waited upon him. When I came in, I was moved to say: "Peace be in this house;" and I exhorted him to keep in the fear of God, that he might receive wisdom from him; that by it he might be ordered, and with it might order all things under his hand unto God's glory. I spoke much to him of truth; and a great deal of discourse I had with him about religion, wherein he carried himself very moderately. But he said we quarrelled with the priests, whom he called ministers. I told him "I did not quarrel with them, they quarrelled with me and my friends. But, said I,

GEORGE FOX.—4

if we own the prophets, Christ, and the apostles, we cannot hold up such teachers, prophets, and shepherds, as the prophets, Christ, and the apostles declared against; but we must declare against them by the same power and spirit." Then I showed him that the prophets, Christ, and the apostles declared freely, and declared against them that did not declare freely; such as preached for filthy lucre, divined for money, and preached for hire, and were covetous and greedy, like the dumb dogs that could never have enough; and that they who have the same spirit that Christ, and the prophets, and the apostles had, could not but declare against all such now, as they did then. As I spoke, he several times said it was very good, and it was truth. I told him: "That all Christendom, so called, had the Scriptures, but they wanted the power and spirit that those had who gave forth the Scriptures, and that was the reason they were not in fellowship with the Son, nor with the Father, nor with the Scriptures, nor one with another."

Many more words I had with him, but people coming in, I drew a little back. As I was turning, he caught me by the hand, and with tears in his eyes said: "Come again to my house, for if thou and I were but an hour of a day together, we should be nearer one to the other; adding, that he wished me no more ill than he did to his own soul. I told him, if he did, he wronged his own soul, and admonished him to hearken to God's voice, that he might stand in his counsel, and obey it; and, if he did so, that would keep him from hardness of heart; but if he did not hear God's voice, his heart would be hardened. He said it was true.

Then I went out; and when Captain Drury came out after me, he told me the Lord Protector said I was at liberty, and might go whither I would. Then I was brought into a great hall, where the Protector's gentlemen were to dine. I asked them what they brought me thither for. They said it was by the Protector's order, that I

might dine with them. I bid them let the Protector know I would not eat of his bread, nor drink of his drink. When he heard this, he said: "Now I see there is a people risen that I cannot win, either with gifts, honors, offices, or places; but all other sects and people I can." It was told him again, "That we had forsook our own, and were not like to look for such things from him."—*Journal*.

Three years later Fox had one more brief meeting with Oliver, not many days before his death:

A WAFT OF DEATH.

The same day, taking boat, I went down to Kingston, and from thence to Hampton Court, to speak with the Protector about the sufferings of Friends. I met him riding into Hampton Court Park; and before I came to him, as he rode at the head of his life-guard, I saw and felt a waft of death go forth against him: and when I came to him he looked like a dead man. After I had laid the sufferings of Friends before him, and had warned him according as I was moved to speak to him, he bade me come to his house. So I returned to Kingston, and the next day went up to Hampton Court to speak further with him. But when I came, Harvey, who was one that waited on him, told me the doctors were not willing that I should speak with him. So I passed away, and never saw him more.—*Journal*.

After the restoration of Charles II., Fox was subjected to repeated imprisonments. In 1669 he married Margaret Fell, the widow of a Welsh judge, who had been among his earliest converts. Soon afterwards he set out upon a missionary tour to the West Indies and North America. In his later years he seems to have encountered little annoyance from the Government.

FOXÉ, or FOX, JOHN, an English martyrologist, born in 1517; died in 1587. He was educated at Oxford, and in 1543 was elected a Fellow of Magdalen College, but having embraced the principles of the Reformation, he was two years afterwards deprived of his Fellowship; his stepfather also succeeded in depriving him of his patrimony. Subsequently we find him acting as tutor to the children of Sir James Lucy (Shakespeare's "Justice Shallow.") In 1550 he was ordained as deacon by Bishop Ridley, and settled at Reigate. After the accession of Queen Mary Tudor, he was obliged to seek refuge on the Continent, taking up his residence at Basel, Switzerland, where he maintained himself as a corrector of the press for the printer Oporinus. At the suggestion of Lady Jane Grey, he had already begun the composition of his *Acta et Monumenta Ecclesie*, commonly known as *Foxe's Book of Martyrs*, in which he received considerable assistance from Grindal, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and from Aylmer, afterwards Bishop of London, who became one of the most zealous opponents of the Puritans. He returned to England soon after the accession of Elizabeth, and rose into favor with the new Government, to which he had rendered notable service by his pen. Cecil, Lord Burleigh, made him a prebend in Salisbury Cathedral, and for a short time he held the living of Cripplegate, London; but true to his Puritan principles, he refused to subscribe to the Articles, and declined to accept further preferments which were offered to him.

The first outline of the *Acta* appeared at Basel in 1554, and the first complete edition

five years later. The first English edition was printed in 1563. The book became highly popular with a people who had just gone through the horrors of the Marian persecution ; and Government directed that a copy should be placed in every parish church. The title of the work will best set forth its scope and design :

ORIGINAL TITLE OF THE "BOOK OF MARTYRS."

Acts and Monuments of these latter and Perilous Dayes, touching matters of the Church, wherein are comprehended and described the great Persecutions and horrible Troubles that have been wrought and practised by the Romishe Prelates, especialye in this Realme of England and Scotland, from the yeare of our Lorde a thousand to the time now present. Gathered and collected according to the true Copies and Wrytinges certificatorie as well of the Parties themselves that Suffered, as also out of the Bishops' Registers, which were the doers thereof, by John Foxe.

One of the most notable of the martyrdoms recorded by Foxe is prefaced by the following heading : "A Notable History of William Hunter, a Young Man of 19 Years, pursued to death by Justice Brown, for the Gospel's Sake, Worthy of all Young Men and Parents to be read :"

THE MARTYRDOM OF WILLIAM HUNTER.

In the meantime, William's father and mother came to him, and desired heartily of God that he might continue to the end in that good way which he had begun ; and his mother said to him that she was glad that ever she was so happy to bear such a child, which could find in his heart to lose his life for Christ's name sake.

Then William said to his mother : "For my little pain which I shall suffer, which is but a

short braid, Christ hath promised me, mother," said he, "a crown of joy: may you not be glad of that, mother?" With that, his mother kneeled down on her knees, saying; "I pray God strengthen thee, my son, to the end: yea, I think thee as well bestowed as any child that ever I bare."

At the which words, Master Higbed took her in his arms, saying: "I rejoyce" (and so said the others) "to see you in this mind, and you have a good cause to rejoyce." And his father and mother both said that they were never of other mind, but prayed for him, that as he had begun to confess Christ before men, he likewise might so continue to the end. William's father said: "I was afraid of nothing, but that my son should have been killed in the prison for hunger and cold, the bishop was so hard to him." But William confessed, after a month that his father was charged with his board, that he lacked nothing, but had meat and clothing enough, yea, even out of the court, both money, meat, clothes, wood, and coals, and all things necessary.

Thus they continued in their inn, being the Swan in Bruntwood, in a parlour, whither resorted many people of the country, to see those good men which were there; and many of William's acquaintance came to him, and reasoned with him, and he with them, exhorting them to come away from the abomination of popish superstition and idolatry.

Thus passing away Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, on Monday, at night, it happened that William had a dream about two of the clock in the morning, which was this: how that he was at the place where the stake was pight, where he should be burned, which (as he thought in his dream) was at the town's end where the butts stood, which was so indeed; and also he dreamed that he met with his father, as he went to the stake, and also that there was a priest at the stake, which went about to have him recant. To whom he said (as he thought in his dream), how

that he bade him away false prophet, and how that he exhorted the people to beware of him and such as he was; which things came to pass indeed. It happened that William made a noise to himself in his dream, which caused M. Higbed and the others to wake him out of his sleep, to know what he lacked. When he awaked, he told them his dream in order as is said.

Now, when it was day, the sheriff, M. Brocket, called on to set forward to the burning of William Hunter. Then came the sheriff's son to William Hunter, and embraced him in his right arm, saying: "William, be not afraid of these men, which are here present with bows, bills, and weapons ready prepared to bring you to the place where you shall be burned." To whom William answered: "I thank God I am not afraid; for I have cast my count what it will cost me, already." Then the sheriff's son could speak no more to him for weeping.

Then William Hunter plucked up his gown, and stepped over the parlor grounsel, and went forward cheerfully, the sheriff's servant taking him by one arm, and his brother by another; and thus going in the way, he met with his father, according to his dream, and he spake to his son, weeping, and saying: "God be with thee, son William;" and William said: "God be with you, good father, and be of good comfort, for I hope we shall meet again, when we shall be merry." His father said: "I hope so, William," and so departed. So William went to the place where the stake stood, even according to his dream, whereas all things were very unready. Then William took a wet broom fagot, and kneeled down thereon, and read the 51st psalm, till he came to these words: "The sacrifice of God is a contrite spirit; a contrite and a broken heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

Then said Master Tyrell of the Bratches, called William Tyrell: "Thou liest," said he; "thou readest false, for the words are, 'an

humble spirit.'” But William said: “The translation saith ‘a contrite heart.’” “Yes,” quoth Mr. Tyrell, “the translation is false; ye translate books as ye list yourselves, like heretics.” “Well,” quoth William, “there is no great difference in those words.” Then said the sheriff: “Here is a letter from the queen; if thou wilt recant, thou shalt live; if not, thou shalt be burned.” “No,” quoth William, “I will not recant, God willing.” Then William rose, and went to the stake, and stood upright to it. Then came one Richard Pond, a bailiff, and made fast the chain about William.

Then said Master Brown; “Here is not wood enough to burn a leg of him.” Then said William: “Good people, pray for me; and make speed, and despatch quickly; and pray for me while ye see me alive, good people, and I will pray for you likewise.” “How!” quoth Master Brown, “pray for thee? I will pray no more for thee than I will pray for a dog.” To whom William answered: “Master Brown, now you have that which you sought for, and I pray God it be not laid to your charge in the last day; howbeit, I forgive you.” Then said Master Brown: “I ask no forgiveness of thee.” “Well,” said William, “if God forgive you not, I shall require my blood at your hands.”

Then said William: “Son of God, shine upon me!” and immediately the sun in the element shone out of a dark cloud so full in his face that he was constrained to look another way; whereat the people mused, because it was so dark a little time afore. Then William took up a fagot of broom, and embraced it in his arms.

Then this priest which William dreamed of came to his brother Robert with a popish book to carry to William, that he might recant; which book his brother would not meddle withal. Then William, seeing the priest, and perceiving how he would have shewed him the book, said: “Away, thou false prophet! Beware of them, good people, and come away from their abomi-

nations, lest that you be partakers of their plagues." Then quoth the priest: "Look how thou burnest here; so shalt thou burn in hell." William answered: "Thou liest, thou false prophet! Away, thou false prophet! away!"

Then there was a gentleman which said: "I pray God have mercy upon his soul." The people said: "Amen, Amen."

Immediately fire was made. Then William cast his psalter right into his brother's hand, who said: "William, think on the holy passion of Christ, and be not afraid of death." And William answered: "I am not afraid." Then lift he up his hands to heaven, and said: "Lord, Lord, Lord, receive my spirit!" And casting down his head again into the smothering smoke, he yielded up his life for the truth, sealing it with his blood to the praise of God.—*Book of Martyrs.*

THE DEATH OF ANNE BOLEYN.

And this was the end of that godly lady and queen. Godly I call her, for sundry respects, whatever the cause was, or quarrel objected against her. First, her last words, spoken at her death, declared no less her sincere faith and trust in Christ than did her quiet modesty utter forth the goodness of the cause and matter, whatsoever it was. Besides that, to such as can wisely judge upon cases occurrent, this also may seem to give a great clearing unto her, that the king, the third day after, was married unto another. Certain this was that for the rare and singular gifts of her mind, so well instructed, and given toward God with such a fervent desire unto the truth, and setting forth of sincere religion, joined with like gentleness, modesty and pity toward all men, there have not many such queens before her borne the Crown of England. Principally this one commendation she left behind her, that during her life the religion of Christ most happily flourished, and had a right prosperous course.—*Book of Martyrs.*

FRANCILLON, ROBERT EDWARD, an English novelist and miscellaneous writer, born at Gloucester, in 1841. He was educated at Cheltenham College and at Oxford, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1864. In 1867 he edited the *Law Magazine*. The next year his first work of fiction, *Grace Owen's Engagement*, was published in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Since that time he has contributed many novellettes and short stories and articles social and critical to various magazines; has written songs for music, and has served on the editorial staff of the *Globe* newspaper. Among his novels are *Earle's Dene* (1870), *Pearl and Emerald* (1872), *Zelda's Fortune* (1873), *Olympia* (1874), *A Dog and his Shadow* (1876), *Rare Good Luck* and *In the Dark* (1877), *Strange Waters* and *Left-Handed Elsa* (1879), *Queen Cophetua*, *Under Slieve Ban*, *Quits at Last*, *By Day and Night*, *A Real Queen*, and *Jack Doyle's Daughter*.

A PERSISTENT LOVER.

Things happened slowly at Dunmoyle. Even the harvest was later there than elsewhere. But still the harvest did come—sometimes; and things did happen now and then. Everything had gone wrong since Phil Ryan was drowned. And now Kate's grandmother, who had been nothing but a burden to all who knew her for years, fell ill, and became what most people would have called a burden upon Kate also. But as for Kate, she bore it bravely; and not even her poet lover had the heart to call her dull any more. He did not help her much, but he sat a great deal on the three-legged stool, and discoursed to the old woman so comfortably and philosophically when Kate happened to be absent, that the familiar ecclesiastical sound of his profane Latin often deceived her into crossing

herself devoutly at the names of Bacchus and Apollo. Grotesque enough was the scene at times when, in the smoky twilight, the schoolmaster sat and spouted heathen poetry to the bedridden old peasant woman, looking for all the world like a goblin who had been sent expressly to torment the deathbed of a sinner. And no impression could have been more untrue. For a too intimate knowledge of how potheen may be made and sold without enriching the King is scarcely a sin, and had it not been for the goblin, Kate would never have been able to go outside the door.

Father Kane, too, came often, and discoursed a more orthodox kind of learning. But Michael Fay came nearly every day; and whenever he and Kate were in the room together, the goblin would creep out and leave them by themselves. Michael was indeed of unspeakable help to her in those days. The shyness that Denis Rooney had planted left her, and she was not afraid to tell herself that she looked up to Michael as to a brother—and in that at least there was no treason to Phil. But at last all was over, and Kate was alone in the world—not less the great world, cold and wide, though it was only Dunmoyle.

“Kate,” said Michael, at the end of about a week after the funeral. It is not much of a speech to write, but her name was always a great thing for him to say. They were in the cabin where her grandmother had died, and it had become a more desolate place than ever. She had gone back to her spinning. But he did not occupy the three-legged stool—not, by any means, because he was afraid of losing dignity, but simply because his weight would most inevitably have changed its three legs into two.

He was leaning against the wall behind her, so that he could see little of her through the darkness—there was no smoke to-day because there was no fire—except her cloaked shoulders and coil of black hair, and she saw nothing of him at all. She did not hear, even in his “Kate,”

more than a simple mention of her name. "Kate" certainly did not seem to call for an answer. But it was some time before he said anything more. To his own heart he had already said a great deal.

"Kate," he said again at last, "there's something I've had in my heart to tell ye for a long while. . . . 'Tis this, ye see. . . . Ye're all alone by yourself now, and so am I. Not one of us has got a living soul but our own to care for: all of my kin are dead and gone, and there's none left of yours. . . . Why wouldn't we—why wouldn't we be alone together, Kate, instead of being alone by ourselves? I don't ask for more than ye've got to give me. 'Tis giving, I want to be, not taking, God knows. I've always loved ye—from the days when ye weren't higher than that stool; and I've never seen a face to come between me and yours, and I never will. But I've never loved ye like now. And I wouldn't spake while ye weren't alone; but now I want to give ye my hands and my soul and my life, to keep ye from all harm. It's not for *your* love I'm askin'; it's to let *me* love *you*."

The passion in his voice had deepened and quickened as he went on. But he did not move. He was still leaning against the wall, when she turned round and faced him—a little pale, but unconfused.

"And are ye forgettin'!" she said, quietly and sadly, "that I'm the widow of Phil Ryan that's drowned?"

"And if—if ye were his real widow—if ye wore his ring—would ye live and die by yourself, and break the heart of a livin' man for the sake of one that's gone?"

"Not gone to me," said she. "Oh, Michael, why do ye say such things? Aren't we own brother and sister, as if we'd been in the same cradle, and had both lost the same kin? Would ye ask me to be false to the boy I swore to marry, and none but him? Why will ye say things

that'll make me go away over the hills and never see ye again?"

It was not in human nature, however patient, to hear her set up the ghost of this dead sailor lad, drowned years ago, as an insuperable barrier between her and her living lover, without some touch of jealous anger. Have I not, felt Michael, served my time for her, and won her well? Could that idle vagabond have given her half the love in all her life that I'm asking her to take this day? But he said nothing of his feeling. He thought; and he could find no fault with what was loyal true.

"I'm the last to blame ye for not forgettin', Kate," said he. "It's what I couldn't do myself. But I'm not askin' ye to forget—I'm askin' ye to help a livin' man live, and that doesn't want ye to give him your life, but only to give you his own. Ye can feel to me like a sister, Kate, if ye please, till the time comes for better things, as maybe it will, and as it will if I can bring it anyhow. If ye were my own sister, wouldn't ye come to me? And why wouldn't ye come now, when ye say your own self ye're just the same as if ye were? It's for your own sake I'm askin' ye—but it's for my own too. Live without ye? Indeed, I won't know how."

"His last words were to the purpose; for it is for his own sake that a woman, as well in Dunmoyle as elsewhere, would have a man love her, and not for hers. But she only said, as she bent over her wheel,

"It can't be, Michael. Don't ask me again."

"So finely and yet so tenderly she said it that he felt as if he had no more to say. He could only leave her, then; though he no more meant to give up Kate than he meant to give up Rath-cool.—*Under Slieve Ban.*

JOHN WAKEFIELD FRANCIS.—1

FRANCIS, JOHN WAKEFIELD, an American physician and author, born at New York in 1789; died there in 1861. After learning the printer's trade, he entered an advanced class in Columbia College, where he graduated in 1809. He studied medicine partly under Dr. Hosack, with whom he entered into partnership. In 1816 he went to Europe, where he continued his medical studies under Abernethy; and upon his return the following year was made Professor of the Institutes of Medicine, and subsequently of Medical Jurisprudence and Obstetrics in the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Besides his numerous professional writings he was a frequent contributor to medical and literary journals, and wrote biographical sketches of many distinguished men. His principal work is *Old New York, or Reminiscences of the Past Sixty Years* (1857; republished in 1865, with a *Memoir* by H. T. Tuckerman.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF PHILIP FRENEAU.

I had, when very young, read the poetry of Freneau, and as we instinctively become attached to the writers who first captivate our imaginations, it was with much zest that I formed a personal acquaintance with the Revolutionary bard. He was at that time [1828] about seventy-six years old when he first introduced himself to me in my library. I gave him an earnest welcome. He was somewhat below the ordinary height; in person thin yet muscular, with a firm step, though a little inclined to stoop. His countenance wore traces of care, yet lightened with intelligence as he spoke. He was mild in enunciation, neither rapid nor slow, but clear, distinct, and emphatic. His forehead was rather beyond the medium elevation; his eyes a dark gray, occupying a socket deeper than common; his hair must once have been beautiful; it was now thinned and of

an iron gray. He was free of all ambitious displays; his habitual expression was pensive. His dress might have passed for that of a farmer. New York, the city of his birth, was his most interesting theme; his collegiate career with Madison, next. His story of many of his occasional poems was quite romantic. As he had at command types and a printing-press, when an incident of moment in the Revolution occurred, he would retire for composition, or find shelter under the shade of some tree, indite his lyrics, repair to the press, set up his types, and issue his productions. There was no difficulty in versification with him. It is remarkable how tenaciously Freneau preserved the acquisitions of his early classical studies, notwithstanding he had for many years, in the after-portions of his life, been occupied in pursuits so entirely alien to books. There is no portrait of the patriot Freneau; he always firmly declined the painter's art, and would brook no "counterfeit presentment."—*Old New York*.

DEATH SCENE OF GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.

When he was about dying, he said to a friend at Morrisania: "Sixty years ago it pleased the Almighty to call me into existence, here, in this very room; and how shall I complain that he is pleased to call me hence?" From the nature of his disease, he was aware that his hours were numbered. On the morning of his death, he inquired of a near relative what kind of a day it was. "A beautiful day," answered his nephew; "the air is soft, the sky cloudless, the water like crystal; you hear every ripple, and even the plash of the steamboat wheels on the river: it is a beautiful day." The dying man seemed to take in this description with that zest for nature which accorded with the poetic interest of his character. Like Webster, his mind reverted to Gray's *Elegy*; he looked at the kind relative, and repeated his last words: "A beautiful day; yes, but

" "Who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind.' "

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.—1

FRANCIS, SIR PHILIP, a British politician and pamphleteer, born at Dublin in 1740; died at London in 1818. He was a son of the Rev. Philip Francis, one of the best of the English translators of Horace, who left Ireland for England in 1750. The elder Francis was a protégé of Henry Fox, then Secretary of State, by whom the son was brought into office. In 1773 he was sent to India as one of the Council of State, with a salary of £10,000 a year. He remained in India six years, when he became involved in a quarrel with Warren Hastings, which resulted in a duel in which Francis was severely wounded. Returning to England he entered into politics; became a member of Parliament, but gained no commanding position in public life, from which he retired in 1807, having been knighted the preceding year.

Francis was the acknowledged author of some thirty political pamphlets; but his only claim to remembrance rests upon his supposed authorship of the "Letters of Junius," a series of brilliant newspaper articles which appeared at intervals in the *Public Advertiser* between January, 1769, and January, 1772. In the first authorized collection of these letters there were 44 bearing the signature of "Junius," and 15 signed "Philo-Junius." Besides these appeared from time to time more than 100 others, under various signatures, which, with more or less probability, were attributed to "Junius." These letters assailed the Government with such audacity that every effort was made to discover who was the writer. But the secret was never certainly discovered, and there is no probability that it will ever be divulged. The authorship has been claimed by or for

not less than forty persons, among whom are Edmund Burke, Lord Chatham, Edward Gibbon, John Horne Tooke, and John Wilkes. Macaulay was clearly convinced that Francis was the author. He says: "The case against Francis—or, if you please, in favor of Francis—rests on coincidences sufficient to convict a murderer." One significant fact is, that these letters ceased not long before the appointment of Francis to the lucrative position in India; and it has been imagined that this appointment was the price paid by Government for the future silence of the author; and there is nothing in the character of Francis to render it improbable that he could be thus bought off. If this were the case, he would never directly avow the authorship; but it is certain that he was nowise averse to having it whispered that he was the writer. One of the most spirited and audacious of these letters was a long one addressed to the King, George III., December 19, 1769:

JUNIUS TO GEORGE THE THIRD.

Sir—When the complaints of a brave and powerful people are observed to increase in proportion to the wrongs they have suffered; when, instead of sinking into submission, they are roused to resistance, the time will soon arrive at which every inferior consideration must yield to the security of the sovereign, and to the general safety of the state. There is a moment of difficulty and danger, at which flattery and falsehood can no longer deceive, and simplicity itself can no longer be misled. Let us suppose it arrived. Let us suppose a gracious, well-intentioned prince made sensible at last of the great duty he owes to his people, and of his own disgraceful situation; that he looks round him for assistance, and asks for no advice but how to gratify the wishes and

secure the happiness of his subjects. In these circumstances, it may be matter of curious speculation to consider, if an honest man were permitted to approach a king, in what terms he would address himself to his sovereign. Let it be imagined, no matter how improbable, that the first prejudice against his character is removed; that the ceremonious difficulties of an audience are surmounted; that he feels himself animated by the purest and most honorable affection to his king and country; and that the great person whom he addresses has spirit enough to bid him speak freely, and understanding enough to listen to him with attention. Unacquainted with the vain impertinence of forms, he would deliver his sentiments with dignity and firmness, but not without respect:

Sir—It is the misfortune of your life, and originally the cause of every reproach and distress which has attended your government, that you should never have been acquainted with the language of truth till you heard it in the complaints of your people. It is not, however, too late to correct the error of your education. We are still inclined to make an indulgent allowance for the pernicious lessons you received in your youth, and to form the most sanguine hopes from the natural benevolence of your disposition. We are far from thinking you capable of a direct deliberate purpose to invade those original rights of your subjects on which all their civil and political liberties depend. Had it been possible for us to entertain a suspicion so dishonorable to your character, we should long since have adopted a style of remonstrance very distant from the humility of complaint. The doctrine inculcated by our laws, “that the king can do no wrong,” is admitted without reluctance. We separate the amiable good-natured prince from the folly and treachery of his servants, and the private virtues of the man from the vices of his government. Were it not for this just distinction, I know not whether your majesty’s condition, or that of the

English nation, would deserve most to be lamented. I would prepare your mind for a favorable reception of truth, by removing every painful offensive idea of personal reproach. Your subjects, sir, wish for nothing but that, as *they* are reasonable and affectionate enough to separate your person from your government, so *you*, in your turn, would distinguish between the conduct which becomes the permanent dignity of a king, and that which serves only to promote the temporary interest and miserable ambition of a minister.

You ascended the throne with a declared—and, I doubt not, a sincere—resolution of giving universal satisfaction to your subjects. You found them pleased with the novelty of a young prince, whose countenance promised even more than his words, and loyal to you not only from principle but passion. It was not a cold profession of allegiance to the first magistrate, but a partial, animated attachment to a favorite prince, the native of their country. They did not wait to examine your conduct, nor to be determined by experience, but gave you a generous credit for the future blessings of your reign, and paid you in advance the dearest tribute of their affections. Such, sir, was once the disposition of a people who now surround your throne with reproaches and complaints. Do justice to yourself. Banish from your mind those unworthy opinions with which some interested persons have labored to possess you. Distrust the men who tell you that the English are naturally light and inconsistent; that they complain without a cause. Withdraw your confidence equally from all parties; from ministers, favorites, and relations; and let there be one moment in your life in which you have consulted your own understanding.....

While the natives of Scotland are not in actual rebellion, they are undoubtedly entitled to protection; nor do I mean to condemn the policy of giving some encouragement to the novelty of their affection for the house of Hanover. I am

ready to hope for everything from their new-born zeal, and from the future steadiness of their allegiance. But hitherto they have no claim to your favor. To honor them with a determined predilection and confidence, in exclusion of your English subjects—who placed your family, and, in spite of treachery and rebellion, have supported it, upon the throne—is a mistake too gross for even the unsuspecting generosity of youth. In this error we see a capital violation of the most obvious rules of policy and prudence. We trace it, however, to an original bias in your education, and are ready to allow for your inexperience.

To the same early influence we attribute it that you have descended to take a share, not only in the narrow views and interests of particular persons, but in the fatal malignity of their passions. At your accession to the throne the whole system of government was altered; not from wisdom or deliberation, but because it had been adopted by your predecessor. A little personal motive of pique and resentment was sufficient to remove the ablest servants of the crown; but it is not in this country, sir, that such men can be dishonored by the frowns of a king. They were dismissed, but could not be disgraced.

Without consulting your minister, call together your whole council. Let it appear to the public that you can determine and act for yourself. Come forward to your people; lay aside the wretched formalities of a king, and speak to your subjects with the spirit of a man, and in the language of a gentleman. Tell them you have been fatally deceived: the acknowledgment will be no disgrace, but rather an honor, to your understanding. Tell them you are determined to remove every cause of complaint against your government; that you will give your confidence to no man that does not possess the confidence of your subjects; and leave it to themselves to determine, by their conduct at a future election, whether or not it be in reality the general sense of the nation, that

their rights have been arbitrarily invaded by the present House of Commons, and the constitution betrayed. They will then do justice to their representatives and to themselves.

These sentiments, sir, and the style they are conveyed in, may be offensive, perhaps, because they are new to you. Accustomed to the language of courtiers, you measure their affections by the vehemence of their expressions: and when they only praise you indirectly, you admire their sincerity. But this is not a time to trifle with your fortune. They deceive you, sir, who tell you that you have many friends whose affections are founded upon a principle of personal attachment. The first foundation of friendship is not the power of conferring benefits, but the equality with which they are received, and may be returned. The fortune which made you a king, forbade you to have a friend; it is a law of nature, which cannot be violated with impunity. The mistaken prince who looks for friendship will find a favorite, and in that favorite the ruin of his affairs.

The people of England are loyal to the House of Hanover, not from a vain preference of one family to another, but from a conviction that the establishment of that family was necessary to the support of their civil and religious liberties. This, sir, is a principle of allegiance equally solid and rational; fit for Englishmen to adopt, and well worthy of your majesty's encouragement. We cannot long be deluded by nominal distinctions. The name of Stuart of itself is only contemptible: armed with the sovereign authority, their principles are formidable. The prince who imitates their conduct should be warned by their example; and while he plumes himself upon the security of his title to the crown, should remember that, as it was acquired by one revolution, it may be lost by another.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.—1

FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN, an American statesman and philosopher, born in Boston, January 17, 1706; died in Philadelphia, April 17, 1790. His father was originally a dyer, and subsequently a tallow-chandler. At the age of twelve the son was apprenticed to his elder brother, a printer, and publisher of a newspaper, the *New England Courant*, for which Benjamin wrote much. In consequence of a quarrel between the brothers, Benjamin went, at the age of seventeen, to Philadelphia, where he obtained employment at his trade. The Governor of the Province discovered his abilities, promised to set him up in business, and induced him to go to England to purchase the necessary printing material. The Governor, however, failed to supply the necessary funds, and Franklin went to work as a printer in London. After eighteen months he returned to Philadelphia. Before long he established himself as a printer, and set up a newspaper, called the *Philadelphia Gazette*. In 1732, under the assumed name of "Richard Saunders," he commenced the issue of *Poor Richard's Almanac*, which he continued for twenty-five years.

By the time he had reached his fortieth year he had acquired a competence sufficient to enable him to withdraw from active business, and devote himself to philosophical research, for which he had already manifested marked capacity. Just before this several European philosophers had noticed some points of resemblance between electricity and lightning. Franklin was the first (about 1750) to demonstrate the identity of the two phenomena, and to propound the idea of the lightning-rod as a safeguard from lightning.

Of the public career of Franklin it is necessary here to give merely a bare outline. He was elected a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly in 1750; was made Deputy Postmaster-General in 1753; and the next year, the French and Indian war impending, he was sent as delegate to a general Congress convened at Albany, where he drew up the plan of a union between the separate colonies. This was unanimously adopted by the Congress, but was rejected by the Board of Trade in England. Disputes having arisen in 1757 between the Pennsylvania "Proprietors" and the inhabitants, Franklin was sent to England as agent to represent the cause of the people of the colony of Pennsylvania; the people of Massachusetts, Maryland, and Georgia also constituted him their agent in Great Britain. He returned to Pennsylvania in 1762; but was sent back to London two years after to remonstrate against the proposed measure for taxing the American colonies. When the war of the Revolution was on the point of breaking out, Franklin left Great Britain, reaching his home sixteen days after the battle of Lexington. As a member of the first American Congress he was one of the committee appointed to draft the Declaration of Independence. Shortly after this he was sent to France as one of the Commissioners Plenipotentiary from the American States. In 1782 he signed the treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain, and subsequently concluded treaties with Sweden and Prussia. He returned to America in 1785, after more than fifty years spent in the public service. He was immediately elected President of Pennsylvania, his

adopted State. Three years afterwards, at the age of eighty-two, he was appointed a delegate to the Convention for framing the Federal Constitution, in which he took an active part, and lived long enough to see it adopted by the several States, and so become the supreme law of the land. A few months before his death he wrote to Washington: "For my personal ease I should have died two years ago; but though those years have been spent in excruciating pain, I am glad to have lived them, since I can look upon our present situation."

A partial collection of the works of Franklin was published (1816-19) by his grandson, William Temple Franklin. A tolerably complete edition, in ten volumes, edited, with a *Memoir*, by Jared Sparks, appeared in 1836-40. In 1887 some additional writings were discovered, which were edited by Edward Everett Hale, under the title "*Franklin in Paris.*" Franklin's *Autobiography*, bringing his life down to his fifty-seventh year, ranks among the foremost works of its class. The history of the book is curious. It was first published in a French translation in 1791; two years afterwards this French version was re-translated into English, and in 1798 this English translation was rendered back into French. The earliest appearance of the work as written by the author was in 1817 in the edition prepared by his son. In 1868 Mr. John Bigelow, lately U. S. Minister to France, came upon an original autograph of the *Autobiography*, which he published with notes. The *Life of Franklin* has been written by many persons, notably by James Parton (2 vols., 1864.)

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.—4

EARLY PRACTICE IN COMPOSITION.

About this time [at about fifteen] I met with an odd volume of *The Spectator*. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished if possible to imitate it. With that view I took some of the papers, and making short hints of the sentiments in each sentence, laid them by for a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should occur to me. Then I compared my *Spectator* with the original, discovered some of my faults and corrected them. Sometimes I had the pleasure to fancy that in certain particulars of small consequence, I had been fortunate enough to improve the method or the language; and this encouraged me to think that I might in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious. The time I allotted to writing exercises and for reading was at night, or before work began in the morning, or on Sundays, when I contrived to be in the printing-house, avoiding as much as I could the constant attendance at public worship, which my father used to exact of me when I was under his care.—*Autobiography*, Chap. I.

FIRST ENTRY INTO PHILADELPHIA.

I was [then aged seventeen] in my working dress, my best clothes coming round by sea. I was dirty from my being so long in the boat. My pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no one, nor where to look for lodging. I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted in a single dollar, and about a shilling in copper coin, which I gave to the boatmen for my passage. At first they refused it, on account of my having rowed; but I insisted on their taking it. I walked towards

the top of the street, gazing about till near Market Street, where I met a boy with bread. I had often made a meal of dry bread, and, inquiring where he had bought it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to. I asked for biscuits, meaning such as we had at Boston. That sort, it seems, was not made in Philadelphia. I then asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none. Not knowing the different prices, nor the names of the different sorts of bread, I told him to give me three-penny worth of any sort. He gave me accordingly three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other.

Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made—as I certainly did—a most ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

Thus refreshed I walked up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers, near the market. I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile, and hearing nothing said, and being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when some one was kind enough to rouse me. This, therefore, was the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.—*Autobiography*, Chap. II.

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TEETOTALISM IN LONDON.

At my first admission [aged nineteen] into the printing-house I took to working at press, imagining I felt a want of the bodily exercise I had been used to in America, where press-work is mixed with the composing. I drank only water; the other workmen—near fifty in number—were great drinkers of beer. On one occasion I carried up and down stairs a large form of type in each hand, when the others carried only one in both hands. They wondered to see, from this and several instances, that the “Water American,” as they called me, was stronger than themselves, who drank strong beer. We had an ale-house-boy who attended always in the house to supply the workmen. My companion at the press drank every day a pint before breakfast, a pint at breakfast with his bread and cheese, a pint between breakfast and dinner, a pint at dinner, a pint in the afternoon about six o’clock, and another when he had done his day’s work. I thought it a detestable custom; but it was necessary, he supposed, to drink *strong* beer that he might be *strong* to labor. I endeavored to convince him that the bodily strength afforded by beer could be only in proportion to the grain or flour of the barley dissolved in the water of which it was made; that there was more flour in a pennyworth of bread; and therefore if he could eat that with a pint of water, it would give him more strength than a quart of beer. He drank on, however, and had four or five shillings to pay out of his wages every Saturday night for that vile liquor; an expense I was free from. And thus these poor devils keep themselves always under.—*Autobiography*, Chap. III.

RELIGIOUS VIEWS AT ONE-AND-TWENTY.

My parents had early given me religious impressions, and brought me through my childhood in the Dissenting way. But I was scarce fifteen when, after doubting by turns several points, as I found them disputed in the different books I

read, I began to doubt of the Revelation itself. Some books against Deism fell into my hands; they were said to be the substance of the sermons which had been preached at Boyle's Lectures. It happened that they wrought an effect on me quite contrary to what was intended by them. For the arguments of the Deists, which were quoted to be refuted, appeared to me much stronger than theirs; in short, I soon became a thorough Deist. My arguments perverted some others, particularly Collins and Ralph; but each of these having wronged me greatly without the least compunction; and recollecting my own conduct, which at times gave me great trouble, I began to suspect that this doctrine, though it might be true, was not very useful. . . . My own pamphlet [printed two years before] in which I argued, from the attributes of God, his infinite wisdom, goodness, and power, that nothing could possibly be wrong in the world—and that vice and virtue were empty distinctions—no such things existing—appeared now not so clever a performance as I once thought it; and I doubted whether some error had not insinuated itself unperceived into my argument, so as to infect all that followed, as is common in metaphysical reasonings.

I became convinced that *truth, sincerity, and integrity* in dealings between man and man were of the utmost importance to the felicity of life; and I formed written resolutions to practise them ever while I lived.

Revelation had indeed no weight with me as such; but I entertained an opinion that, though certain actions might not be bad *because* they were forbidden by it, or good *because* it commanded them; yet probably those actions might be forbidden *because* they were bad for us, or commanded *because* they were beneficial to us, in their own natures, all the circumstances of things considered. And this persuasion—with the kind hand of Providence, or some guardian angel, or accidental favorable circumstances and

situations, or all together—preserved me through this dangerous time of youth, and the hazardous situations I was sometimes in among strangers, remote from the eye and advice of my father, free from any *wilful* gross immorality or injustice, that might have been expected from my want of religion. I say *wilful*, because the instances I have mentioned had something of *necessity* in them, from my youth, inexperience, and the knavery of others. I had therefore a tolerable character to begin the world with; I valued it properly, and determined to preserve it.—*Autobiography*, Chap. IV.

When this *Autobiography* was written, Franklin was verging upon threescore-and-ten, and was recalling his young days. It is certain that the feeling of an overruling and protecting Deity was predominant at least during his mature years. At the Constitutional Convention of 1787, he moved that the daily proceedings should be opened by prayers.

SPEECH IN FAVOR OF DAILY PUBLIC PRAYERS.

In the beginning of the contest with Britain, when we were sensible of danger, we had daily prayers in this room for the Divine protection. Our prayers, Sir, were heard, and they were graciously answered. All of us who were engaged in the struggle must have observed frequent instances of a superintending Providence in our favor. To that kind Providence we owe this happy opportunity of consulting in peace on the means of establishing our future national felicity. And have we now forgotten this powerful friend? or do we imagine we no longer need His assistance? I have lived, Sir, a long time [eighty-one years], and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth: that God governs in the affairs of man. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid? We have been assured, Sir, in the

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Sacred Writings that "except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." I firmly believe this. I also believe that without His concurring aid we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel; we shall be divided by our little partial local interests; our projects will be confounded; and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a byword down to future ages. And what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing human government by human wisdom, and leave it to chance, war, or conquest. I therefore beg leave to move that henceforth prayers, imploring the assistance of Heaven and its blessing on our deliberations, be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business; and that one or more of the clergy of this city be requested to officiate in that service.

Many years before his death, Franklin wrote the following epitaph for his own tombstone:

FRANKLIN'S EPITAPH FOR HIMSELF.

The Body of Benjamin Franklin, Printer, (like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stript of its lettering and gilding,) lies here food for worms. Yet the Work itself shall not be lost; for it will (as he believed) appear once more in a new and more beautiful Edition, corrected and amended by the Author.

Franklin, when near the close of his life, wrote to Thomas Paine, who was proposing the publication of the *Age of Reason*, the manuscript of which appears to have been submitted to his perusal: "I would advise you not to attempt unchaining the tiger, but to burn this piece before it is seen by any other person. If men are so wicked *with* religion, what would they be without it?" Six weeks before his death he wrote to the Rev. Dr. Stiles:

HIS DYING OPINION ON CHRISTIANITY.

As to Jesus of Nazareth, my opinion of whom you particularly desire, I think the system of morals, and his religion, as he left them to us, the best the world ever saw, or is likely to see; but I apprehend it has received various corrupting changes; and I have, with most of the present Dissenters in England, some doubts as to his Divinity.

Poor Richard's Almanac in its day was a power in the land. Franklin himself thus speaks of the work :

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC.

In 1732 [at the age of twenty-seven] I first published my *Almanac*, under the name of "Richard Saunders." It was continued by me about twenty-five years, and commonly called *Poor Richard's Almanac*. I endeavored to make it both entertaining and useful; and it accordingly came to be in such demand that I reaped considerable profit from it, vending annually near ten thousand. And observing that it was generally read—scarcely any neighborhood in the Province being without it—I considered it a proper vehicle for conveying instruction among the common people, who bought scarcely any other books. I therefore filled all the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days in the Calendar with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue; it being more difficult for a man in want to act always honestly, as, to use here one of those proverbs, "It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright."

These proverbs, which contained the wisdom of many ages and nations, I assembled and formed into a connected discourse prefixed to the *Almanac* of 1757, as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction. The bringing of all these scattered counsels thus into a focus enabled them to make greater impression.

The piece being universally approved was copied in all the newspapers of the American continent, reprinted in Britain on a large sheet of paper to be stuck up in houses. Two translations were made of it in France; and great numbers of it were bought by the clergy and gentry, to distribute gratis among their poor parishioners and tenants. In Pennsylvania, as it discouraged useless expense in foreign superfluities, some thought it had its share of influence in producing that growing plenty of money which was observable several years after its publication.—*Autobiography*, Chap. VII.

This Collection of Poor Richard's Sayings was put forth under the title of "The Way to Wealth." The brochure thus begins :

THE CHIEF TAX-GATHERERS.

I stopped my horse lately, where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchant's goods. The hour of sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks: "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to do?" Father Abraham stood up and replied, "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; for *A word to the wise is enough*, as Poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:

"Friends," said he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the Government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the Commissioners cannot ease or deliver us, by al-

lowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; *God helps them that help themselves*, as Poor Richard says.”—*The Way to Wealth*.

SLOTH AND INDUSTRY.

“*If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be*, as Poor Richard says, *the greatest prodigality*; since, as he elsewhere tells us, *Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough always proves little enough*. Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do with less perplexity. *Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy, and he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee; and Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise*, as Poor Richard says.”—*The Way to Wealth*.

FRUGALITY.

“So much for industry and attention to one’s business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. *A fat kitchen makes a lean will; and*

*Many estates are spent in the getting,
Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting,
And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting.*

If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her income. Away then with your expensive follies, and you will not have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for

*Women and wine, game and deceit,
Make the wealth small and the want great.*

And further, *What maintains one vice would bring up two children.* You may think, perhaps, that a little tea or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember, *Many a mickle makes a muckle.* Beware of little expenses; *A small leak will sink a great ship,* as Poor Richard says; and again, *Who dainties love, shall beggars prove;* and moreover, *Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.*—*The Way to Wealth.*

BUYING SUPERFLUITIES.

“Here you are all got together at this sale of fineries and knick-knacks. You call them ‘goods’; but if you do not take care, they will prove ‘evils’ to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but if you have no occasion for them they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says: *Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities.* And again, *At a great pennyworth pause a little.* He means that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or, the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, *Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths.* Again, *It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance;* and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions for want of minding the Almanac. Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, has gone with a hungry belly, and half-starved their families. *Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire,* as Poor Richard says. *A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees,* as Poor Richard says. *Always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom,* as Poor Richard says; and then, *When the well is dry they know the worth of water.* But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. And again Poor

Dick says, *Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy.* When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, *It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.* And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox."—*The Way to Wealth.*

CHARACTER OF WHITEFIELD.

He had a loud and clear voice, and articulated his words so perfectly that he might be heard and understood at a great distance; especially as his auditors observed the most perfect silence. [On one particular occasion when he heard Whitefield preach in the open air] I computed that he might well be heard by more than thirty thousand. This reconciled me to the newspaper accounts of his having preached to twenty-five thousand. By hearing him often, I came to distinguish easily between sermons newly composed and those which he had often preached in the course of his travels. His delivery of the latter was so improved by frequent repetition, that every accent, every emphasis, every modulation of voice, was so perfectly well turned and well placed, that, without being interested in the subject, one could not help being pleased with the discourse. His writing and printing from time to time gave great advantage to his enemies. Critics attacked his writings violently, and with so much appearance of reason, as to diminish the number of his votaries, and prevent their increase. So that I am satisfied that if he had never written anything, he would have left behind him a much more numerous and important sect; and his reputation might in that case have been still growing even after his death.—*Autobiography*, Chap. VIII.

PAYING TOO DEAR FOR THE WHISTLE.

In my opinion, we might all draw more good from the world than we do, and suffer less evil,

if we would take care not to give too much for *whistles*. You ask what I mean? You love stories, and will excuse my telling one of myself:

When I was a child of seven years old, my friends on a holiday filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and, being charmed with the sound of a *whistle* that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my *whistle*, but disturbing all the family. My brothers and sisters and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth; put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of my money; and laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the *whistle* gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *Don't give too much for the whistle*; and I saved my money. As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who *gave too much for their whistles*:

When I saw one too ambitious of Court favor, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, *This man gives too much for his whistle*.

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, *He pays, indeed, said I, too much for his whistle*.

If I knew a miser who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the

sake of accumulating wealth, *Poor man*, said I, *you pay too much for your whistle.*

When I met with a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations, and ruining his health in their pursuit, *Mistaken man*, said I, *you are providing much pain for yourself, instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle.*

If I see one fond of appearance, or fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in a prison, *Alas!* say I, *he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.*

When I see a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl married to an ill-natured brute of a husband, *What a pity*, say I, *that she should pay so much for a whistle.*

In short, I conceive that a great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things, and by *their giving too much for their whistles.*—*Letter to Madame Brillon, 1779.*

PAPER: A POEM.

[*This poem is attributed to Franklin; but it is not altogether certain that it was written by him. No other authorship, however, has been assigned to it.*]

Some wit of old—such wits of old there were—
Whose hints showed meaning, whose allusions
care,

By one brave stroke to mark all human kind,
Called clear blank paper every infant mind;
Where still, as opening sense her dictates wrote,
Fair Virtue put a *seal*, or Vice a blot.

The thought was happy, pertinent, and true;
Methinks a genius might the plan pursue.

I, (can you pardon my presumption?) I—
No wit, no genius—yet for once will try:—

Various the papers various wants produce,
The wants of fashion, elegance, and use.

Men are as various; and if right I scan,
Each sort of Paper represents some Man.

Pray note the Fop—half powder and half lace—

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Nice as a bandbox were his dwelling-place.
He's the *Gilt Paper*, which apart you store,
And lock from vulgar hands in the 'scrutoire.

Mechanics, Servants, Farmers, and so forth,
Are *Copy-Paper* of inferior worth;
Less prized, more useful, for your desk decreed,
Free to all pens, and prompt at every need.

The wretch whom Avarice bids to pinch and
spare,
Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an heir,
Is coarse *Brown Paper*; such as pedlers choose
To wrap up wares which better men will use.

Take next the miser's contrast: who destroys
Health, fame, and fortune, in a round of joys;
Will any Paper match him? Yes, throughout,
He's a true *Sinking Paper*, past all doubt.

The retail Politician's anxious thought
Deems *this* side always right, and *that* stark
naught;
He foams with censure; with applause he
raves—

A dupe to rumors, and a tool to knaves:
He'll want no type his weakness to proclaim,
While such a thing as *Foolscap* has a name.

The Hasty Gentleman, whose blood runs high,
Who picks a quarrel, if you step awry,
Who can't a jest or hint or look endure—
What's he? What? *Touch-Paper*, to be sure.

What are our Poets, take them as they fall—
Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all?
Them and their works in the same class you'll find;
They are the mere *Waste-Paper* of mankind.

Observe the Maiden, innocently sweet;
She's fair *White Paper*—an unsullied sheet,
On which the happy man, whom fate ordains,
May write his name, and take her for his pains.

One instance more, and only one, I'll bring:
'Tis the Great Man who scorns a little thing,
Whose thoughts, whose deeds, whose maxims are
his own—

Formed on the feelings of his heart alone:
True, genuine *Royal Paper* is his breast;
Of all the kinds most precious, purest, best.

Probably the last thing written by Franklin was a parody on a speech delivered in Congress in defense of the slave-trade. It purports to be a reproduction of a speech made by Sidi Mehemet Ibrahim, a member of the Divan of Algiers, in opposition to granting the petition of the sect called *Eriki*, who asked for the abolition of Algerine piracy. This paper is dated March 23, 1790, twenty-four days before the death of Franklin.

SIDI MEHEMET ON ALGERINE PIRACY.

Have these *Erika* considered the consequences of granting their petition? If we cease our cruises against the Christians, how shall we be furnished with the commodities their countries produce, and which are so necessary for us? If we forbear to make slaves of their people, who in this hot climate are to cultivate our lands? Who are to perform the common labors of our city and in our families? Must we not then be our own slaves? And is there not more compassion and more favor due to us as Mussulmans than to these Christian dogs? We have now above fifty thousand slaves in and near Algiers. This number, if not kept up by fresh supplies, will soon diminish, and be gradually annihilated. If we then cease taking and plundering the infidel ships, and making slaves of the seamen and passengers, our lands will become of no value for want of cultivation; the rents of houses in the city will sink one half; and the revenue of government arising from its share of prizes be totally destroyed! And for what? To gratify the whims of a whimsical sect who would have us not only forbear making more slaves, but even manumit those we have.

But who is to indemnify their masters for the loss? Will the State do it? Is our treasury sufficient? Will the *Erika* do it? Can they do it? Or would they, to do what they think justice to the slaves, do a greater injustice to the

owners? And if we set our slaves free, what is to be done with them? Few of them will return to their countries; they know too well the greater hardships they must there be subject to. They will not embrace our holy religion; they will not adopt our manners; our people will not pollute themselves by intermarrying with them. Must we maintain them as beggars in our streets, or suffer our properties to be the prey of their pillage? For men accustomed to slavery will not work for a livelihood when not compelled.

And what is there so pitiable in their present condition? Were they not slaves in their own countries? Are not Spain, Portugal, France, and the Italian States governed by despots who hold their subjects in slavery without exception? Even England treats its sailors as slaves; for they are, whenever the government pleases, seized, and confined in ships of war; condemned not only to work, but to fight, for small wages or a mere subsistence, not better than our slaves are allowed by us. Is their condition then made worse by falling into our hands? No; they have only exchanged one slavery for another, and, I may say, a better; for here they are brought into a land where the sun of Islamism gives forth its light, and shines in full splendor; and thus have an opportunity of making themselves acquainted with the true doctrine, and thereby saving their immortal souls. Those who remain at home have not that happiness. Sending the slaves home, then, would be sending them out of light into darkness.

I repeat the question, what is to be done with them? I have heard it suggested that they may be planted in the wilderness, where there is plenty of land for them to subsist on, and where they may flourish as a Free State. But they are, I doubt, too little disposed to labor without compulsion, as well as too ignorant to establish a good government; and the wild Arabs would soon molest and destroy or again enslave them. While serving us, we take care to provide them

with everything, and they are treated with humanity. The laborers in their own country are, as I am well informed, worse fed, lodged, and clothed. The condition of most of them is therefore already mended, and requires no further improvement. Here their lives are in safety. They are not liable to be impressed for soldiers, and forced to cut one another's Christian throats, as in the wars of their own countries. If some of the religious mad bigots, who now tease us with their silly petitions, have in a fit of blind zeal freed their slaves, it was not generosity, it was not humanity, that moved them to the action. It was from the conscious burthen of a load of sins, and a hope, from the supposed merits of so good a work, to be excused from damnation.

How grossly are they mistaken to suppose slavery to be disallowed by the *Alcoran*! Are not the two precepts—to quote no more—“Masters, treat your slaves with kindness;” “Slaves, serve your masters with cheerfulness and fidelity,” clear proofs to the contrary? Nor can the plundering of Infidels be in that sacred book forbidden; since it is well known from it that God has given the world, and all that it contains, to his faithful Mussulmans, who are to enjoy it of right as fast as they conquer it. Let us then hear no more of this detestable proposition—the manumission of Christian slaves—the adoption of which would, by depreciating our lands and houses, and thereby depriving so many good citizens of their properties, create universal discontent, and provoke insurrections, to the endangering of government, and producing general confusion. I have, therefore, no doubt but this wise Council will prefer the comfort and happiness of a whole nation of True Believers to the whim of a few *Erika*, and dismiss their petition.

FRASER, JAMES BAILLIE, a Scottish traveller and novelist, born in 1783; died in 1856. After travelling extensively in various parts of the earth he was in 1836 sent on a diplomatic mission to Persia, making a remarkable horseback journey through Asia Minor to Teheran. His health having been impaired by his exposures, he retired to his estate in Scotland, where the remainder of his life was passed. Among his numerous books of travels are: *Journal of a Tour through part of the Snowy Range of the Himela Mountains* (1820), *Narrative of a Journey into Khorassan* (1825), *A Winter Journey from Constantinople to Teheran* (1838), and *Travels in Koordistan and Mesopotamia* (1840). He also wrote for "The Edinburgh Cabinet Library" *The History of Mesopotamia and Assyria*, and *a History of Persia* (1847.)

A PERSIAN TOWN.

Viewed from a commanding situation, the appearance of a Persian town is most uninteresting; the houses, all of mud, differ in no respect from the earth in color, and from the irregularity of their construction, resemble inequalities on its surface rather than human dwellings. The houses, even of the great, seldom exceed one story; and the lofty walls which shroud them from view, without a window to enliven them, have a most monotonous effect. There are few domes or minarets, and still fewer of those that exist are either splendid or elegant. There are no public buildings but the mosques and medreses; and these are often as mean as the rest, or perfectly excluded from view by ruins. The general *coup-d'œil* presents a succession of flat roofs and long walls of mud, thickly interspersed with ruins; and the only relief to its monotony is found in the gardens adorned with chinar, poplars, and cypresses, with which the towns and villages are often surrounded and intermingled.

Mr. Fraser wrote *The Kuzzilbash*, a *Tale of Khorassan* (1828.) The word *Kuzzilbash* means simply "Red-head," and is used to designate a soldier; in 1830 he put forth a continuation of this novel under the title *The Persian Adventurer*. This was followed in 1833 by *The Khan's Tale*, the scene of which is also laid in Khorassan. At a still later period he wrote several other less successful novels, the scene of which was placed in Scotland.

MEETING OF WARRIORS IN THE DESERT.

By the time I reached the banks of this stream the sun had set, and it was necessary to seek some retreat where I might pass the night and refresh myself and my horse without fear of discovery. Ascending the river-bed, therefore, with this intention, I soon found a recess where I could repose myself, surrounded by green pasture in which my horse might feed; but as it would have been dangerous to let him go at large all night, I employed myself for a while in cutting the longest and thickest of the grass which grew on the banks of the stream for his night's repast, permitting him to pasture at will until dark; and securing him then close to the spot I meant to occupy, after a moderate meal, I commended myself to Allah and lay down to rest.

The loud neighing of my horse awoke me with a start, as the first light of dawn broke in the east. Quickly springing on my feet, and grasping my spear and scimitar, which lay under my head, I looked around for the cause of alarm. Nor did it long remain doubtful; for at the distance of scarce two hundred yards, I saw a single horseman advancing. To tighten my girdle around my loins, to string my bow, and prepare two or three arrows for use, was but the work of a few moments; before these preparations, however, were completed, the stranger was close at hand. Fitting an arrow to my bow, I placed myself upon guard, and examined him narrowly

as he approached. He was a man of goodly stature and powerful frame; his countenance, hard, strongly marked, and furnished with a thick, black beard, bore testimony of exposure to many a blast, but it still preserved a prepossessing expression of good humor and benevolence. His turban, which was formed of a cashmere shawl, sorely tashed and torn, and twisted here and there with small steel chains, according to the fashion of the time, was wound round a red cloth cap that rose in four peaks high above the head. His *oemah* or riding coat, of crimson cloth, much stained and faded, opening at the bosom showed the links of a coat-of-mail which he wore below; a yellow shawl formed his girdle; his huge shulwars, or riding trousers, of thick fawn-colored Kerman woollen stuff, fell in folds over the large, red leather boots in which his legs were cased; by his side hung a crooked scimitar in a black leather scabbard, and from the holsters of his saddle peeped out the butt-ends of a pair of pistols—weapons of which I then knew not the use, any more than the matchlock which was slung at his back. He was mounted on a powerful but jaded horse, and appeared to have already travelled far.

When the striking figure had approached within thirty yards, I called out in the Turkish language, commonly used in the country: "Whosoever thou art, come no nearer on thy peril, or I shall salute thee with this arrow from my bow!" "Why, boy," returned the stranger in a deep manly voice, and speaking in the same tongue, "thou art a bold lad, truly! but set thy heart at rest, I mean thee no harm." "Nay," rejoined I, "I am on foot and alone. I know thee not, nor thy intentions. Either retire at once, or show thy sincerity by setting thyself on equal terms with me; dismount from thy steed, and then I fear thee not, whatever be thy designs. Beware!" And so saying I drew my arrow to the head, and pointed it towards him. "By the head of my father!" cried the stranger, "thou art

an absolute youth! but I like thee well; thy heart is stout, and thy demand is just; the sheep trusts not the wolf when it meets him in the plain, nor do we acknowledge every stranger in the desert for a friend. See," continued he, dismounting actively, yet with a weight that made the turf ring again—"see, I yield my advantage; as for thy arrows, boy, I fear them not."

With that he slung a small shield, which he bore at his back, before him, as if to cover his face, in case of treachery on my part, and leaving his horse where it stood, he advanced to me. Taught from youth to suspect and guard against treachery, I still kept a wary eye on the motions of the stranger. But there was something in his open though rugged countenance and manly bearing that claimed and won my confidence. Slowly I lowered my hand, and relaxed the still drawn string of my bow, as he strode up to me with a firm, composed step.

"Youth," said he, "had my intentions been hostile, it is not thy arrows or thy bow, no, nor thy sword and spear, that could have stood thee much in stead. I am too old a soldier, and too well defended against such weapons, to fear them from so young an arm. But I am neither enemy nor traitor to attack thee unawares. I have travelled far during the past night, and mean to refresh myself awhile in this spot before I proceed on my journey; thou meanest not," added he, with a smile, "to deny me the boon which Allah extends to all his creatures? What, still suspicious? Come, then, I will increase thy advantage, and try to win thy confidence." With that he unbuckled his sword and threw it, with his matchlock, upon the turf a little way from him. "See me now unarmed; wilt thou yet trust me?" Who could have doubted longer? I threw down my bow and arrows: "Pardon," cried I, "my tardy confidence; but he that has escaped with difficulty from many perils, fears even their shadow."—*The Kuzzilbash.*

FREEMAN, EDWARD AUGUSTUS, an English historical writer, born in 1823. He was educated at Trinity College, Oxford, of which he was elected Scholar in 1841, Fellow in 1845, and Honorary Fellow in 1880. He filled the office of Examiner in the School of Law and Modern History in 1857-8 and in 1863-4, and in the School of Modern History in 1873. He received the honorary degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford in 1870, and that of LL.D. from the University of Cambridge in 1874, and is an honorary member of numerous learned societies in Europe and America. His writings, mainly upon historical and architectural subjects, are very numerous. Among them are *History of Architecture* (1849), *Essays on Window Tracery* (1850), *The History and Conquests of the Saracens* (1856), *History of the Federal Government* (vol. i., 1863), *History of the Norman Conquest* (5 vols., 1867-76), *Old English History* (1869), *Growth of the English Constitution* (1872), *General Sketch of European History* (1872), *Historical Essays* (3 vols., 1872-79), *Historical and Architectural Sketches, chiefly Italian* (1876), *The Ottoman Power in Europe* (1877), *The Historical Geography of Europe* (1881), *The Reign of William Rufus and Henry I.* (1882), *Introduction to American Institutional History* (1882), *Lectures to American Audiences* (1882.) He has also contributed largely to periodicals upon kindred subjects.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

The Norman Conquest is the great turning-point in the history of the English nation. Since the first settlement of the English in Britain, the introduction of Christianity is the only event

which can compare with it in importance. And there is this wide difference between the two. The introduction of Christianity was an event which could hardly fail to happen sooner or later; in accepting the Gospel the English only followed the same law which, sooner or later, affected all the Teutonic nations. But the Norman Conquest is something which stands without a parallel in any other Teutonic land. If that Conquest be looked on its true light, it is impossible to exaggerate its importance. And there is no event whose true nature has been more commonly and more utterly misunderstood. No event is less fitted to be taken, as it so often has been, for the beginning of the national history. For its whole importance is not the importance which belongs to a beginning, but the importance which belongs to a turning-point. The Norman Conquest brought with it a most extensive foreign infusion, which affected our blood, our language, our laws, our arts; still it was only an infusion; the older and stronger elements still survived, and in the long run they again made good their supremacy. So far from being the beginning of our national history, the Norman Conquest was the temporary overthrow of our national being. But it was only a temporary overthrow. To a superficial observer the English people might seem for a while to be wiped out of the roll-call of the nations, or to exist only as the bondmen of foreign rulers in their own land. But in a few generations we led captive our conquerors; England was England once again, and the descendants of the Norman invaders were found to be among the truest of Englishmen. England may be as justly proud of rearing such step-children as Simon of Montfort and Edward the First as of being the natural mother of Alfred and of Harold.

In no part of history can any event be truly understood without reference to the events which went before it and which prepared the way for it. But in no case is such reference more need-

ful than in dealing with an event like that with which we are now concerned. The whole importance of the Norman Conquest consists in the effect which it had on an existing nation, humbled indeed, but neither wiped out nor utterly enslaved ; in the changes which it wrought in an existing constitution, which was by degrees greatly modified, but which was never either wholly abolished or wholly trampled under foot. William, King of the English, claimed to reign as the lawful successor of the kings of the English who reigned before him. He claimed to inherit their rights, and he professed to govern according to their laws. This position, therefore, and the whole nature of the great revolution which he wrought, are utterly unintelligible without a full understanding of the state of things which he found existing. Even when one nation actually displaces another, some knowledge of the condition of the displaced nation is necessary to understand the position of the displacing nation. The English Conquest of Britain cannot be thoroughly understood without some knowledge of the earlier history of the Celt and the Roman. But when there is no displacement of a nation, when there is not even the utter overthrow of a constitution, when there are only changes, however many and important, wrought in an existing system, a knowledge of the earlier state of things is an absolutely essential part of any knowledge of the latter. The Norman Conquest of England is simply an insoluble puzzle without a clear notion of the condition of England and the English people at the time when the Conqueror and his followers first set foot on our shores.—*The Norman Conquest*, Introduction.

COMPARATIVE MAGNITUDE OF THE CONQUEST.

The Norman Conquest again is an event which stands by itself in the history of Europe. It took place at a transitional period in the world's development. Those elements, Roman and Teu-

tonic, Imperial and Ecclesiastical, which stood, as it were, side by side in the system of the early middle age, were then being fused together into the later system of feudal, papal, crusading Europe. The Conquest was one of the most important steps in the change. A kingdom which had hitherto been purely Teutonic was brought within the sphere of the laws, the manners, the speech of the Romanic nations. At the very moment when Pope and Cæsar held each other in the death-grasp, a Church which had hitherto maintained a sort of insular and barbaric independence was brought into a far more intimate connection with the Roman See. And as a conquest, compared with earlier and with later conquests, the Norman Conquest of England holds a middle position between the two classes, and shares somewhat of the nature of both. It was something less than such conquests as form the main subject of history during the great Wandering of the Nations. It was something more than those political conquests which fill up too large a space in the history of modern times. It was much less than a natural migration; it was much more than a mere change of frontier or dynasty. It was not such a change as when the first English conquerors slew, expelled, or enslaved the whole nation of the vanquished Britons. It was not even such a change as when the Goths or Burgundians sat down as a ruling people preserving their own language and their own law, and leaving the language and law of Rome to the vanquished Romans. But it was a far greater change than commonly follows on the transfer of a province from one sovereign to another, or even the forcible acquisition of a crown by an alien dynasty.

The Conquest of England by William wrought less immediate change than the Conquest of Africa by Genseric; it wrought a greater immediate change than the Conquest of Sicily by Charles of Aragon. It brought with it not only a new dynasty, but a new nobility; it did not

expel or transplant the English nation, or any part of it, but it gradually deprived the leading men and families of England of their lands and offices, and thrust them down into a secondary position under alien intruders. It did not at once sweep away the old laws and liberties of the land; but it at once changed the manner and spirit of their administration, and it opened the way for endless later changes in the laws themselves. It did not abolish the English language; but it brought in a new language by its side, which for a while supplanted it as the language of polite intercourse, and which did not yield to the surviving elder speech till it had affected it by the largest infusion that the vocabulary of one European tongue ever received from another. The most important of the formal changes in legislation, in language, in the system of government, were no immediate consequences of the Conquest, no mere innovations of the reign of William. They were the gradual developments of later times, when the Norman as well as the Englishman found himself under the yoke of a foreign master. But the reign of William paved the way for all the later changes which were to come, and the immediate changes which he himself wrought were, after all, great and weighty. They were none the less great and weighty because they affected the practical condition of the people far more than they affected its written laws and institutions. When a nation is driven to receive a foreigner as its King, when that foreign King divides the highest offices and the greatest estates of the land among his foreign followers, though such a change must be carefully distinguished from changes in the written law, still the change is, for the time, practically the greatest which a nation and its leaders can undergo.—*The Norman Conquest*, Introduction.

DEATH OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

The death-bed of William was a death-bed of all formal devotion, a death-bed of penitence

which we may trust was more than formal. The English Chronicler, William of Malmesbury, after weighing the good and evil in him, sends him out of the world with a charitable prayer for his soul's rest; and his repentance, late and fearful as it was, at once marks the distinction between the Conqueror on his bed of death and his successor cut off without a thought of penitence in the midst of his crimes. He made his will. The mammon of unrighteousness which he had gathered together amid the groans and tears of England he now strove so to dispose of as to pave his way to an everlasting habitation. All his treasures were distributed among the poor and the churches of his dominions. A special sum was set apart for the rebuilding of the churches which had been burned at Mantes, and gifts in money and books and ornaments of every kind were to be distributed among all the churches of England according to their rank. He then spoke of his own life and of the arrangements which he wished to make for his dominions after his death. The Normans, he said, were a brave and unconquered race; but they needed the curb of a strong and a righteous master to keep them in the path of order. Yet the rule over them must by all law pass to Robert. Robert was his eldest born; he had promised him the Norman succession before he won the crown of England, and he had received the homage of the barons of the Duchy. Normandy and Maine must therefore pass to Robert, and for them he must be the man of the French king. Yet he well knew how sad would be the fate of the land which had to be ruled by one so proud and foolish, and for whom a career of shame and sorrow was surely doomed.

But what was to be done with England? Now at last the heart of William smote him. To England he dared not appoint a successor; he could only leave the disposal of the island realm to the Almighty Ruler of the world. The evil deeds of his past life crowded upon his soul. Now at

EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN.—7

last his heart confessed that he had won England by no right, by no claim of birth; that he had won the English crown by wrong, and that what he had won by wrong he had no right to give to another. He had won his realm by warfare and bloodshed; he had treated the sons of the English soil with needless harshness; he had cruelly wronged nobles and commons; he had spoiled many men wrongfully of their inheritance; he had slain countless multitudes by hunger or by the sword. The harrying of Northumberland now rose up before his eyes in all its blackness. The dying man now told how cruelly he had burned and plundered the land, what thousands of every age and sex among the noble nation which he had conquered had been done to death at his bidding. The sceptre of the realm which he had won by so many crimes he dared not hand over to any but to God alone. Yet he would not hide his wish that his son William, who had ever been dutiful to him, might reign in England after him. He would send him beyond the sea, and he would pray Lanfranc to place the crown upon his head, if the Primate in his wisdom deemed that such an act could be rightly done.

Of the two sons of whom he spoke, Robert was far away, a banished rebel; William was by his bedside. By his bedside also stood his youngest son, the English Ætheling, Henry the Clerk. "And what dost thou give to me, my father?" said the youth. "Five thousand pounds of silver from my hoard," was the Conqueror's answer. "But of what use is a hoard to me if I have no place to dwell in?" "Be patient, my son, and trust in the Lord, and let thine elders go before thee." It is perhaps by the light of later events that our chronicler goes on to make William tell his youngest son that the day would come when he would succeed both his brothers in their dominions, and would be richer and mightier than either of them. The king then dictated a letter to Lanfranc, setting forth his

wishes with regard to the kingdom. He sealed it and gave it to his son William, and bade him, with his last blessing and his last kiss, to cross at once into England. William Rufus straightway set forth for Witsand, and there heard of his father's death. Meanwhile Henry, too, left his father's bedside to take for himself the money that was left to him, to see that nothing was lacking in its weight, to call together his comrades on whom he could trust, and to take measures for stowing the treasure in a place of safety. And now those who stood around the dying king began to implore his mercy for the captives whom he held in prison. He granted the prayer.

The last earthly acts of the Conqueror were now done. He had striven to make his peace with God and man, and to make such provision as he could for the children and the subjects whom he had left behind him. And now his last hour was come. On a Thursday morning in September, when the sun had already risen upon the earth, the sound of the great bell of the metropolitan minster struck on the ears of the dying king. He asked why it sounded. He was told that it rang for prime in the church of our Lady. William lifted his eyes to heaven, he stretched forth his hands, and spake his last words: "To my Lady Mary, the Holy Mother of God, I commend myself, that by her holy prayers she may reconcile me to her dear Son, our Lord Jesus Christ." He prayed, and his soul passed away. William, king of the English and duke of the Normans, the man whose fame has filled the world in his own and in every following age, had gone the way of all flesh. No kingdom was left him now but his seven feet of ground, and even to that his claim was not to be undisputed.

The death of a king in those days came near to a break-up of all civil society. Till a new king was chosen and crowned, there was no longer a power in the land to protect or to chastise. All bonds were loosed: all public authority

EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN.—9

was in abeyance; each man had to look to his own as he best might. No sooner was the breath out of William's body than the great company which had patiently watched around him during the night was scattered hither and thither. The great men mounted their horses and rode with all speed to their homes, to guard their houses and goods against the outburst of lawlessness which was sure to break forth now that the land had no longer a ruler. Their servants and followers, seeing their lords gone, and deeming that there was no longer any fear of punishment, began to make spoil of the royal chamber. Weapons, clothes, vessels, the royal bed and its furniture, were carried off, and for a whole day the body of the Conqueror lay well-nigh bare on the floor of the room in which he died.—*The Norman Conquest.*

THE STUDY OF GREEK AND LATIN.

The weak side of the old study of Greek and Latin lay in this, that they were studied apart from other languages. They were supposed to have some mysterious character about them, some supreme virtue peculiar to themselves, which made it needful to look at them all by themselves, and made it in a manner disrespectful to class any other languages with them. This belief, or rather feeling, grew naturally out of the circumstances of what is called the revival of learning in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The learning then revived was an exclusively Greek and Latin learning, and it could hardly have been otherwise. And besides this, the error, like other errors, contains a certain measure of truth: it is a half-truth thrust out of its proper place. For purposes purely educational the Greek and Latin tongues have something which is peculiar to themselves, something which does set them apart from all others. That is, they are better suited than any other languages to be the groundwork of study.—*Essay on Language and Literature.*

FREILIGRATH, FERDINAND, a German poet, born in 1810; died in 1876. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a grocer at Soest, and was subsequently employed in mercantile clerkships at various places. While serving his apprenticeship, he mastered the English, French, and Italian languages, and began to write verses for newspapers. His first book, a series of translations from the Odes and Songs of Victor Hugo, appeared in 1836. This was followed two years later by his first original volume of *Gedichte*. In 1842 he endeavored to establish a periodical to be called *Britannica: für Englisches Leben und Englische Literatur*, and received promises of contribution from Bulwer and Dickens; and in that year he received a pension of 300 thalers from King William IV. of Prussia. Up to this time he had taken no part in political agitations; but about 1844 he threw up his pension, identified himself with the liberal party in Germany, and was forced to leave the country. In 1848 he was on the point of emigrating to America. The amnesty of 1849 permitted him to return to Germany, taking up his residence at Düsseldorf; but he was soon after prosecuted on account of a poem entitled *Die Todten an die Lebenden*; he was acquitted by the jury; but new prosecutions drove him to London in 1851, where he became a clerk in a banking establishment, at the same time making admirable translations into German from British poets. A volume of these translations appeared in 1854 under the title of *The Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock*. Among his numerous translations from the English into German are Shakespeare's *Cymbeline* and *Winter's*

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.—2

Tale, Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, and nearly the whole of the poems of Burns. He resided in England until 1866, when the suspension of the banking institution by which he was employed threw him into pecuniary straits. But a national subscription, amounting to 60,000 thalers, was raised in Germany, with which an ample annuity was purchased for him. A general amnesty for all political offenders was proclaimed in Germany in 1868, and Freiligrath returned to his native country, settling at Stuttgart, and in 1875 at Cannstadt, where he died the next year. An edition of his collected works in six volumes appeared in New York in 1859. After this, during the Franco-German war, he wrote the popular songs *Hurrah Germania!* the *Trompete von Gravelotte*, and some others. The year after his death appeared in Germany a new and much enlarged edition of his works. A volume of selections from his *Poems*, not very well translated into English by his daughter, appeared in 1870, in Tauchnitz's "Collection of German Authors." Freiligrath's political poems are perhaps more highly esteemed in Germany than his earlier works. He is there styled "the poet-martyr," "the bard of freedom," and "the inspired singer of the revolution." But for readers of the English language translations of his earlier non-political poems will give a better idea of his peculiar genius.

MY THEMES.

"Most weary man! why wreathest thou
 Again and yet again," methinks I hear you ask,
 "The turban on thy sunburnt brow?
 Wilt never vary
 Thy tristful task;
 But sing, still sing, of sand and seas, as now
 Housed in thy willow zumbul on the dromedary?"

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.—3

“Thy tent has now o’er many times
Been pitched in treeless places on old Ammon’s
plains;

We long to greet in blander climes
The love and laughter
Thy soul disdains.

Why wanderest ever thus, in prolix rhymes,
Through snows and stony wastes, while we come
toiling after?

“Awake! thou art as one who dreams!
Thy quiver overflows with melancholy sand!
Thou faintest in the noontide beams!

Thy crystal beaker
Of juice is banned!

Filled with juice of poppies from dull streams
In sleepy Indian dells, it can but make thee
weaker!

“O, cast away the deadly draught,
And glance around thee, then, with an awakened
eye!

The waters healthier bards have quaffed
At Europe’s fountains
Still bubble by,

Bright now as when the Grecian Summer
laughed
And Poesy’s first flowers bloomed on Apollo’s
mountains!

“So many a voice thine era hath,
And thou art deaf to all! O, study mankind!
probe

The heart! lay bare its love and wrath,
Its joys and sorrows!
Not round the globe,

O’er flood and field and dreary desert-path,
But, into thine own bosom look, and thence thy
marvels borrow!

“Weep! Let us hear thy tears resound
From the dark iron concave of life’s cup of
woe!

Weep for the souls of mankind bound
In chains of error!
Our tears will flow

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.—4

In sympathy with thine when thou hast
wound
Our feelings up to the proper pitch of grief or
terror.

“Unlock the life-gates of the flood
That rushes through thy veins! Like vultures,
we delight

To glut our appetites with blood!

Remorse, Fear, Torment,

The blackening blight

Love smits young hearts withal—these be the
food

For us! without such stimulants our dull souls
lie dormant!

“But no long voyages—O, no more
Of the weary East or South—no more of the Si-
moon—

No apples from the Dead Sea shore—

No fierce volcanoes,

All fire and gloom!

Or else, at most, sing *basso*, we implore,
Of Orient sands, whilst Europe's flowers
Monopolize thy *sopranos*!”

Thanks, friends, for this, your kind advice!
Would I could follow it—could bide in balmier
land!

But those far Arctic tracts of ice,

Those wildernesses

Of wavy sand,

Are the only home I have. They must
suffice

For one whose lonely hearth no smiling Peri
blesses.

Yet count me not the more forlorn
For my barbarian tastes. Pity me not. O, no!
The heart laid waste by grief or scorn,

Which only knoweth

Its own deep woe,

Is the only desert. *There* no spring is born
Amid the sands—in that no shady palm-tree
groweth.

Transl. in Dublin Univ. Magazine.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.—5

SAND-SONGS.

I.

Sing of sand!—not such as gloweth
Hot upon the path of the tiger and the snake :
Rather such sand as, when the loud winds wake,
Each ocean wave knoweth.

Like a Wraith with pinions burning.
Travels the red sand of the desert abroad ;
While the soft sea-sand glisteneth smooth and
untrod
As eve is returning.

Here no caravan or camel ;
Here the weary mariner alone finds a grave,
Lightly mourned by the moon, that now on yon
grave
Sheds a silver enamel.

II.

Weapon-like, this ever-wounding wind
Striketh sharp upon the sandful shore ;
So fierce Thought assaults a troubled mind,
Ever, ever, evermore.

Darkly unto past and coming years,
Man's deep heart is linked by mystic bands ;
Marvel not then if his dreams and fears
Be a myriad like the sands.

III.

'Twere worth much love to understand
Thy nature well, thou ghastly sand,
Who wreckest all that seek the sea,
Yet savest them that cling to thee.

The wild-gull banquets on thy charms,
The fish dies in thy barren arms ;
Bare, yellow, flowerless, there thou art,
With vaults of treasure in thy heart !

I met a wanderer, too, this morn,
Who eyed thee with such sullen scorn :
Yet I, when with thee, feel my soul
Flow over, like a too-full bowl.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.—6

IV.

Gulls are flying—one, two; three;
Silently and heavily:
Heavily as winged lead;
Through the sultry air over my languid head:
Whence they come, or whither they flee,
They, nor I, can tell; I see
On the bright brown sand I tread,
Only the black shadows of their wings outspread.
Ha! a feather flutteringly
Falls down at my feet for me!
It shall serve my turn, instead
Of an eagle's quill, till all my songs be read.

Transl. in Dublin Univ. Magazine.

THE LION'S RIDE.

The lion is the desert's king; through his do-
minion so wide
Right swiftly and right royally this night he
means to ride.
By the steady brink, where the wild herds drink,
close crouches the grim chief:
The trembling sycamore above whispers with
every leaf.
At evening on the Table Mount, when ye can see
no more
The changeful play of signals gay; when the
gloom is speckled o'er
With kraal-fires, when the Kaffir wends home
through the lone karroo,
When the boshbok in the thicket sleeps, and by
the stream the gnu.
Then bend your gaze across the waste:—what
see ye? The giraffe
Majestic stalks towards the lagoon, the turbid
lymph to quaff;
With outstretched neck and tongue adust, he
kneels him down to cool
His hot thirst with a welcome draught from the
foul and brackish pool.
A rustling sound—a roar—a bound—the lion sits
astride

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.—7

Upon his giant courser's back. Did ever king so
ride?

Had ever king a steed so rare, caparisons of
state,

To match that dappled skin whereon that rider
sits elate?

In the muscles of the neck his teeth are plunged
with ravenous greed;

His tawny mane is tossing round the withers of
the steed.

Upleaping with a hollow yell of anguish and sur-
prise,

Away, away, in wild dismay, the camelopard
flies.

His feet have wings; see how he springs across
the moonlit plain!

As from the sockets they would burst, his glaring
eyeballs strain;

In thick black streams of purling blood full fast
his life is fleeting,

The stillness of the desert hears his heart's tu-
multuous beating.

Like the cloud that through the wilderness the
path of Israel traced—

Like an airy phantom, dull and wan, a spirit of
the waste—

From the sandy sea uprising as the water-spout
from ocean;

A whirling cloud of dust keeps pace with the
courser's fiery motion.

Croaking companions of their flight, the vulture
whirs on high.

Below, the terror of the fold, the panther fierce
and sly,

And the hyenas foul, round graves that prowl,
join in the horrid race;

By the footprints red with gore and sweat, their
monarch's course they trace.

They see him on his living throne, and quake
with fear, the while

With claws of steel he tears piecemeal his cush-
ion's painted pile.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.—8

On, on! no pause nor rest, giraffe, while life and strength remain!

The steed by such a rider backed, may madly plunge in vain.

Reeling upon the desert's verge, he falls and breathes his last;

The courser, stained with dust and foam, is the rider's dread repast.

O'er Madagascar, eastward far, a faint flush is descried:—

Thus nightly o'er his broad domain the king of beasts doth ride.

Transl. Anonymous.

THE SHEIK OF MOUNT SINAI.

[A Narrative of 1830.]

“How sayest thou? Came to-day the caravan
From Africa? And is it here? 'Tis well;
Bear me beyond the tent, me and mine otto-
man;

I would myself behold it. I feel eager
To learn the youngest news. As the gazelle
Rushes to drink, will I to hear, and gather thence
fresh vigor.”

So spake the Sheik. They bore him forth, and thus began the Moor:—

“Old man! upon Algeria's towers the tri-color is flying,

Bright silks of Lyons rustle at each balcony and door;

In the streets the loud réveil resounds at break of day;

Steeds prance to the Marseillaise o'er heaps of dead and dying:

The Franks came from Toulon, men say.

“Southward their legions marched through burning lands;

The Barbary sun flashed on their arms; about
Their chargers' manes were blown clouds of Tunisian sands.

Knowest thou where the giant Atlas rises dim
In the hot sky? Thither in disastrous rout,

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.—9

The wild Kabyles fled with their herds and women.

“The Franks pursued. Hu! Allah!—each de-
file

Grew a very hell-gulf then, with smoke, and fire,
and bomb!

The lion left the deer's half-cranched remains
the while;

He snuffed upon the winds a daintier prey!

Hark the shout, ‘*En Avant!*’ To the topmost
peak upelomb

The conquerors in that bloody fray!

“Circles of glittering bayonets crowned the moun-
tain's height.

The hundred cities of the plain, from Atlas to the
sea afar,

From Tunis forth to Fez shone in the noonday
light.

The spearmen rested by their steeds, or slacked
their thirst at rivulets;

And round them through dark myrtles burned
each like a star,

The slender golden minarets.

“But in the valley blooms the odorous almond-
tree,

And the aloe blossoms on the rock, defying
storms and suns.

Here was their conquest sealed. Look!—yonder
heaves the sea,

And far to the left lies Franquistân. The banners
flouted the blue skies;

The artillery-men came up. Mashallah! how the
guns

Did roar to sanctify their prize!”

“’Tis they,” the Sheik exclaimed, “I fought
among them, I,

At the battle of the Pyramids! Red, all along
the day, ran—

Red as thy turban folds—the Nile's high billows
by!

But their Sultan? Speak!—he was once my
guest.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.—10

His lineaments—gait—garb?—Sawest thou the
man?"

The Moor's hand slowly felt its way into his
breast.

"No," he replied, "he bode in his warm palace
halls.

A Pasha led his warriors through the fire of hos-
tile ranks ;

An Aga thundered for him before Atlas's iron
walls.

His lineaments, thou sayest? On gold, at least,
they lack

The kingly stamp. See here! A Spahi of the
Franks

Gave me this coin, in chaffering, some days
back."

The Kasheef took the gold ; he gazed upon the
head and face.

Was this the great Sultan he had known long
years ago ?

It seemed not ; for he sighed, as all in vain to
trace

The still remembered features. "Ah, no!—this,"
he said, "is

Not *his* broad brow and piercing eye. Who *this*
man is I do not know :

How very like a pear his head is."

Transl. in the Dublin Univ. Magazine.

THE EMIGRANTS.

I cannot take my eyes away
From you, ye busy bustling band !

Your little all to see you lay,
Each in the waiting seaman's hand !

Ye men, who from your necks set down
The heavy basket on the earth,
Of bread from German corn, baked brown,
By German wives, on German hearth.

And you with braid queues so neat,
Black-Forest maidens, slim and brown,
How careful on the sloop's green seat
You set your pails and pitchers down !

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.—11

Ah! oft have home's cool shady tanks ..
These pails and pitchers filled for you:
On far Missouri's silent banks
Shall these the scenes of home renew:—

The stone-rimmed fount on village street,
That, as ye stopped, betrayed your smiles;
The hearth, and its familiar seat;
The mantel and the pictured tiles.

Soon, in the far and wooded West,
Shall log-house walls therewith be graced,
Soon, many a tired tawny guest
Shall sweet refreshment from them taste.

From them shall drink the Cherokee,
Faint from the hot and dusty chase;
No more from German vintage ye
Shall bear them home in leaf-crowned grace.

O, say, why seek ye other lands?
The Neckar's vale hath wine and corn,
Full of dark firs the Schwarzwald stands,
In Stressart rings the Alp-herd's horn.

Ah! in strange forests how ye'll yearn
For the green mountains of your home,
To Deutschland's yellow wheat-fields turn,
In spirit o'er her vine-hills roam.

How will the forms of days grown pale
In golden dreams float softly by?
Like some unearthly mystic tale,
'Twill stand before fond memory's eye.

The boatman calls! go hence in peace!
God bless ye, man and wife and sire?
Bless all your fields with rich increase,
And crown each true heart's pure desire!

Transl. of Charles T. Brooks,

JESSIE BENTON FRÉMONT.—1

FRÉMONT, JESSIE (BENTON), daughter of Thomas H. Benton, born in Virginia, in 1824. In 1841 she married John C. Frémont, whom she has aided most effectually in all his labors. She has written *The Story of the Guard* (1863), *A Year of American Travel* (1878), and *Souvenirs of my Time* (1887.) To her husband's *Memoirs* (1887) she prefixed a biographical sketch of her father.

HOW FRÉMONT'S SECOND EXPEDITION WAS SAVED.

Coming home from school in an Easter holiday, I found Mr. Frémont part of my father's "Oregon work." It was the Spring of 1841; in October we were married; and in 1842 the first expedition was sent out under Mr. Frémont. This first encouragement to the emigration westward fitted into so large a need that it met instant favor, and a second was ordered to connect with it further survey to the sea-coast of Oregon. At last my father could feel his idea "moved." Of his intense interest and pride and joy in these expeditions I knew best; and when it came in my way to be of use to them, and protect his life-work, there was no shadow of hesitation.

In May, 1843, Mr. Frémont was at the frontier getting his camp into complete traveling condition for his second expedition, when there came an order recalling him to Washington, where he was to explain why he had armed his party with a howitzer; that the howitzer had been charged to him; that it was a scientific and not a military expedition, and should not have been so armed; and that he must return at once to Washington and "explain." Fortunately I was alone in St. Louis, my father being out of town. It was before telegraphs; and nearly a week was required to get letters either to the frontier or to Washington. I was but eighteen—an age at which consequences do not weigh against the present. The important thing was to save the expedition, and gain time for a good start which should put

it beyond interference. I hurried off a messenger to Mr. Frémont, writing that he must start at once, and never mind the grass and animals; they could rest and fatten at Bent's Fort: only go, and leave the rest to my father; that he could not have the reason for haste—but there was reason enough.

To the Colonel of the Topographical Bureau, who had given the order of recall, I answered more at leisure. I wrote to him exactly what I had done, and to him I gave the reason; that I had not sent forward the order, nor let Mr. Frémont know of it, because it was given on insufficient knowledge, and to obey it would ruin the expedition; that it would require a fortnight to settle the party, leave it, and get to Washington, and indefinite delay there; another fortnight for the return—and by that time the early grass would be past its best, and the underfed animals would be thrown into the mountains for the winter; that the country of the Blackfeet and other fierce tribes had to be crossed, and they knew nothing of the rights of science.

When my father came, he approved of my wrong-doing, and wrote to Washington that he would be responsible for my act; and that he would call for a court-martial on the point charged against Mr. Frémont. But there was never further question of the wisdom of arming his party sufficiently. The precious time had been secured, and "they'd have fleet feet who follow," when such purpose leads the advance. I had grown up to and into my father's large purpose; and now that my husband could be of such aid to him in its accomplishment, I had no hesitation in risking for him all the consequences. We three understood each other and acted together—then and later—without question or delay.

That expedition led directly to our acquiring California, which was accomplished during the third, and last, of the expeditions made under the government. My father was a man grown

JESSIE BENTON FRÉMONT.—3

when our western boundary was on the Mississippi; in 1821 he commenced in the Senate his championship of a quarter of a century for our new territory on the Pacific; now, with California added, he could say in that Senate: "We own the country from sea to sea—from the Atlantic to the Pacific—and upon a breadth equal to the length of the Mississippi, and embracing the whole Temperate Zone." The long contest—the indifference, the ignorance, the sneering doubts, were in the past. From his own hearth had gone forth the one who had carried his hopes to their fullest execution; and who now, after many perils and anxieties, was back in safety, even to a seat in the Senate beside him; who had enabled him to make true his prophetic words carved on the pedestal of his statue in St. Louis, whose bronze hand points *West*: "There is the East; there is the road to India."
—*Sketch of Benton.*

AN INN IN THE TYROL.

We stopped over night at such an inn in the village of Werfen; just a street of detached, low, stone houses, but with a village square and fountain where the women gathered before sundown with their pitchers and gossipped. Costumes, fountain, gossips, all was a scene from *Faust*. High mountains shut in the narrow line of village. On a height above it was an old fortified castle, now used as a military prison. The others walked up there—a ladder-like climb I was not up to, as I had lamed my knee in Denmark, and for want of rest had been getting seriously lamed. But I looked out at the *Faust* scene and the sunset lights on the mountains, and the landlady and myself had a talk in pantomime all to ourselves. Their German had become a dialect here, and my German was scant anyway; but when two women want to talk they can manage with eyes and hands and Oh's and Ah's, and so we progressed, I assenting to all she proposed for dinner, checking off on her fingers

unknown dishes, to which I nodded approval until *she* cried "enough." Then she led me to the oak presses which were in my room and, unlocking them with pride, displayed her treasures to me. She had reason for housewifely pride in them. Piled up in quantity was fine linen for bed and table. Napkins tied in dozens with their original ribbons—her marriage portion. "Meine mudder" had given her this and that. She led me to a window looking down upon the crowded gravestones of the church adjoining her inn—"Meine mudder" was there; touching her black head-dress and woolen mourning gown; her husband too; it was bright with growing flowers, dahlias chiefly then, and wreaths on the crosses.

But she smiled again when she displayed her many eider-down puffy quilts of bright-colored silks and satins, and taking her favorite she spread it over my bed, first smiling and putting its clear blue near my white hair to show it would be becoming. Then, inquiringly, Would I choose for the others? So the General had green for the hills, and Frank his gold color, while, as I had the blue, the girls had to take pink and crimson. It was charming to feel the friendly one-ness of hospitality which was quite apart from the relation of traveller and hostess, and which belonged in with the courtesy of the people everywhere in Austria. Her best silver, each spoon and fork wrapped separately in silver paper, she also took out from this range of oak presses which made one wall of a large room.

When the others came back, they found the wood-fire bright in the open part of the huge white porcelain stove, the table with wax lights in twisted-branched silver candlesticks, flowers (dahlias from the graveyard, and geraniums—I saw the daughter cutting these funeral-grown flowers for the feast), and in their rooms more silver candlesticks on lace-trimmed toilet tables, lighting up the pretty satin quilts.—*Souvenirs of my Time.*

JOHN CHARLES FRÉMONT.—1

FRÉMONT, JOHN CHARLES, an American soldier and explorer, born at Savannah, Georgia, January 21, 1813. At fifteen he entered the junior class at Charleston College; but remained only a short time, after which he became a private tutor. In 1833 was appointed teacher of mathematics on the U. S. sloop-of-war *Natchez*, which was about to sail upon a two years' cruise to the coast of South America. Upon his return he became a railroad surveyor and engineer. In 1838 he received a commission as Second Lieutenant in the U. S. Corps of Topographical Engineers. In 1841 he was married to a daughter of Thomas H. Benton, U. S. Senator from Missouri. In the following year he projected a geographical survey of the entire territory of the United States from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean; and was instructed to explore the Rocky Mountain region. This exploration occupied four months. He then planned a second and more extensive expedition, to explore the then unknown region lying between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean. The expedition, consisting of 39 men, set out in May, 1843, and early in September came in sight of the Great Salt Lake, of which nothing reliable was as yet known. From the Great Salt Lake he proceeded to the upper tributaries of the Columbia River, down which he went nearly to the Pacific; and in November set out to return to the States by a different route, much of it through an almost unknown region crossed by high and rugged mountain chains. Early in March he reached Sutter's Fort on the Sacramento River, in California, having suffered severe hardships, and lost half of the horses and mules with which he had set

JOHN CHARLES FRÉMONT.—2

out. He finally returned to the States in July, 1844, after an absence of fourteen months.

In the Spring of 1845, Frémont, who had been brevetted as captain, set out upon a third expedition to explore the Great Basin and the maritime region of Oregon and California. In May, 1846, when making his way homeward, he received dispatches from the Government, directing him to look after the interests of the United States in California, there being reason to apprehend that this province would be transferred by the Mexicans to Great Britain. He retraced his steps to California. Early in 1847 he concluded a treaty with the California population, which terminated the war in California, leaving that country in the possession of the United States. In the meanwhile a question had arisen between Commodore Stockton and General Kearny, as to which should hold the command in California. The upshot was that Kearny preferred charges against Frémont, who demanded a speedy trial by court-martial. The court found him guilty of the charges, and sentenced him to be dismissed from the service. President Polk confirmed a part of the verdict, but remitted the penalty. Frémont at once resigned his commission as Lieutenant Colonel.

In October, 1848, he organized a fourth expedition at his own expense, the object being to find a practicable route to California, where he had acquired large landed interests. He subsequently took up his residence in California, and when the Territory was admitted into the Union as a State, he was elected one of the U. S. Senators. In drawing lots for the long or short term,

he received the latter, so that his senatorship lasted only three weeks. In 1852 he went to Europe; but in the following year Congress made an appropriation for the survey of three routes from the Mississippi valley to the Pacific. He organized on his own account a fourth party to complete the explorations which he had begun in 1848.

In 1856 Frémont was made the Presidential candidate of the newly-formed Republican party. He received the 114 electoral votes of eleven States; Mr. Buchanan, the Democratic candidate, having the 174 electoral votes of nineteen States. The popular vote stood 1,838,000 for Buchanan; 1,341,000 for Frémont; and 874,000 for Fillmore, who received no electoral vote.

Soon after the breaking out of the Civil War Frémont was made a Major-General in the U. S. Army, and was assigned to the command of the Western District. On August 30, 1861, he issued an order emancipating the slaves of those persons in his district who were in arms against the United States. This order was annulled by President Lincoln, and Frémont was relieved from his command; but at the beginning of 1862 he was placed in command of the "Mountain District," comprising parts of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. In June, Gen. Pope was placed in command of the forces in Northern Virginia. Frémont claimed that he outranked Pope, refused to serve under him, and resigned his commission.

After the conclusion of the war, Frémont busied himself in promoting the construction of a southern railroad across the continent. In connection with this enter-

JOHN CHARLES FRÉMONT.—4

prise he was in 1873 charged with fraudulent transactions in France; was tried during his absence from that country, and sentenced to fine and imprisonment. From 1878 to 1881 he was Governor of the Territory of Arizona. He then began the composition of his autobiography, the first volume of which appeared in 1887, the title being *Memoirs of my Life, by John Charles Frémont*. This volume, the only one which has yet appeared (November, 1887) brings the narrative down to the close of his third expedition, 1846. He thus sets forth the scope of the entire work:

SCOPE OF THE "MEMOIRS."

The narrative contained in these volumes is personal. It is intended to draw together the more important and interesting parts in the journals of various expeditions made by me in the course of Western exploration, and to give my knowledge of political and military events in which I have myself had part. The principal subjects of which the book will consist, and which with me make its *raison d'être*, are three: The Geographical Explorations made in the interest of Western expansion; the Presidential Campaign of 1856, made in the interest of an undivided country; and the Civil War made in the same interest. Connecting these, and naturally growing out of them, will be given enough of the threads of ordinary life to justify the claim of the work to its title of *Memoirs*: purporting to be the history of one life, but being in reality that of three, because in substance the course of my own life was chiefly determined by its contact with the other two—the events recorded having in this way been created, or directly inspired and influenced, by three different minds, each having the same objects for a principal aim.

Concerning the Presidential Campaign of

JOHN CHARLES FRÉMONT.—5

1856, in which I was engaged, statements have been made which I wish to correct; and in that of 1864 there were governing facts which have not been made public. These I propose to set out. Some events of the Civil War in which I was directly concerned have been incorrectly stated, and I am not willing to leave the resulting erroneous impressions to crystallize and harden into the semblance of facts.

The general record is being made up. This being done from different points of view, and as this view is sometimes distorted by imperfect or prejudiced knowledge, I naturally wish to use the fitting occasion which offers to make my own record. It is not the written, but the published fact, which stands; and it stands to hold its ground as fact when it can meet every challenge by the testimony of documentary and recorded evidence.

Towards the close of the volume Frémont thus characterizes three of his comrades who figure largely throughout the entire narrative of his explorations:

CARSON, OWENS, AND GODEY.

From Fort Benton I sent [August, 1845,] an express to Carson at a *rancho*, or stock-farm, which with his friend Richard Owens he had established on the Cimarron, a tributary to the Arkansas River; but he had promised that in the event I should need him he would join me, and I knew that he would not fail to come. My messenger found him busy starting the congenial work of making up a stock-ranch. There was no time to be lost, and he did not hesitate. He sold everything at a sacrifice—farm and cattle—and not only came himself, but brought his friend Owens to join the party. This was like Carson—prompt, self-sacrificing, and true. That Owens was a good man, it is enough to say that he and Carson were friends. Cool, brave, and of good judgment; a good hunter and good

JOHN CHARLES FRÉMONT.—6

shot, experienced in mountain life, he was an acquisition, and proved valuable through the campaign.

Godey had proved himself during the preceding journey, which had brought out his distinguishing qualities of resolute and aggressive courage. Quick in deciding and prompt in acting, he had also the French *élan* and their gayety of courage: "*Gai, gai, avançons nous.*" I mention him here because the three men come fitly together; and because of the peculiar qualities which gave them in the highest degree efficiency for the service in which they were engaged. The three, under Napoleon, might have become Marshals—chosen as he chose men. Carson, of great courage; quick and complete perception, taking in at a glance the advantages, as well as the chances for defeat. Godey, insensible to danger, of perfect coolness and stubborn resolution. Owens, equal in courage to the others, and in coolness equal to Godey, had the *coup-d'œil* of a chess-player, covering with a glance that sees the best move. His dark hazel eye was the marked feature of his face—large and flat and far-sighted.

Godey was a Creole Frenchman of St. Louis, of medium height, with black eyes, and silky, curling black hair. In all situations he had that care of his person which good looks encourage. Once when we were in Washington, he was at a concert; immediately behind him sat the wife of the French Minister, Madame Pageot, who, with the lady by her, was admiring his hair; which was really beautiful. But, she said, "*c'est une perruque.*" They were speaking unguardedly in French. Godey had no idea of having his hair disparaged; and with the prompt coolness with which he would have repelled any other indignity, turned instantly to say, "*Pardon, Madame, c'est bien à moi.*" The ladies were silenced as suddenly as the touch of a tree-trunk silences a katydid.—*Memoirs*, Chap. XII.

JOHN CHARLES FRÉMONT.—7

A HERD OF BUFFALOES.

The air was keen at sunrise [June 30, 1842,] the thermometer standing at 44°. A few miles brought us into the midst of the buffalo, swarming in immense numbers over the plains where they had left scarcely a blade of grass standing. Mr. Preuss, who was sketching at a little distance in the rear, had at first noted them as large groves of timber. In the sight of such a mass of life the traveler feels a strange emotion of grandeur. We had heard from a distance a dull and confused murmuring, and when we came in view of their dark masses there was not one among us who did not feel his heart beat quicker. It was the early part of the day, when the herds are feeding; and everywhere they were in motion. Here and there an old bull was rolling in the grass, and clouds of dust rose in the air from various parts of the bands, each the scene of some obstinate fight. Indians and buffalo make the poetry and life of the prairie, and our camp was full of their exhilaration. In place of the quiet monotony of the march, relieved only by the cracking of the whip, and an "*Avance donc! enfant de garce!*" shouts and songs resounded from every part of the line, and our evening camp was always the commencement of a feast which terminated only with our departure on the following morning. At any time of the night might be seen pieces of the most delicate and choicest meat roasting *en appolas* on sticks around the fire, and the guard were never without company. With pleasant weather, and no enemy to fear, an abundance of the most excellent of meat, and no scarcity of bread or tobacco, they were enjoying the oasis of a voyageur's life. Three cows were killed to-day. Kit Carson had shot one, and was continuing the chase of another herd, when his horse fell headlong, but sprang up and joined the flying band. Though considerably hurt, he had the good fortune to break no bones; and Maxwell, who was mounted on a fleet hunter, captured the runaway after a

JOHN CHARLES FRÉMONT.—8

hard chase. Astronomical observations placed us in longitude $100^{\circ} 05' 47''$, latitude $40^{\circ} 49' 55''$.—*Memoirs*, Chap. IV.

A FIGHT WITH BUFFALOES.

Next morning [July 1] as we were riding quietly along the bank, a grand herd of buffaloes, some seven or eight hundred in number, came crowding up from the river where they had been to drink, and commenced crossing the plain slowly, eating as they went. The ground was apparently good, and the distance across the prairie (two or three miles) gave us a fine opportunity to charge them before they could get among the river hills. Halting for a few moments, the hunters were brought up and saddled, and Kit Carson, Maxwell, and I started together. The buffaloes were now somewhat less than half a mile distant, and we rode easily along until within about three hundred yards, when a sudden agitation, a wavering in the band, and a galloping to and fro of some that were scattered along the skirts gave us the intimation that we were discovered. We started together at a hand-gallop, riding steadily abreast of each other. We were now closing upon them rapidly, and the front of the mass was already in rapid motion for the hills, and in a few seconds the movement had communicated itself to the whole herd.

A crowd of bulls, as usual, brought up the rear, and every now and then some of them faced about, and then dashed on after the band a short distance, and turned and looked again, as if more than half inclined to fight. In a few moments, however, during which we had been quickening our pace, the rout was universal, and we were going over the ground like a hurricane. When at about thirty yards, we gave the usual shout (the hunter's *pas de charge*), and broke into the herd. We entered on the side, the mass giving way in every direction in their heedless course. Many of the bulls, less active and fleet than the cows, paying no attention to the ground, and occupied

solely with the hunter, were precipitated to the earth with great force, rolling over and over with the violence of the shock, and hardly distinguishable in the dust.

We separated on entering, each singling out his game. My horse was a trained hunter, famous in the West under the name of "Proveau;" and with his eyes flashing and the foam flying from his mouth, sprang on after the cow like a tiger. In a few moments he brought me alongside of her, and rising in the stirrups I fired at the distance of a yard, the ball entering at the termination of the long hair, and passing near the heart. She fell headlong at the report of the gun; and, checking my horse, I looked around for my companions. At a little distance Kit was on the ground, engaged in tying his horse to the horns of a cow he was preparing to cut up. Among the scattered bands, at some distance below, I caught a glimpse of Maxwell; and while I was looking, a light wreath of smoke curled away from his gun, from which I was too far to hear the report.

Nearer, and between me and the hills towards which they were directing their course, was the body of the herd; and giving my horse the rein, we dashed after them. A thick cloud of dust hung upon their rear, which filled my mouth and eyes, and nearly smothered me. In the midst of this I could see nothing, and the buffaloes were not distinguishable until within thirty feet. They crowded together more densely still as I came upon them, and rushed along in such a compact body that I could not obtain an entrance—the horse almost leaping upon them. In a few moments the mass divided to the right and left, the horns clattering with a noise heard above everything else, and my horse darted into the opening. Five or six bulls charged on us as we dashed along the line, but were left far behind; and singling out a cow, I gave her my fire, but struck too high. She gave a tremendous leap, and scoured on swifter than before. I

reined up my horse, and the band swept on like a torrent, and left the place quiet and clear.

Our chase had led us into dangerous ground. A prairie-dog village, so thickly settled that there were three or four holes in every twenty yards square, occupied the whole bottom for nearly two miles in length. Looking around, I saw only one of the hunters, nearly out of sight, and the long dark line of our caravan crawling along three or four miles distant. After a march of twenty-four miles we encamped at nightfall one mile and a half above the lower end of Brady's Island. The breadth of this arm of the river was 880 yards, and the water nowhere two feet in depth. The island bears the name of a man killed on this spot some years ago.—*Memoirs*, Chap. IV.

FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

On the morning of July 9 we caught the first faint glimpse of the Rocky Mountains, about sixty miles distant. Though a tolerably bright day, there was a slight mist, and we were just able to discern the snowy summit of "Long's Peak" (*Les Deux Oreilles* of the Canadians), showing itself like a cloud near the horizon. I found it easily distinguishable, there being a perceptible difference in its appearance from the white clouds that were floating about the sky. I was pleased to find that among the traders the name of "Long's Peak" had been adopted, and become familiar in the country.—*Memoirs*, Chap. IV.

ON THE SUMMIT OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

August 15.—We were of opinion that a long defile which lay to the left of yesterday's route would lead us to the foot of the main peak; and we determined to ride up the defile as far as possible, in order to husband our strength for the main ascent. Though this was a fine passage, still it was a defile of the most rugged mountains known. The sun rarely shone here; snow lay along the border of the main stream

which flowed through it, and occasional icy passages made the footing of the mules very insecure, and the rocks and ground were moist with the trickling waters in this spring of mighty rivers. We soon had the satisfaction to find ourselves riding along the huge wall which forms the central summits of the chain. There at last it rose by our sides, a nearly perpendicular mass of granite, terminating 2,000 to 3,000 feet above our heads in a serrated line of broken, jagged cones. We rode on until we came almost immediately below the main peak, which I denominated the Snow Peak, as it exhibited more snow to the eye than any of the neighboring summits. Here were three small lakes, perhaps of 1,000 feet diameter.

Having divested ourselves of every unnecessary encumbrance, we commenced the ascent. We did not press ourselves, but climbed leisurely, sitting down so soon as we found breath beginning to fail. At intervals we reached places where a number of springs gushed from the rocks, and about 1800 feet above the lakes came to the snow-line. From this point our progress was uninterrupted climbing. I availed myself of a sort of comb of the mountain, which stood against the wall like a buttress, and which the wind and the solar radiation, joined to the steepness of the smooth rock, had kept almost entirely free from snow. Up this I made my way rapidly.

In a few minutes we reached a point where the buttress was overhanging, and there was no other way of surmounting the difficulty than by passing around one side of it, which was the face of a vertical precipice of several hundred feet. Putting hands and feet in the crevices between the rocks, I succeeded in getting over it; and when I reached the top, found my companions in a small valley below. Descending to them, we continued climbing, and in a short time reached the crest. I sprang upon the summit, and another step would have precipitated me

into an immense snow-field five hundred feet below. To the edge of this field was a sheer icy precipice; and then, with a gradual fall, the field sloped off for about a mile, until it struck the foot of another lower ridge. I stood on a narrow crest, about three feet in width, with an inclination of about 20° N., 51° E.

As soon as I had gratified my first feelings of curiosity, I descended, and each man ascended in his turn; for I would allow only one at a time to mount the unstable and precarious slab, which it seemed a breath would hurl into the abyss below. We mounted the barometer in the snow of the summit, and fixing a ramrod in a crevice, unfurled the national flag to wave in the breeze, where never flag waved before.

During our morning's ascent we had met no sign of animal life except a small sparrow-like bird. A stillness the most profound, and a terrible solitude, forced themselves constantly on the mind as the great features of the place. Here on the summit where the silence was absolute, unbroken by any sound, and solitude complete, we thought ourselves beyond the region of animated life; but while we were sitting on the rock, a solitary bee (*Bromus*, "the humble-bee") came winging his flight from the eastern valley, and lit on the knee of one of the men. It was a strange place—the icy rock and the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains—for a lover of warm sunshine and flowers; and we pleased ourselves with the idea that he was the first of his species to cross the mountain barrier—a solitary pioneer to foretell the advance of civilization. I believe that a moment's thought would have made us let him continue his way unharmed. But we carried out the law of this country, where all animated nature seems at war; and seizing him immediately, put him in at least a fit place—in the leaves of a large book, among the flowers we had collected on our way. The barometer stood at 18.293, the attached thermometer at 44° ; giving for the elevation of this

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summit 13,570 feet above the Gulf of Mexico, which may be called the highest flight of the bee. It is certainly the highest known flight of that insect.—*Memoirs*, Chap. V.

The foregoing extracts relate to Frémont's first expedition, made in 1842. Those which ensue belong to the second expedition, 1843-44.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE VALLEY IN 1843.

August 21.—An hour's travel this morning brought us into the fertile and picturesque valley of Bear River, the principal tributary to the Great Salt Lake. The stream is here two hundred feet wide, fringed with willows and occasional groups of hawthorn. We were now entering a region which for us possessed a strange and extraordinary interest. We were upon the waters of the famous lake which forms a salient point among the remarkable geographical features of the country, and around which the vague and superstitious accounts of the trappers had thrown a delightful obscurity which we anticipated pleasure in dispelling; but which in the mean time left a crowded field for the exercise of the imagination. In our occasional conversations with the few old hunters who had visited the region, it had been a subject of frequent speculation; and the wonders which they related were not the less agreeable because they were highly exaggerated and impossible.

Hitherto this lake had been seen only by trappers who were wandering through the country in search of new beaver-streams, caring very little for geography. Its islands had never been visited, and none were found who had entirely made the circuit of its shores; and no instrumental observations or geographical survey of any description had ever been made anywhere in the neighboring region. It was generally supposed that it had no visible outlet; but among the trappers—including those in my own camp—were many who believed that somewhere

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on its surface was a terrible whirlpool through which its waters found their way to the ocean by some subterranean communication. All these things had made a frequent subject of discussion in our desultory conversations around the fires at night; and my own mind had become tolerably well filled with their indefinite pictures, and insensibly colored with their romantic descriptions, which, in the pleasure of excitement, I was well disposed to believe, and half expected to realize.

Where we descended into this beautiful valley it is three to four miles in breadth, perfectly level, and bounded by mountainous ridges, one above another, rising suddenly from the plain. We continued our road down the river, and at night encamped with a family of emigrants—two men, women, and several children, who appeared to be bringing up the rear of the great caravan. It was strange to see one small family traveling along through such a country, so remote from civilization. Some nine years since such a security might have been a fatal one; but since their disastrous defeats in the country a little north, the Blackfeet have ceased to visit these waters. Indians, however, are very uncertain in their localities; and the friendly feelings also of those now inhabiting it may be changed.

According to barometrical observation at noon, the elevation of the valley was 6,400 feet above the sea; and our encampment at night in latitude $42^{\circ} 03' 47''$, and longitude $111^{\circ} 10' 53''$ by observation. This encampment was therefore within the territorial limit of the United States; our traveling from the time we entered the valley of the Green River on the 15th of August having been south of 42° north latitude, and consequently on Mexican territory; and this is the route all the emigrants now travel to Oregon.

The next morning, in about three miles from our encampment, we reached Smith's Fork, a stream of clear water, about 50 feet in breadth,

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It is timbered with cotton-wood, willow, and aspen, and makes a beautiful debouchement through a pass about 600 yards wide, between remarkable mountain hills, rising abruptly on either side, and forming gigantic columns to the gate by which it enters Bear River Valley. The bottoms, which below Smith's Fork had been two miles wide, narrowed as we advanced to a gap 500 yards wide; and during the greater part of the day we had a winding route; the river making very sharp and sudden bends; the mountains steep and rocky; and the valley occasionally so narrow as only to leave space for a passage through.

Crossing, in the afternoon, the point of a natural spur, we descended into a beautiful bottom, formed by a lateral valley, which presented a picture of home beauty that went directly to our hearts. The edge of the wood for several miles along the river was dotted with the white covers of the emigrant-wagons, collected in groups at different camps, where the smoke was rising lazily from the fires, around which the women were occupied preparing the evening meal, and the children playing in the grass; and herds of cattle, grazing about in the bottom, had an air of quiet security and civilized comfort that made a rare sight for the traveler in such a remote wilderness. In common with all the emigration, they had been reposing for several days in this delightful valley in order to recruit their animals on its luxuriant pasturage after their long journey, and prepare them for the hard travel along the comparatively sterile banks of the Upper Columbia.—*Memoirs*, Chap. VI.

AN EXPLOIT OF CARSON AND GODEY

In the afternoon [of April 27, 1844,] a war-whoop was heard, such as Indians make when returning from a victorious enterprise; and soon Carson and Godey appeared, driving before them a band of horses, recognized by Fuentes to be part of those he had lost. Two bloody scalps

dangling from the end of Godey's gun announced that they had overtaken the Indians as well as the horses.

They informed us that after Fuentes left them, from the failure of his horse, they continued the pursuit alone, and towards nightfall entered the mountains into which the trail led. After sunset the moon gave light, and they followed the trail by moonshine until late in the night, when it entered a narrow defile, and was difficult to follow. Afraid of losing it in the darkness of the defile, they tied up their horses, struck no fire, and lay down to sleep in silence and in darkness. Here they lay from midnight until morning. At daylight they resumed the pursuit, and about sunrise discovered the horses; and immediately dismounting and tying up their own, they crept cautiously to a rising ground which intervened, from the crest of which they perceived the encampment of four lodges close by. They proceeded quietly, and had got within thirty or forty yards of their object, when a movement among the horses discovered them to the Indians. Giving the war-shout, they instantly charged into the camp, regardless of the numbers which the four lodges would imply.

The Indians received them with a flight of arrows shot from their long-bows, one of which passed through Godey's shirt-collar, barely missing the neck. Our men fired their rifles upon a steady aim, and rushed in. Two Indians were stretched upon the ground, fatally pierced with bullets; the rest fled, except a little lad that was captured. The scalps of the fallen were instantly stripped off; but in the process one of them, who had two balls through his body, sprang to his feet, the blood streaming from his head, and uttering a hideous howl. An old squaw, possibly his mother, stopped and looked back from the mountain-side she was climbing, threatening and lamenting. The frightful spectacle appalled the stout hearts of our men; but

they did what humanity required, and quickly terminated the agonies of the gory savage.

They were now masters of the camp, which was a pretty little recess in the mountain, with a fine spring, and apparently safe from invasion. Great preparations had been made to feast a large party, for it was a very proper place to rendezvous, and for the celebration of such orgies as robbers of the desert would delight in. Several of the best horses had been killed, skinned, and cut up; for the Indians, living in the mountains, and only coming into the plains to rob, and murder, make no other uses of horses than to eat them. Large earthen vessels were on the fire, boiling and stewing the horse-beef; and several baskets, containing fifty or sixty pairs of moccasins, indicated the presence, or expectation, of a considerable party. They released the boy, who had given strong evidence of the stoicism, or something else, of the savage character, in commencing his breakfast upon a horse's head, as soon as he found that he was not to be killed, but only tied as a prisoner. Their object accomplished, our men gathered up all the surviving horses, 15 in number, returned upon their trail, and rejoined us at our camp in the afternoon of the same day. They had rode about 100 miles, in the pursuit and return, and all in 30 hours.

The time, place, object, and numbers considered, this expedition of Carson and Godey may be considered among the boldest and most disinterested which the annals of Western adventure, so full of daring deeds, can present. Two men, in a savage desert, pursue day and night an unknown body of Indians into a defile of an unknown mountain; attack them on sight, without counting numbers, and defeat them in an instant—and for what? To punish the robbers of the desert, and to avenge the wrongs of Mexicans whom they did not know. I repeat: It was Carson and Godey who did this: the former an American, born in Boonslick County,

Missouri, the latter a Frenchman, born in St. Louis, and both trained to Western enterprise from early life.—*Memoirs*, Chap. X.

This second exploring expedition started from “the little town of Kansas, near the junction of the Kansas river with the Missouri,” in May, 1843. In September, 1844, Frémont returned to Washington, and set himself to the work of preparing his official Report of that expedition, most of which is embodied in the *Memoirs*.

PREPARING THE REPORT OF THE SECOND EXPEDITION.

The interesting character of the regions visited by this expedition—California chiefly—drew much attention, and brought me many letters and personal inquiries. It became impossible to reconcile attention to visitors with work in hand; and in order therefore to avoid this serious embarrassment, I took for my workshop a small wooden two-story house, not far from the residence of Mr. Benton. This was well apart from other buildings, and had about it large enclosed grounds. I had here with me as assistant, Mr. Joseph C. Hubbard, who, although no older than myself, was already a practical astronomer and a rapid and skilful computer, and with his aid the various calculations went fast. This was the occupation of the daylight. To keep ourselves in practice—both being fond of astronomical observations—we mounted a transit instrument, and the house being isolated, we were able to vary our work and have still an interesting point to it.

Wishing to prove the accuracy of a sextant by trying it against other observations, we went for several nights together, quite late, when the streets were quiet, and few passers to disturb the mercury, to a church near by, where there was a large stone carriage-step near the curb on which to set the horizon. Waiting for the stars which

I wanted to come into position, I rested more agreeably on the ground, half lying against the stone. A few days afterward a deacon of this church, who lived opposite, called upon Mr. Benton, regretting that he had disagreeable information to give, which still he thought it his duty to impart to him. He said that for several nights he had seen his son-in-law, in a state of gross intoxication, lying on the pavement in front of the church, and apparently unwilling to allow a more sober companion who was with him, to take him to the house. Mr. Benton did not receive this charitable information in the grateful spirit which the informer had expected.

After the computation, came the writing of the Report. This had its great interest, but was still a task which required concentrated, systematic labor. Mrs. Frémont now worked with me daily at the little wooden house; but for her the work had its peculiar interest. Talking incidents over made her familiar with the minuter details of the journey, outside of those which we recorded, and gave her a realizing sense of the uncertainties and precarious chances that attend such travel, and which day and night lie in wait; and it gave her for every day an object of interest unusual in the life of a woman. There was but brief time in which to do this writing. In the evenings the note-books were consulted, and the work thought out and prepared for the morning. Jacob kept up the camp habit, and very early brought me coffee; and punctually at nine o'clock Mrs. Frémont joined me at the workshop. From that hour until one, the writing went on, with seldom anything to break the thread—the dictation sometimes continuing for hours, interrupted only when an occasional point of exceptional interest brought out inquiry or discussion. After the four-hours' stretch there was tea, with a slight luncheon, and then a walk to the river; and after, work again until dusk.

The completed Report of the journey was

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given in on March 1st, 1845, and 10,000 extra copies of the First and Second Reports were ordered by Congress. An important event consequent upon the publication of these Reports was the settlement by the Mormons of the valley of the Great Salt Lake.—*Memoirs*, Chap. XII.

Mr. Frémont goes on to give a detailed narrative of his third expedition, 1845-46, which involved more adventure than either of the previous ones, and resulted in the taking possession of California by the United States. The concluding act of this series of transactions is thus described :

THE TREATY OF COUENGA.

We entered the Pass of San Bernardo on the morning of the 12th of January, 1847, expecting to find the enemy there in force; but the Californians had fallen back before our advance, and the Pass was undisputed. In the afternoon we encamped at the Mission of San Fernando, the residence of Don Andres Pico, who was at present in chief command of the Californian troops. Their encampment was within two miles of the Mission, and in the evening Don Jesus Pico, a cousin of Don Andres, with a message from me, made a visit to Don Andres. The next morning, accompanied only by Don Jesus, I rode over to the camp of the Californians; and, in a conference with Don Andres, the important features of a treaty of capitulation were agreed upon. A truce was ordered; commissioners on each side appointed, and the same day a capitulation agreed upon. This was approved by myself, as Military Commandant representing the United States, and Don Andres Pico, Commander-in-Chief of the Californians. With this treaty of Couenga hostilities ended, and California left peaceably in our possession; to be finally secured to us by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, in 1848.—*Memoirs*, Chap. XV.

Mr. Frémont thus closes the First Vol-

ume of his *Memoirs*—which brings the narrative down to within a week of his thirty-fifth birthday :

RETROSPECTIVE AND PROSPECTIVE.

With this event [the treaty of Conenga] I close the volume which contains that part of my life which was of my own choosing ; which was occupied in one kind of work, and had but one chief aim. I lived its earlier part with the true Greek joy in existence—in the gladness of living. An unreflecting life, among chosen companions ; all with the same object—to enjoy the day as it came, without thought for the morrow that brought with it no reminders, but was all fresh with its own promise of enjoyment. Quickly, as the years rolled on, and life grew serious, the light pleasures took wing ; and the idling days became full of purpose ; and, as always, obstacles rose up in the way of the fixed objects at which I had come to aim. But it had happened to me that the obstacles which I had to encounter were natural ones, and I could calculate unerringly upon the amount of resistance and injury I should have to meet in surmounting them. Their very opposition roused strength to overcome them

So that all this part of my narrative has been the story of an unrestrained life in the open air, and the faces which I had to look upon were those of Nature's own—unchanging and true. Now this was to end. I was to begin anew, and what I have to say would be from a different frame of mind. I close the page because my path of life led me out from among the grand and lovely features of Nature, and its pure and wholesome air, into the poisoned atmosphere and jarring circumstances of conflict among men made subtle and malignant by clashing interests.—*Memoirs*, Chap. XV.

FRENEAU, PHILIP, an American sea-captain, journalist, and poet, born in New York, in 1752; died near Freehold, N. J., in 1832. He studied at the College at Princeton, N. J., where James Madison was his room-mate, and where he wrote his *Poetical History of the Prophet Jonah*. During the war of the Revolution he wrote numerous burlesques in prose and verse, which were very popular at the time. These were published in book-form several times during the author's lifetime, and were in 1865 brought together and edited, with a Memoir and Notes, by Evert A. Duyckinck. Freneau had intended to study law, but instead of this he "followed the sea." In 1780, while on a voyage to the West Indies, he was captured by a British vessel, and confined in the prison-ship at New York, an event which he commemorated in his poem *The British Prison Ship*. In 1789 Mr. Jefferson became Secretary of State, and to Freneau was given the place of French translator in his department, and at the same time he was editor of the *National Gazette*, a newspaper hostile to the administration of Washington. This journal was discontinued in 1793, and two years after he started a newspaper in New Jersey, and still later, in New York, *The Time Piece*, a tri-weekly, in which appeared his cleverest prose essays. His newspaper undertakings were unsuccessful, and he again entered upon sea-faring occupations. During the second war with Great Britain he wrote several spirited poems, glorifying the successes of the American arms. His mercantile undertakings were not prosperous, and he at length retired to a little farm which he had in New Jersey.

At the age of eighty he lost his way at night in a violent snow-storm, and was found next morning dead in a swamp near his residence.

Freneau may fairly be styled the earliest American poet; and apart from this, not a few of his poems deserve a permanent place in our literature. Some of his prose essays are clever and witty. Of these we present portions of two:

ADVICE TO AUTHORS.

If you are so poor that you are compelled to live in some miserable garret or cottage, do not repine, but give thanks to Heaven that you are not forced to pass your life in a tub, as was the fate of Diogenes of old. Few authors in any country are rich, because a man must first be reduced to a state of penury before he will commence author. Being poor therefore in externals, take care, gentlemen, that you say or do nothing that may argue a poverty of spirit. Riches, we have often heard, are by no means the standard of the value of a man. This maxim the world allows to be true, and yet contradicts it every hour and minute of the year. Fortune most commonly bestows wealth and abundance upon fools and idiots; and men of the dullest natural parts are, notwithstanding, generally best calculated to acquire large estates, and hoard up immense sums from small beginnings.

Never borrow money of any man, for if you should once be mean enough to fall into such a habit you will find yourselves unwelcome guests everywhere. If upon actual trial you are at length convinced you possess no abilities that will command the esteem, veneration, or gratitude of mankind, apply yourselves without loss of time to some of the lower arts, since it is far more honorable to be a good bricklayer or a skilful weaver than an indifferent poet. If you cannot at all exist without now and then gratifying your itch for scribbling, follow my example,

who can both weave stockings and write poems. But if you really possess that sprightliness of fancy and elevation of soul which alone constitute an author, do not on that account be troublesome to your friends. A little reflection will point out other means to extract money from the hands and pockets of your fellow-citizens than by poorly borrowing what perhaps you will never be able to repay.

If you are in low circumstances, do not forget that there is such a thing in the world as a decent pride. They are only cowards and miscreants that poverty can render servile in their behavior. Your haughtiness should always rise in proportion to the wretchedness and desperation of your circumstances. If you have only a single guinea in the world, be complaisant and obliging to every one. If you are absolutely destitute of a shilling, immediately assume the air of a despot; pull off your hat to no one; let your discourse in every company turn upon the vanity of riches, the insignificancy of the great men of the earth, the revolution of empires, and the final consummation of all things. By such means you will at least conceal a secret of some importance to yourself—that you have not a shilling in the world to pay for your last night's lodgings.

If fortune seems absolutely determined to starve you, and you can by no means whatever make your works sell, to keep up as much as in you lies the dignity of authorship, do not take to drinking, gambling, or bridge-building, as some have done, thereby bringing the trade of authorship into disrepute; but retire to some uninhabited island or desert, and there, at your leisure, end your life with decency.

DIRECTIONS FOR COURTSHIP.

When you discover a serious liking to a young woman, never discover your passion to her by way of letter. It will either give the lady an idea that you are a bashful booby, or that you

have not any address in conversation : both which defects are sufficient to ruin you in the estimation of only tolerable good sense.

During the time of courtship be careful never to discourse with the lady upon serious subjects, or matters that are not immediately pertinent to the purpose you are upon. If she asks you what news, you must not tell her a long story out of the Dutch or English gazettes about the decline of trade, the fall of stocks, or the death of Mynheer Van der Possum. She looks for no such answers. You must relate a melancholy tale of two or three young gentlemen of fortune and handsome expectations, that have lately drowned themselves in the Schuylkill, or thrown themselves headlong from their third-story windows, and been dashed to pieces on the pavement, for the sake of a certain inexorable fair one, whose name you cannot recollect ; but the beauty and shafts of whose eyes these poor young gentlemen could not possibly withstand. Such intelligence as this will instantly put her into good humor.

Have a care that you do not pester her with descriptions of the Alps, the Apennines, and the river Po. A lady is not supposed to know anything of such matters ; besides, you must be a very cold lover if those far-fetched things can command your attention a moment in the company of a fine woman. Whatever she thinks proper to assert, it is your business to defend, and prove to be true. If she says black is white, it is not for men in your probationary situation to contradict her. On the contrary, you must swear and protest that she is right ; and in demonstrating it, be very cautious of using pedantic arguments, making nice logical distinctions, or affecting hard and unintelligible terms.

THE EARLY NEW ENGLANDERS.

These exiles were formed in a whimsical mould,
And were awed by their priests, like the Hebrews of old,

Disclaimed all pretenses to jesting and laughter,
And sighed their lives through to be happy here-
after.

On a crown immaterial their hearts were intent,
They looked toward Zion, wherever they went,
Did all things in hopes of a future reward,
And worried mankind—for the sake of the
Lord.....

A stove in their churches, or pews lined with
green,
Were horrid to think of, much less to be seen;
Their bodies were warmed with the linings of
love,
And the fire was sufficient that flashed from
above.....

On Sundays their faces were dark as a cloud;
The road to the meeting was only allowed;
And those they caught rambling, on business or
pleasure,

Were sent to the stocks, to repent at their leisure.
This day was the mournfulest day of the week;
Except on religion none ventured to speak;
This day was the day to examine their lives,
To clear off old scores, and to preach to their
wives.....

This beautiful system of Nature below
They neither considered, nor wanted to know,
And called it a dog-house wherein they were pent,
Unworthy themselves, and their mighty descent.
They never perceived that in Nature's wide plan
There must be that whimsical creature called
Man—

Far short of the rank he affects to attain,
Yet a link, in its place, in creation's vast
chain.....

Thus feuds and vexations distracted their reign—
And perhaps a few vestiges still may remain;—
But time has presented an offspring as bold,
Less free to believe, and more wise than the
old.....

Proud, rough, independent, undaunted and free,
And patient of hardships, their task is the sea;
Their country too barren their wish to attain,

PHILIP FRENEAU.—6

They make up the loss by exploring the main.
Wherever bright Phœbus awakens the gales,
I see the bold Yankees expanding their sails,
Throughout the wide ocean pursuing their
schemes,
And chasing the whales on its uttermost streams.
No climate for them is too cold or too warm ;
They reef the broad canvas, and fight with the
storm ;
In war with the foremost their standards display,
Or glut the loud cannon with death, for the fray.
No valor in fable their valor exceeds ;
Their spirits are fitted for desperate deeds ;
No rivals have they in our annals of fame,
Or, if they are rivaled, 'tis York has the claim.

THE DUTCH AND THE ENGLISH IN NEW YORK.

The first that attempted to enter this Strait
(In *anno* one thousand six hundred and eight)
Was Hudson (the same that we mentioned be-
fore),
Who was lost in the gulf that he went to explore.
For a sum that they paid him (we know not how
much)
This captain transferred all his rights to the
Dutch ;
For the time has been here (to the world be it
known),
When all a man sailed by, or saw, was his own.
The Dutch on their purchase sat quietly down,
And fixed on an island to lay out a town ;
They modelled their streets from the horns of a
ram ;
And the name that best pleased them was New
Amsterdam.
They purchased large tracts from the Indians for
beads,
And sadly tormented some runaway Swedes,
Who (none knows for what) from their country
had flown,
To live here in peace, undisturbed and alone.
New Belgia the Dutch called their province, be
sure ;

PHILIP FRENEAU.—7

But names never yet made possession secure,
For Charley (the Second that honored the name)
Sent over a squadron asserting his claim.
Had his sword and his title been equally slender,
In vain had they summoned Mynheer to sur-
render.

The soil they demanded, and threatened the worst,
Insisting that Cabot had looked at it first.

The want of a squadron to fall on their rear
Made the argument perfectly plain to Mynheer.
Force ended the contest; the right was a sham,
And the Dutch were sent packing to hot Surinam.
'Twas hard to be thus of their labors deprived,
But the Age of Republics had not yet arrived.

Fate saw (though no wizard could tell them as
much)
That the Crown, in due time, was to fare like the
Dutch.

THE BATTLE OF STONINGTON, CONN., AUGUST,
1814.

Four gallant ships from England came
Freighted deep with fire and flame,
And other things we need not name,
To have a dash at Stonington.

Now safely moored, their work begun;
They thought to make the Yankees run,
And have a mighty deal of fun
In stealing sheep at Stonington.

A deacon then popped up his head,
And Parson Jones his sermon read,
In which the reverend Doctor said
That they must fight for Stonington.

A townsman bade them, next, attend
To sundry resolutions penned,
By which they promised to defend
With sword and gun old Stonington.

The ships advancing different ways,
The Britons soon began to blaze,
And put old women in amaze,
Who feared the loss of Stonington.

PHILIP FRENEAU.—8

The Yankees to their fort repaired,
And made as though they little cared
For all that came—though very hard
The cannon played on Stonington.

The "Ramilies" began the attack,
"Despatch" came forward, bold and black,
And none can tell what kept them back
From setting fire to Stonington.

The bombardiers, with bomb and ball,
Soon made a farmer's barrack fall,
And did a cow-house sadly maul,
That stood a mile from Stonington.

They killed a goose, they killed a hen,
Three hogs they wounded in a pen;
They dashed away, and pray what then?—
This was not taking Stonington.

The shells were thrown, the rockets flew,
But not a shell of all they threw—
Though every house was full in view—
Could burn a house at Stonington.

To have their turn they thought but fair;
The Yankees brought two guns to bear;
And, Sir, it would have made you stare
This smoke of smokes at Stonington.

They bored the "Pactolus" through and through,
And killed and wounded of her crew
So many, that she bade adieu
To the gallant boys of Stonington.

The brig "Despatch" was hulled and torn—
So crippled, riddled, so forlorn,
No more she cast an eye of scorn
On the little fort at Stonington.

The "Ramilies" gave up the affray,
And with her comrades sneaked away :
Such was the valor, on that day,
Of British tars near Stonington.

But some assert, on certain grounds—
Besides the damage and the wounds—
It cost the king ten thousand pounds
To have a dash at Stonington.

PHILIP FRENEAU.—9

THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE.

Fair flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent dull retreat,
Untouched thy honeyed blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet.
No roving foot shall find thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade
And sent soft water murmuring by.
Thus quietly thy Summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with these charms that must decay,
I grieve to see thy future doom;
They died—nor were those flowers less gay
(The flowers that did in Eden bloom).
Unpitying Frost, and Autumn's power,
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From Morning suns and Evening dews
At first thy little being came:
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same;
The space between is but an hour,
The mere idea of a flower.

MAY TO APRIL.

Without your showers
I breed no flowers;
Each field a barren waste appears;
If you don't weep
My blossoms sleep,
They take such pleasure in your tears.

As your decay
Made room for May,
So must I part with all that's mine;
My balmy breeze,
My blooming trees,
To torrid suns their sweets resign.

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.—1

FRERE, JOHN HOOKHAM, an English diplomatist, scholar, and poet, born at London in 1769; died at Malta in 1846. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge. At Eton he was one of the brilliant lads who carried on that clever journal called *The Microcosm*, and afterwards he was associated with Canning and others in the conduct of *Anti-Jacobin*. Several of the cleverest pieces in this journal were the joint production of Frere and Canning. Frere entered public service in the Foreign Office during the administration of Lord Grenville, and from 1796 to 1802 sat in Parliament for the "pocket borough" of Love. In 1799 he succeeded Canning as Under Secretary of State; in 1800 he was sent as Envoy Extraordinary to Portugal, and in 1802 he was transferred to Spain, whither he was again sent in 1808. But he incurred no little censure at home on account of his having urged Sir John Moore to undertake his disastrous retreat to Corunna; and he was in 1809 recalled, being succeeded by the Marquis of Wellesley. With this recall the official career of Frere came to an early close, although the embassy to Russia was proffered to him, and he twice refused the offer of a peerage. In 1820 he took up his residence at Malta, on account of the feeble health of his wife; and that island was thenceforth his home, although he made several extended visits to London. During his abode at Malta he devoted his leisure to literary pursuits: studied some of his favorite Greek authors, and made admirable translations of several of the comedies of Aristophanes, and from Theognis. In 1871 his entire works were edited by his nephews W. E. and Sir Bartle Frere, with a *Memoir* by the

latter (born in 1815), who has also done good service as a diplomatist.

Among the minor productions of Frere is a translation from one of the Spanish Romances of the Cid, which was greatly admired by Sir Walter Scott.

AN EXPLOIT OF THE CID.

The gates were then thrown open, and forth at
 once they rushed,
 The outposts of the Moorish hosts back to the
 camp were pushed ;
 The camp was all in tumult, and there was such
 a thunder
 Of cymbals and of drums, as if the earth would
 cleave in sunder.
 There you might see the Moors arming them-
 selves in haste,
 And the two main battles, how they were form-
 ing fast ;
 Horsemen and footmen mixt, a countless troop
 and vast.
 The Moors are moving forward, the battle soon
 must join !
 “ My men, stand here in order, ranged upon a
 line !
 Let not a man move from his rank before I give
 the sign ! ”
 Pero Bermuez heard the word, but he could not
 refrain ;
 He held the banner in his hand, he gave the
 horse the rein ;
 “ You see yon foremost squadron there, the thickest
 of the foes ;
 Noble Cid, God be your aid, for there your ban-
 ner goes !
 Let him that serves and honors it, show the duty
 that he owes ! ”
 Earnestly the Cid called out, “ For Heaven’s
 sake, be still ! ”
 Bermuez cried, “ I cannot hold ! ” so eager was
 his will.
 He spurred his horse, and drove him on amid
 the Moorish rout ;

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.—3

They strove to win the banner, and compassed
him about.
Had not his armor been so true, he had lost
either life or limb ;
The Cid called out again, " For Heaven's sake
succor him ! "
Their shields before their breasts, forth at once
they go,
Their lances in the rest, leveled fair and low,
Their banners and their crests waving in a row,
Their heads all stooping down towards the saddle-
bow.
The Cid was in the midst, his shout was heard
afar :
" I am Rui Diaz, the champion of Bivar !
Strike among them, gentlemen, for sweet mercy's
sake ! "
There where Bermuez fought amidst the foe
they brake ;
Three hundred bannered knights—it was a gal-
lant show ;
Three hundred Moors they killed—a man at
every blow ;
When they wheeled and turned, as many more
lay slain ;
You might see them raise their lances, and level
them again,
There you might see the breastplates, how they
were cleft in twain,
And many a Moorish shield lie scattered on the
plain,
The pennons that were white marked with a
crimson stain ;
The horses running wild whose riders had been
slain.

In 1817 appeared anonymously the most notable of Frere's original poems. It was a small volume of mock-heroic verse entitled, " Prospectus and Specimen of an intended National Work by William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stowmarket, in Suffolk, Harness and Collar Makers, intended to

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.—4

comprise the most interesting particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table." The poem is in four Cantos, with an explanatory Prologue :

KING ARTHUR AND HIS ROUND TABLE.

I.

I've often wished that I could write a book,
Such as all English people might peruse ;
I never should regret the pains it took,
That's just the sort of fame that I should
choose.

To sail about the world like Captain Cook,
I'd sling a cot up for my favorite Muse,
And we'd take verses out to Demarara,
To New South Wales, and up to Niagara.

VII.

I think that Poets (whether Whig or Tory),
(Whether they go to meeting or to church),
Should study to promote their country's glory
With patriotic, diligent research ;
That children yet unborn may learn the story,
With grammars, dictionaries, canes, and birch :
It stands to reason.—This was Homer's plan,
And we must do—like him—the best we can.

IX.

King Arthur, and the Knights of his Round
Table,
Were reckoned the best King and bravest
Lords,
Of all that flourished since the Tower of Babel,
At least of all that history records ;
Therefore I shall endeavor, if I'm able,
To paint their famous actions by my words :
Heroes exert themselves in hopes of Fame,
And having such a strong decisive claim,

X.

It grieves me much, that names that were re-
spected
In former ages, persons of such mark,
And countrymen of ours, should be neglected,
Just like old portraits lumbering in the dark.

JOHN HOOKHAM FRÈRE.—5

An error such as this should be corrected

And if my muse can strike a single spark,
Why then (as poets say) I'll string my lyre;
And then I'll light a great poetic fire.

The Prologue.

KING ARTHUR'S FEAST AT CARLISLE.

I.

Beginning (as my Bookseller desires)

Like an old minstrel with his gown and beard,
"Fair Ladies, gallant Knights, and gentle Squires,
Now the last service from the board is cleared,
And if this noble Company requires,"

And if amidst your mirth I may be heard,
Of sundry strange adventures I could tell
That oft were told before, but never told so well.

II.

The great King Arthur made a sumptuous Feast,
And held his Royal Christmas at Carlisle,
And thither came the Vassals, most at least,
From every corner of the British Isle;
And all were entertained, both man and beast,
According to their rank, in proper style;
The steeds were fed and littered in the stable,
The ladies and the knights sat down to table.

III.

The bill of fare (as you may well suppose)

Was suited to those plentiful old times,
Before our modern luxuries arose,
With truffles and ragouts, and various crimes;
And therefore, from the original in prose
I shall arrange the catalogue in rhymes:
They served up salmon, venison, and wild boars,
By hundreds, and by dozens, and by scores.

IV.

Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
Muttons and fatted beeves, and bacon swine;
Hérons and bitterns, peacock, swan, and bustard,
Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and, in fine,
Plum-puddings, pancakes, apple-pies and custard:
And therewithal they drank good Gascon wine,
With mead, and ale, and cider of our own,
For porter, punch, and negus were not known.

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.—6

VII.

All sorts of people there were seen together,
All sorts of characters, all sorts of dresses ;
The fool with fox's tail and peacock's feather,
Pilgrims, and penitents, and grave burgesses ;
The country people with their coats of leather,
Vintners and victuallers with cans and messes,
Grooms, archers, varlets, falconers, and yeomen,
Damsels and waiting-maids, and waiting women.

X.

And certainly they say, for fine behaving
King Arthur's Court has never had its match ;
True point of honor, without pride or braving,
Strict etiquette forever on the watch :
Their manners were refined and perfect—saving
Some modern graces which they could not
catch,
As spitting through the teeth, and driving stages,
Accomplishments reserved for distant ages.

XII.

The ladies looked of an heroic race—
At first a general likeness struck your eye,
Tall figures, open features, oval face,
Large eyes, with ample eyebrows arched and
high ;
Their manners had an odd, peculiar grace,
Neither repulsive, affable nor shy,
Majestical, reserved and somewhat sullen ;
Their dresses partly silk, and partly woolen.

Canto I.

SIR LAUNCELOT, SIR TRISTRAM, AND SIR GAWAIN.

XIII.

In form and figure far above the rest,
Sir Launcelot was chief of all the train,
In Arthur's Court an ever welcome guest ;
Britain will never see his like again.
Of all the Knights she ever had the best,
Except, perhaps, Lord Wellington in Spain :
I never saw his picture nor his print,
From Morgan's Chronicle I take my hint.

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.—7

xv.

Yet oftentimes his courteous cheer forsook
His countenance, and then returned again,
As if some secret recollection shook
His inward heart with unacknowledged pain ;
And something haggard in his eyes and look
(More than his years or hardships could explain)
Made him appear, in person and in mind,
Less perfect than what nature had designed.

xvi.

Of noble presence, but of different mien,
Alert and lively, voluble and gay,
Sir Tristram at Carlisle was rarely seen,
But ever was regretted while away ;
With easy mirth, an enemy to spleen,
His ready converse charmed the wintry day ;
No tales he told of sieges or of fights,
Of foreign marvels, like the foolish Knights.

xvii.

Songs, music, languages, and many a lay
Asturian or Armoriac, Irish, Basque,
His ready memory seized and bore away ;
And ever when the ladies chose to ask,
Sir Tristram was prepared to sing and play,
Not like a minstrel earnest at his task,
But with a sportive, careless, easy style,
As if he seemed to mock himself the while.

xxiii.

Sir Gawain may be painted in a word—
He was a perfect loyal Cavalier.
His courteous manners stand upon record,
A stranger to the very thought of fear.
The proverb says, “As brave as his own sword ;”
And like his weapon was that worthy Peer,
Of admirable temper, clear and bright,
Polished yet keen, though pliant yet upright.

xxiv.

On every point, in earnest or in jest,
His judgment, and his prudence, and his wit,
Were deemed the very touchstone and the test
Of what was proper, graceful, just, and fit ;

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.—8

A word from him set everything at rest,
His short decision never failed to hit ;
His silence, his reserve, his inattention,
Were felt as the severest rephension.

XXVIII.

In battle he was fearless to a fault ,
The foremost in the thickest of the field ;
His eager valor knew no pause nor halt,
And the red rampant Lion in his shield
Scaled towns and towers, the foremost in assault,
With ready succor where the battle reeled :
At random like a thunderbolt he ran,
And bore down shields and pikes, and horse and
man.

Canto' I.

THE MARAUDING GIANTS.

IV.

Before the Feast was ended, a report
Filled every soul with horror and dismay ;
Some Ladies on their journey to the Court,
Had been surprised, and were conveyed away
By the Aboriginal Giants to their fort—
An unknown fort—for Government, they say,
Had ascertained its actual existence,
But knew not its direction nor its distance.

V.

A waiting-damsel, crooked and mis-shaped,
Herself a witness of a woful scene,
From which, by miracle, she had escaped,
Appeared before the Ladies and the Queen.
Her figure was funereal, veiled and craped,
Her voice convulsed with sobs and sighs be-
tween,
That with the sad recital, and the sight,
Revenge and rage inflamed each worthy Knight.

VI.

Sir Gawain rose without delay or dallying ;
“ Excuse us, Madame, we've no time to waste :”
And at the palace-gate you saw him sallying,
With other Knights equipped and armed in
haste ;

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.—9

And there was Tristram making jests, and rallying
ing

The poor mis-shapen damsel, whom he placed
Behind him on a pillion, pad, or pannel ;
He took, besides, his falcon and his spaniel.

VII.

But what with horror, and fatigue and fright,
Poor soul, she could not recollect the way.
They reached the mountains on the second night,
And wandered up and down till break of day,
When they discovered by the dawning light,
A lonely glen, where heaps of embers lay.
They found unleavened fragments scorched and
toasted,
And the remains of mules and horses roasted.

VIII.

Sir Tristram understood the Giants' courses ;
He felt the embers but the heat was out ;
He stood contemplating the roasted horses ;
And all at once, without suspense or doubt,
His own decided judgment thus enforces :
" The Giants must be somewhere hereabout."
Demonstrating the carcasses, he shows
That they remained untouched by kites or crows

IX.

" You see no traces of their sleeping here,
No heap of leaves or heath, no Giant's nest ;
Their usual habitation must be near :
They feed at sunset, and retire to rest ;
A moment's search will set the matter clear."—
The fact turned out precisely as he guessed ;
And shortly after, scrambling through a gully,
He verified his own conjecture fully.

X.

He found a valley, closed on every side,
Resembling that which Rasselas describes ;
Six miles in length, and half as many wide,
Where the descendants of the Giant tribes
Lived in their ancient fortress undescried.
(Invaders tread upon each other's kibes)
First came the Briton, afterward the Roman ;
Our patrimonial lands belong to no man,

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.—10

XII.

Huge mountains of immeasurable height,
Encompassed all the level valley round,
With mighty slabs of rock that sloped upright,
An insurmountable, enormous mound ;
The very river vanished out of sight,
Absorbed in secret channels underground.
That vale was so sequestered and secluded,
All search for ages past it had eluded.

XIII.

High overhead was many a cave and den,
That, with its strange construction seemed to
mock
All thought of how they were contrived, or when
Hewn inward in the huge suspended rock
The tombs and monuments of mighty men :
Such were the patriarchs of this ancient stock.
Alas ! what pity that the present race
Should be so barbarous, and depraved, and base.

XIV.

For they subsisted (as I said) by pillage,
And the wild beasts which they pursued and
chased ;
Nor house, nor herdsman's hut, nor farm, nor vil-
lage,
Within the lonely valley could be traced,
Nor roads, nor bounded fields, nor rural tillage ;
But all was lonely, desolate, and waste.
The Castle which commanded the domain
Was suited to so rude and wild a reign.

XVII.

Sir Gawain tried a parley, but in vain :
A true-born Giant never trusts a Knight.—
He sent a herald, who returned again
All torn to rags and perishing with fright.
A trumpeter was sent, but he was slain :—
To trumpeters they bear a mortal spite.
When all conciliatory measures failed,
The castle and the fortress were assailed.

XVIII.

But when the Giants saw them fairly under,
They shoveled down a cataract of stones,

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.—11

A hideous volley like a peal of thunder,
 Bouncing and bounding down, and breaking
 bones,
Rending the earth, and riving rocks asunder.
 Sir Gawain inwardly laments and groans,
Retiring last, and standing most exposed;—
Success seemed hopeless, and the combat closed.

XIX.

A council then was called, and all agreed
 To call in succor from the country round;
By regular approaches to proceed,
 Intrenching, fortifying, breaking ground.
That morning Tristram happened to secede:
 It seems his falcon was not to be found.
He went in search of her; but some suspected
He went lest his advice should be neglected.

XX.

At Gawain's summons all the country came;
 At Gawain's summons all the people aided;
They called upon each other in his name,
 And bid their neighbors work as hard as they
 did.
So well beloved was he, for very shame
 They dug, they delved, they palisaded,
Till all the fort was thoroughly blockaded
And every ford where Giants might have waded.

XXIV.

Good humor was Sir Tristram's leading quality,
 And in the present case he proved it such;
If he forebore, it was that in reality
 His conscience smote him with a secret touch,
For having shocked his worthy friend's formal-
 ity—
 He thought Sir Gawain had not said too much;
He walks apart with him; and he discourses
About their preparation and their forces:

XXV.

Approving everything that had been done;—
 " It serves to put the Giants off their guard;
Less hazard and less danger will be run;
 I doubt not we shall find them unprepared.

JOHN HOOKHAM FRÈRE.—12

The castle will more easily be won,
And many valuable lives be spared ;
The Ladies else, while we blockade and threaten,
Will most infallibly be killed and eaten."

XXVI.

Sir Tristram talked incomparably well ;
His reasons were irrefragably strong.
As Tristram spoke Sir Gawain's spirits fell,
For he discovered clearly before long
(What Tristram never would presume to tell),
That his whole system was entirely wrong.
In fact, his confidence had much diminished
Since all the preparations had been finished.

XXVII.

"Indeed," Sir Tristram said, "for aught we
know—
For aught that we can tell—this very night
The valley's entrance may be closed with snow,
And we may starve and perish here outright.
'Tis better risking a decisive blow.—
I own this weather puts me in a fright."
In fine, this tedious conference to shorten,
Sir Gawain trusted to Sir Tristram's fortune.

XLIX.

Behold Sir Gawain with his valiant band :
He enters on the work with warmth and haste,
And slays a brace of Giants out of hand,
Sliced downwards from the shoulder to the
waist.
But our ichnography must now be planned,
The Keep or Inner Castle must be traced.
I wish myself at the concluding distich,
Although I think the thing characteristic.

L.

Facing your entrance, just three yards behind,
There was a mass of stone of moderate height ;
It stood before you like a screen or blind ;
And there—on either hand to left and right—
Were sloping parapets or planes inclined,
On which two massy stones were placed up-
right,

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERÉ.—13

Secured by staples and by leathern ropes
Which hindered them from sliding down the
slopes.

LI.

“Cousin, these dogs have some device or gin!
I’ll run the gauntlet and I’ll stand a knock!”—
He dashed into the gate through thick and thin;
He hewed away the bands which held the
block;
It rushed along the slope with rumbling din,
And closed the entrance with a thundering
shock,
(Just like those famous old Symplegades
Discovered by the classics in their seas.)

LII.

This saw Sir Tristram: As you may suppose,
He found some Giants wounded, others dead;
He shortly equalizes these with those.
But one poor devil there was sick in bed,
In whose behalf the Ladies interpose.
Sir Tristram spared his life, because they said
That he was more humane, and mild, and clever,
And all the time had had an ague-fever.

LIII.

The Ladies?—They were tolerably well;
At least as well as could have been expected.
Many details I must forbear to tell:
Their toilet had been very much neglected;
But by supreme good luck it so befell
That when the Castle’s capture was effected,
When those vile cannibals were overpowered,
Only two fat duennas were devoured.

LIV.

Sir Tristram having thus secured the fort,
And seen all safe, was climbing to the wall,
(Meaning to leap into the outer court;)
But when he came, he saved himself the fall.
Sir Gawain had been spoiling all the sport:
The Giants were demolished one and all.
He pulled them up the wall. They climb and
enter:
Such was the winding up of this adventure.

Canto II.

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.—14

A PAUSE IN THE STORY.

And now the thread of our romance unravels,
Presenting new performances on the stage :
A Giant's education and his travels
Will occupy the next succeeding page.—
But I begin to tremble at the cavils
Of this fastidious, supercilious age.
Reviews and paragraphs in morning papers ;
The prospect of them gives my Muse the vapors.
Close of Canto II.

THE MONKS AND THE GIANTS.

IV.

Some ten miles off, an ancient abbey stood,
Amidst the mountains, near a noble stream ;
A level eminence, enshrined with wood,
Sloped to the river's bank and southern beam ;
Within were fifty friars fat and good,
Of goodly presence and of good esteem,
That passed an easy exemplary life,
Remote from want and care, and worldly strife.

V.

Between the Monks and Giants there subsisted,
In the first Abbot's lifetime, much respect ;
The Giants let them settle where they listed :
The Giants were a tolerating sect.
A poor lame Giant once the Monks assisted,
Old and abandoned, dying with neglect ;
The Prior found him, cured his broken bone,
And very kindly cut him for the stone.

VI.

This seemed a glorious, golden opportunity
To civilize the whole gigantic race ;
To draw them to pay tithes, and dwell in unity.
The Giants' valley was a fertile place,
And might have much enriched the whole com-
munity,
Had the old Giant lived a longer space.
But he relapsed, and though all means were
tried,
They could but just baptize him—when he died.

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.—15

VIII.

They never found another case to cure,
But their demeanor calm and reverential,
Their gesture and their vesture grave and pure,
Their conduct sober, cautious and prudential,
Engaged respect, sufficient to secure
Their properties and interests most essential;
They kept a distant courteous intercourse,
Salutes and gestures were their sole discourse.

XV.

In castles and in courts Ambition dwells,
But not in castles or in courts alone;
She breathes a wish throughout those sacred
cells,
For bells of larger size and louder tone.
Giants abominate the sound of bells,
And soon the fierce antipathy was shown,
The tinkling and the jingling and the clangor,
Roused their irrational, gigantic anger.

XVI.

Unhappy mortals! ever blind to fate!
Unhappy Monks! you see no danger nigh;
Exulting in their sound and size and weight,
From morn till noon the merry peal you ply;
The belfry rocks, your bosoms are elate,
Your spirits with the ropes and pulleys fly;
Tired but transported, panting, pulling, hauling,
Ramping and stamping, overjoyed and bawling.

XVII.

Meanwhile the solemn mountains that surrounded
The silent valley where the convent lay,
With tintinnabular uproar were astounded,
When the first peal broke forth at break of
day;
Feeling their granite ears severely wounded,
They scarce knew what to think or what to
say.
And (though large mountains commonly conceal
Their sentiments, dissembling what they feel),

XIX.

These giant mountains inwardly were moved,
But never made an outward change of place.

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE—16

Not so the Mountain-Giants (as behoved
A more alert and locomotive race),
Hearing a clatter which they disapproved
They ran straight-forward to besiege the place
With a discordant, universant yell,
Like house-dogs howling at a dinner-bell.

XX.

Historians are extremely to be pitied,
Obliged to persevere in the narration
Of wrongs and horrid outrages committed,
Oppression, sacrilege, assassination ;
The following scenes I wished to have omitted,
But truth is an imperious obligation.
So "my heart sickens and I drop my pen,"
And am obliged to pick it up again.

Canto III.

THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

XLVIII.

The Giant-troops invariably withdrew
(Like mobs in Naples, Portugal, and Spain),
To dine at twelve o'clock and sleep till two,
And afterwards (except in case of rain)
Returned to clamor, hoot, and pelt anew.
The scene was every day the same again.
Thus the blockade grew tedious. I intended
A week ago, myself to raise and end it.

LVI.

Our Giants' memoirs still remain on hand,
For all my notions being genuine gold,
Beat out beneath the hammer and expand
And multiply themselves a thousandfold
Beyond the first idea that I planned.
Besides—this present copy must be sold;
Besides—I promised Murray t'other day,
To let him have it by the lenth of May.

Canto IV.

GUSTAV FREYTAG.—1

FREYTAG, GUSTAV, a German novelist, dramatist, and journalist, born in 1816. He was educated at Oels, Breslau, and Berlin, and received his degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1838. In 1845 he published a volume of poems entitled *In Breslau*, and an historical comedy, *The Espousal of Kuntz von Rosen*. He went in 1847 to Leipsic and, in conjunction with Julian Schmidt, became editor of *Grenzboten* "The Messenger of the Frontier." In this and the following year, he published the dramas *Valentine* and *Count Waldemar*, in 1854, a comedy, *Die Journalisten*, and in 1859 a classical drama *Die Fabier*. Others of his dramatic works are *Der Gelehrte*, a tragedy, and *Eine arme Schneiderseele*, a comedy. His novel, *Soll und Haben* (1855) at once gave him a high place among German writers of fiction. It was translated into English under the title of "*Debit and Credit*." *Bilder aus der Deutschen Vergangenheit* was followed in 1862 by *Neue Bilder aus dem Leben des Deutschen Volkes*, translated into English under the title of "Pictures of German Life." Another novel, *Die Verlorne Handschrift*, appeared in 1864, and a series of tales collected under the title of *Die Ahnen* ("Presentiments") in 1876. In 1870 Freytag resigned the editorship of the *Grenzboten*, and took charge of *Im neuen Reich*, a weekly journal at Leipsic.

THE BURDEN OF A CRIME.

The murderer stood for a few moments motionless in the darkness, leaning against the staircase railings. Then he slowly went up the steps. While doing so he felt his trousers to see how high they were wet. He thought to himself that he must dry them at the stove this very night, and saw in fancy the fire in the

stove, and himself sitting before it in his dressing-gown, as he was accustomed to do when thinking over his business. If he had ever in his life known comfortable repose, it had been when, weary of the cares of the day, he sat before his stove-fire and watched it till his heavy eyelids drooped. He realized how tired he was now, and what good it would do him to go to sleep before a warm fire. Lost in the thought, he stood for a moment like one overcome with drowsiness, when suddenly he felt a strange pressure within him—something that made it difficult to breathe, and bound his breast as with iron bars. Then he thought of the bundle that he had just thrown into the river; he saw it cleave the flood; he heard the rush of water, and remembered that the hat which he had forced over the man's face had been the last thing visible on the surface—a round, strange-looking thing. He saw the hat quite plainly before him—battered, the rim half off, and two grease-spots on the crown. It had been a very shabby hat. Thinking of it, it occurred to him that he could smile now if he chose. But he did not smile.

Meanwhile he had got up the steps. As he opened the staircase door, he glanced along the dark gallery through which two had passed a few minutes before, and only one returned. He looked down at the gray surface of the stream, and again he was sensible of that singular pressure. He rapidly crept through the large room and down the steps, and on the ground floor ran up against one of the lodgers in the caravansera. Both hastened away in different directions without exchanging a word.

This meeting turned his thoughts in another direction. Was he safe? The fog still lay thick on the street. No one had seen him go in with Hippas, no one had recognized him as he went out. The investigation would only begin when they found the old man in the river. Would he be safe then? These thoughts

passed through the murderer's mind as calmly as though he was reading them in a book. Mingled with them came doubts as to whether he had his cigar-case with him, and as to why he did not smoke a cigar. He cogitated long about it, and at length found himself returned to his dwelling. He opened the door. The last time he had opened the door a loud noise had been heard in the inner room; he listened for it now; he would give anything to hear it. A few minutes ago it had been to be heard. Oh, if those few minutes had never been! Again he felt that hollow pressure, but more strongly, even more strongly than before.

He entered the room. The lamp still burned, the fragments of the rum-bottle lay about the sofa, the bits of broken mirror shone like silver dollars on the floor. Veitel sat down exhausted. Then it occurred to him that his mother had often told him a childish story in which silver dollars fell upon a poor man's floor. He could see the old Jewess sitting at the hearth, and he, a small boy, standing near her. He could see himself looking anxiously down on the dark earthen floor, wondering whether the white dollars would fall down for him. Now he knew—his room looked just as if there had been a rain of white dollars. He felt something of the restless delight which that tale of his mother had always awaked, when again came suddenly that same hollow pressure. Heavily he rose, stooped, and collected the broken glass. He put all the pieces into the corner of the cupboard, detached the frame from the wall, and put it wrong-side out in a corner. Then he took the lamp, and the glass which he used to fill with water for the night; but as he touched it a shudder came over him, and he put it down. He who was no more had drunk out of that glass. He took the lamp to his bedside, and undressed. He hid his trousers in the cupboard, and brought out another pair, which he rubbed against his boots till they were dirty at

the bottom. Then he put out the lamp, and as it flickered before it went quite out, the thought struck him that human life and a flame had something in common. He had extinguished a flame. And again that pain in the breast, but less clearly felt, for his strength was exhausted, his nervous energy spent. The murderer slept.

But when he wakes! Then the cunning will be over and gone with which his distracted mind has tried, as if in delirium, to snatch at all manner of trivial things and thoughts in order to avoid the one feeling which ever weighs him down. When he wakes! Henceforth, while still half asleep, he will feel the gradual entrance of terror and misery into his soul. Even in his dreams he will have a sense of the sweetness of unconsciousness and the horrors of thought, and will strive against waking; while, in spite of his strivings, his anguish grows stronger and stronger, till, in despair, his eyelids start open, and he gazes into the hideous present, the hideous future.

And again his mind will seek to cover over the fact with a web of sophistry; he will reflect how old the dead man was, how wicked, how wretched; he will try to convince himself that it was only an accident that occasioned his death—a push given by him in sudden anger—how unlucky that the old man's foot should have slipped as it did! Then will recur the doubt as to his safety; a hot flush will suffuse his pale face, the step of his servant will fill him with dread, the sound of an iron-shod stick on the pavement will be taken for the tramp of the armed band whom justice sends to apprehend him. Again he will retrace every step taken yesterday, every gesture, every word, and will seek to convince himself that discovery is impossible. No one had seen him, no one had heard; the wretched old man, half crazy as he was, had drawn his own hat over his eyes and drowned himself.

And yet, through all this sophistry, he is con-

GUSTAV FREYTAG.—5

scious of that fearful weight, till, exhausted by the inner conflict, he flies from his house to his business, amid the crowd anxiously desiring to find something that shall force him to forget. If any one on the street looks at him, he trembles; if he meet a policeman, he must rush home to hide his terror from those discerning eyes. Wherever he finds familiar faces, he will press into the thick of the assembly, he will take an interest in anything, will laugh and talk more than heretofore; but his eyes will roam recklessly around, and he will be in constant dread of hearing something said of the murdered man, something said about his sudden end. . . .

And when, late of an evening, he at length returns home, tired to death and worn out by his fearful struggle, he feels lighter hearted, for he has succeeded in obscuring the truth, he is conscious of a melancholy pleasure in his weariness, and awaits sleep as the only good thing earth has still to offer him. And again he will fall asleep, and when he awakes the next morning he will have to begin his fearful task anew. So will it be this day, next day, always, so long as he lives. His life is no longer like that of another man; his life is henceforth a horrible battle with a corpse, a battle unseen by all, yet constantly going on. All his intercourse with living men, whether in business or in society, is but a mockery, a lie. Whether he laughs and shakes hands with one, or lends money and takes fifty per cent from another, it is all mere illusion on their part. He knows that he is severed from human companionship, and that all he does is but empty seeming; there is only one who occupies him, against whom he struggles, because of whom he drinks and talks, and mingles with the crowd, and that one is the corpse of the old man in the water.—*Debit and Credit.*

JEAN FROISSART.—1

FROISSART, JEAN, a French ecclesiastic and chronicler, born at Valenciennes in 1337 ; died about 1410. He was educated for the Church, and at the age of eighteen he had not only mastered the usual course of study, but had gained some repute as a versifier. At twenty, upon the request of Robert of Namur, he undertook to compile from the Chronicle of Jean le Bel a rhymed account of the wars of his time. In 1360 he went to England, provided with letters of recommendation from his uncle to Philippa of Hainault, the Queen of Edward III., who made him her secretary and clerk of her chapel. King John of France, who had been captured at the battle of Poitiers, was now a prisoner in England, and Froissart became one of his household. By this twofold connection Froissart was brought into close intercourse with many men who had acted an important part on both sides during the war between the English and the French. Queen Philippa urged him to continue his rhymed chronicle ; and to gather information he made journeys into Scotland and Wales. Then he went to the Continent, staying for awhile at the English Court in Bordeaux, and was there at the time of the birth of Richard (afterwards the unfortunate Richard II.) the son of the English "Black Prince." In 1369 he went to his native district, where the living of Lestines was conferred upon him. But the duties of his clerical office were nowise to his liking ; and from time to time he attached himself to the Duke of Brabant, the Count of Blois, and the Count of Foix ; the latter of whom made him Canon and Treasurer of the church at Chimay and urged him to write in prose a continuous chronicle of the events of his own time.

Froissart, now nearly forty, fell in with this suggestion, and travelled far and wide in order to glean the information which he wanted. The *Chronicles* were the work of more than a quarter of a century, and appeared at intervals in detached portions, as they were written. They begin with the reign of Edward III. of England (1327-77), and properly end with the death of Richard II. (1400), but there are a few paragraphs relating to events which took place as late as 1404. It is uncertain how long Froissart lived after this, but it is probable that he was alive in 1410. Some accounts say that he died in great poverty not earlier than 1420.

The *Chronicles* of Froissart, which were widely circulated in manuscript, were first printed at Paris in 1498, in four folio volumes under the title *Chroniques de France, d'Angleterre, d'Ecosse, de Bretagne, de Gascogne, Flanders et lieux d'alentour*. They were translated into English during the reign of Henry VIII., by Lord Berners (*q.v.*). His version is spirited, though not always quite accurate. A better translation, upon the whole, is that of Thomas Johnes (12 vols., 1805, and subsequently reprinted in many forms.) The first of the following citations is from the translation of Lord Berners; the original spelling being retained. The other citations are from the translation of Johnes.

KING EDWARD III. AND THE COUNTESS OF
SALISBURY.

As sone as the lady knewe of the Kynges comyng, she set opyn the gates and came out so richly besene that euery man marueyled of her beauty, and coude nat cease to regard her nobleness, with her great beauty and the gracyous

wordes and countenaunce that she made. When she came to the Kyng she knelyd downe to the yerth, thanking hym of his sucours, and so ledde hym into the castell to make hym chere and honour as she that coude ryht well do it. Eüery man regarded her maruelusly; the Kynge hymselfe coud not witholde his regardyng of her, for he thought that he neuer saw before so noble nor so fayre a lady: he was stryken therwith to the hert with a spercle of fine loue that endured long after; he thought no lady in the worlde so worthy to be beloned as she. Thus they entered into the castell hande in hande; the lady ledde hym first into the hall, and after into the chambre nobly aparelled. The King regarded so the lady that she was abashed; at last he went to a wyndo to rest hym, and so fell into a great study. The lady went about to make chere to the lordes and knyghtes that were ther, and comaunded to dresse the hall for dyner. When she had al deuysed and comaunded them she came to the Kynge with a mery chere (who was in a great study) and she said,

“Dere sir, why do you study so, for your grace nat dyspleased, it aparteyneth nat to you so to do: rather ye shulde make good chere and be joyfull seying ye haue chased away your ennies who durst nat abyde you; let other men study for the remynant.”

Then the Kyng sayd, “A, dere lady, know for treuthe that syth I entred into the castell ther is a study come to my mynde so that I can nat chuse but to muse, nor can I nat tell what shall fall thereof; put it out of my herte I can nat.”

“A, sir,” quoth the lady, “ye ought alwayes to make good chere to comfort therewith your peple. God hath ayded you so in your besynes and hath shewn you so great graces that ye be the moste douted and honoured prince in all the erthe, and if the Kynge of Scotts haue done you any despyte or damage ye may well amende it whan it shall please you, as ye haue done

dyners tymes or this. Sir, leaue your musing and come into the hall if it please you; your dyner is all redy."

"A, fayre lady," quoth the Kyng, "other thynges lyeth at my hert that ye know not of, but surely your swete behauyng, the perfect wysedom, the good grāce, noblenes and excellent beauty that I see in you, hath so sore surprised my hert that I can not but loue you; and without your loue I am but deed."

Then the lady sayde: "A, ryght noble prince for Goddes sake mocke nor tempt me nat; I can nat beleue that it is true that ye say, nor that so noble a prince as ye be wolde thynke to dys-honour me and my lorde my husbaude, who is so valyant a knyght and hath done your grace so gode service and as yet lyeth in prison for your quarel. Certely sir ye shulde in this case haue but a small prayse and nothing the better therby. I had neuer as yet such a thocht in my hert, nor I trust in God, neuer shall have for no man lyueng: if I had any such intencyon your grace ought nat all onely to blame me, but also to punyssh my body, ye and by true iustice to be dismembred."

Therwith the lady departed fro the Kyng and went into the hall to hast the dyner; then she returned agayne and broght some of his knyghtes with her, and sayd, "Sir, yf it please you to come into the hall your knyghtes abideth for you to washe; ye have ben to long fastyng."

Then the King went into the hall and wassht, and sat down among his lordes and the lady also. The Kyng ate but lytell; he sat styll musing, and as he durst he cast his eyen upon the lady. Of his sadnesse his knyghtes had maruel for he was not accustomed so to be; some thought it was because the Scotts were escaped fro hym. All that day the Kyng taryd ther and wyst nat what to do. Sometime he ymagined that honour and trouth defended hym: to set his hert in such a case to dyshonour such a lady and so true a knight as her husband was

who had alwayes well and truely served hym. On thother part loue so constrayned hym that the power therof surmounted honour and trouth. Thus the Kyng debated in hymself all that day and all that night. In the mornyng he arose and dyslogged all his hoost and drewe after the Scottes to chase them out of his realme. Then he toke leaue of the lady, saying, "My dere lady to God I comende you tyll I returne agayne, requiryng you to aduyse you otherwyse than ye haue sayd to me."

"Noble prince," quoth the lady, "God the father glorious be your conduct, and put you out of all vylayne thoughts. Sir, I am and ever shel be redy to do your graee servyce to your honour and to myne." Therwith the Kyng departed all abashe.—*Trans. of Lord Berners.*

A DUEL FOR LIFE OR DEATH.

About this time (1386) there was much conversation in France respecting a duel which was to be fought for life or death at Paris. It had been thus ordered by the Parlement of Paris, where the cause, which had lasted a year, had been tried between a squire called James le Gris and John de Carogne, both of them of the household of Peter, Count d'Alençon, and esteemed by him; but more particularly James le Gris, whom he loved above all others, and placed his whole confidence in him. As this duel made a great noise, many from distant parts on hearing it came to Paris to be spectators. I will relate the cause as I was then informed.

It chanced that Sir John de Carogne took it into his head he should gain glory if he undertook a voyage to the Holy Land, having long had an inclination to go thither. He took leave of his lord, the Count d'Alençon, and of his wife, who was then a young and handsome lady, and left her in his castle, called Argenteil, on the borders of Perche, and began his journey towards the seaside. The lady remained in this castle living in the most decent manner. Now it

happened (this is the matter of quarrel) that the devil, by divers and perverse temptations, entered the body of James le Gris, and induced him to commit a crime for which he afterwards paid.

He cast his thoughts on the lady of Sir John de Carogne whom he knew to be residing with her attendants at the castle of Argenteil. One day therefore, he set out, mounted on the finest horse of the Count, and arrived, full gallop at Argenteil, where he dismounted. The servants made a handsome entertainment for him, because they knew he was a particular friend, and attached to the same lord as their master; and the lady thinking no ill, received him with pleasure, led him to her apartments and showed him many of her works. James, fully intent to accomplish his wickedness, begged of her to conduct him to the dungeon, for that his visit was partly to examine it. The lady instantly complied, and led him thither; for as she had the utmost confidence in his honor, she was not accompanied by valet or chambermaid. As soon as they had entered the dungeon James le Gris fastened the door, unnoticed by the lady, who was before him, thinking it might have been the wind, as he gave her to understand.

When they were thus alone, James embraced her, and discovered what his intentions were. The lady was much astonished, and would willingly have escaped had she been able, but the door was fastened; and James, who was a strong man, held her tight in his arms, and flung her down on the floor, and had his will of her. Immediately afterwards he opened the door of the dungeon, and made himself ready to depart. The lady, exasperated with rage at what had passed, remained silent in tears; but on his departure she said to him, "James, James, you have not done well in thus deflowering me; the blame however, shall not be mine, but the whole be laid on you, if it please God my husband ever return."

James mounted his horse, and, quitting the

castle hastened back to his lord, the Count d'Alençon, in time to attend his rising at nine o'clock. He had been in the hôtel of the Count at four o'clock that morning. I am thus particular because all these circumstances were inquired into, and examined by the commissioners of the Parlement when the cause was before them.

The Lady de Carogne, on the day this unfortunate event befel her, remained in her castle, and passed it off as well as she could, without mentioning one word of it to either chambermaid or valet, for she thought by making it public she would have more shame than honor. But she retained in her memory the day and hour James le Gris had come to the castle.

The Lord de Carogne returned from his voyage, and was joyfully received by his lady and household, who feasted him well. When night came Sir John went to bed, but his lady excused herself; and on his kindly pressing her to come to him, she walked very pensively up and down the chamber. At last, when the household were in bed, she flung herself on her knees at his bedside, and bitterly bewailed the insult she had suffered. The knight would not believe it could have happened: but at length she urged it so strongly he did believe her, and said, "Certainly, lady, if the matter has passed as you say, I forgive you; but the Squire shall die; and I shall consult your and my relations on the subject. Should you have told me a falsehood, never more shall you live with me." The lady again and again assured him that what she had said was the pure truth.

On the morrow the Knight sent special messengers with letters to his friends and nearest relations of his wife, desiring them to come instantly to Argenteil, so that in a few days they were all at his castle. When they were assembled he led them into an apartment, and told them the reason of his sending for them, and made his lady relate most minutely everything

that had passed during his absence. When they had recovered their astonishment he asked their advice how to act. They said he should wait on his lord, the Count d'Alençon, and tell him the fact. This he did; but the Count, who much loved James le Gris, disbelieved it, and appointed a day for the parties to come before him, and desired that the lady might attend to give her evidence against the man whom she thus accused. She attended as desired, accompanied by a great number of her relations; and the examinations and pleadings were carried on before the court to a great length. James le Gris boldly denied the charge, declared that it was false, and wondered how he could have incurred such mortal hatred from the lady. He proved by the household of the Count that he had been seen in the castle at four o'clock in the morning; the Count said that he was in his bed-chamber at nine o'clock, and that it was quite impossible for any one to have ridden three-and-twenty leagues, and back again, and do what he was charged with, in about four hours and a half. The Count told the lady he would support his squire, and that she must have dreamed it. He commanded that henceforward all must be buried in oblivion, and, under pain of incurring his displeasure, nothing further be done in the business. The Knight, being a man of courage, and believing what his wife had told him, would not submit to this, but went to Paris and appealed to the Parlement. The Parlement summoned James le Gris, who replied, and gave pledges to obey whatever judgment they should give.

The cause lasted upwards of a year, and they could not any way compromise it; for the Knight was positive, from his wife's information of the fact, and declared that, since it was now so public, he would pursue it until death. The Count d'Alençon for this conceived a great dislike against the Knight, and would have had him put to death, had he not placed himself under the safeguard of the Parlement. It was long pleaded,

and the Parlement at last, because they could not produce other evidence than herself against James le Gris, judged it should be decided in the tilt-yard by a duel for life or death. The Knight the Squire, and the lady, were instantly put under arrest, until the day of this mortal combat, which, by order of Parlement, was fixed for the ensuing Monday in the year 1387; at which time the King of France and his barons were at Sluys, intending to invade England.

× The King, on hearing of this duel, declared he would be present at it. The Dukes of Berry, Burgundy, Bourbon, and the Constable of France, being also desirous of seeing it, agreed it was proper he should be there. The King, in consequence, sent orders to Paris to prolong the day of the duel, for that he would be present. This order was punctually obeyed, and the King and his lords departed for France. The King kept the Feast of the Kalends at Arras, and the Duke of Burgundy at Lille. In the mean time the men-at-arms made for their different homes, as had been ordered by the marshals; but the principal chiefs went to Paris to witness the combat.

When the King of France was returned to Paris, lists were made for the champions in the Place of St. Catherine, behind the Temple; and the lords had erected on one side scaffolds, the better to see the sight. The crowd of people was wonderful. The two champions entered the lists armed at all points, and each was seated in a chair opposite the other. The Count de St. Pol directed Sir John de Carogne, and the retainers of the Count de Alençon James le Gris. On the Knight entering the field he went to his lady, who was covered with black and seated on a chair, and said: "Lady, from your accusation, and in your quarrel, am I thus venturing my life to combat James le Gris: you know whether my cause be loyal and true." "My lord," she replied, "it is so; and you may fight it securely, for your cause is good."

The lady remained seated, making fervent prayers to God and the Virgin, entreating humbly that through her grace and intercession she might gain the victory, according to her right. Her affliction was great, for her life depended on the event; and should her husband lose the victory, she would have been burnt, and he would have been hanged. I am ignorant (for I never had any conversation with her or the Knight) whether she had not frequently repented of having pushed matters so far as to place herself and her husband in such peril. But it was now too late, and she must abide the event.

The two champions were then advanced and placed opposite to each other; when they mounted their horses, and made a handsome appearance, for they were both expert men-at-arms. They ran their first course without hurt to either. After the tilting they dismounted, and made ready to continue the fight. They behaved with courage; but Sir John de Carogne was at the first onset wounded in the thigh, which alarmed all his friends. Notwithstanding this, he fought so desperately that he struck down his adversary, and, thrusting his sword through the body, caused instant death; when he demanded of the spectators if he had done his duty. They replied that he had.

The body of James le Gris was delivered to the hangman, who dragged it to Montfaucon, and there hanged it. Sir John de Carogne approached the King and fell on his knees. The King made him rise, and ordered one thousand francs to be paid him that very day. He also retained him of his household, with a pension of two hundred livres a year, which he received as long as he lived. Sir John, after thanking the King and his lords, went to his lady and kissed her. They went together to make their offering in the Church of Notre Dame, and then returned to their home.—*Transl. of Johnes.*

THE ABDICATION OF KING RICHARD II. OF
ENGLAND.

Intelligence was carried to the Duke of Lancaster [King Henry IV.] that Richard of Bordeaux had a great desire to speak to him. The Duke left his house in the evening, entered his barge with his knights, and was rowed down the Thames to the Tower, which he entered by a postern gate, and went to the apartment of the King. The King received him with great kindness, and humbled himself exceedingly, like to one who perceived that he is in a dangerous state. He addressed him :

“Cousin, I have been considering my situation, which is miserable enough, and I have no longer thoughts of wearing my crown or governing my people. As God may have my soul, I wish I were at this moment dead of a natural death, and the King of France had his daughter again ; for we have never had any great happiness together, nor, since I brought her hither, have I had the love my people bore me formerly. Cousin of Lancaster, when I look back I am convinced I have behaved very ill to you, and to other nobles of my blood ; for which I cannot expect peace nor pardon. All things, therefore, considered, I am willing freely to resign to you the crown of England ; and I beg you will accept the resignation as a gift.”

The Duke replied, “That it would be necessary the three estates of the realm should hear this : I have issued summonses for the assembling the nobles, the prelates, and deputies from the principal towns ; and within three days a sufficiency will be collected for you to make your resignation in due form. By this act you will greatly appease the hatred of the nation against you.

“To obviate the mischief that had arisen from the courts of justice being shut, and which had created an almost universal anarchy, I was sent for from beyond the sea. The people wanted to crown me ; for the common report in the country

is, that I have a better right to the crown than you have. This was told to our grandfather, King Edward, of happy memory, when he educated you, and had you acknowledged heir to the throne ; but his love was so strong for his son, the Prince of Wales, nothing could make him alter his purpose, but that you must be king. If you had followed the example of the Prince, or attended to the advice of his counsellors, like a good son, who should be anxious to tread in the steps of a father, you might still have been king. But you have always acted so contrary as to occasion the rumor to be generally believed throughout England and elsewhere, that you are not the son of the Prince of Wales, but of a priest or canon.

“ I have heard several knights who were of the household of my uncle the Prince, declare that he was jealous of the Princess’s conduct. She was cousin-german to King Edward, who began to dislike her for not having children by his son, since he had, by her former marriage with Sir Thomas Holland, stood godfather to two sons. She knew well how to keep the Prince in her chains, having through subtlety enticed him to marry ; but fearful of being divorced by his father, for want of heirs, and that the Prince would marry again, it was said that she got connected with some one, by whom she had you and another son, who died in his infancy, and no judgment can be formed of his character. But you, from your manners and mode of acting—so contrary to the gallantry and prowess of the Prince—are thought to be the son of a priest or canon : for at the time of your birth there were many young and handsome ones in the household of the Prince at Bordeaux. Such is the report of this country, which your conduct has confirmed ; for you have ever shown great affection to the French, and an inclination to live on good terms with them, to the loss and dishonor of England. Because my uncle of Gloucester and the Earl of Arundel wished you would loyally defend the honor of

the kingdom, by following the steps of your ancestors, you have treacherously put them to death.

“With regard to you, I have taken you under my protection, and will guard and preserve your life, through compassion, as long as I shall be able. I will likewise entreat the Londoners on your behalf, and the heirs of those you have put to death.”

“Many thanks,” answered the King: “I have greater confidence in you than in any other person in England.”

“You are in the right,” replied the Duke; “for had I not stepped forward between you and the people, they would have seized you, and disgracefully killed you, in return for all your wicked acts, which are the cause of the dangerous state you are now in.”

King Richard heard all this patiently, for he saw that neither arguments nor force could avail, and that resignation and humility were his only arms. He therefore humbled himself exceedingly to the Duke, earnestly begging that his life might be spared. The Duke of Lancaster remained with the King upward of two hours, and continued in his conversation to reproach him for all the faults he was accused of. He then took leave, re-entered his barge, and returned to his house; and on the morrow renewed his orders for the assembly of the three estates of the realm.

The Duke of York and his son, the Earl of Rutland, came to London, as did the Earl of Northumberland and his brother, Sir Thomas Percy, to whom the Duke of Lancaster gave a hearty welcome, with numbers of prelates, bishops and abbots. The Duke of Lancaster, accompanied by a large body of dukes, prelates, earls, barons, knights, and principal citizens, rode to the Tower of London, and dismounted in the court. King Richard was released from his prison, and entered the hall which had been prepared for the occasion, royally dressed, the

sceptre in his hand, and the crown on his head, but without supporters on either side. He addressed the company as follows:

“I have reigned King of England, Duke of Aquitaine, and Lord of Ireland, about twenty-two years, which royalty, lordship, sceptre, and crown, I now freely and willingly resign to my cousin, Henry of Lancaster, and entreat him, in the presence of you all, to accept the sceptre.”

He then tendered the sceptre to the Duke of Lancaster, who took it and gave it to the Archbishop of Canterbury. King Richard next raised the crown with his two hands from his head; and placing it before him said: “Henry, fair cousin, and Duke of Lancaster, I present and give to you this crown with which I was crowned King of England, and all the rights dependent upon it.”

The Duke of Lancaster received it and delivered it over to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was at hand to take it. These two things being done, and the resignation accepted, the Duke of Lancaster called in a public notary, that an authentication should be drawn up of this proceeding, and witnessed by the lords and prelates then present. Soon after, the King was conducted to where he had come from, and the Duke and other Lords mounted their horses to return home. The two jewels were safely packed up, and given to proper guards, to place them in the treasury of Westminster Abbey, until they should be called for when the Parliament were assembled.

On a Wednesday, the last day of September, 1399, Henry Duke of Lancaster held a Parliament at Westminster, at which were assembled the greater part of the clergy and nobility of England, and a sufficient number of deputies from the different towns according to their extent and wealth. In this Parliament the Duke of Lancaster challenged the crown of England, and claimed it as his own for three reasons: *First*, by conquest; *secondly*, from being the right

heir to it; and *thirdly*, from the pure and free resignation of it to him by King Richard, in the presence of the prelates, dukes, and earls in the hall of the Tower of London. These three claims being made, he required the Parliament to declare their opinion and will. Upon this they unanimously replied that it was their will that he should be King, for they would have no other. He again asked if they were positive in their declaration; and when they said they were, he seated himself on the royal throne. The throne was elevated some feet from the floor, with a rich canopy of cloth of gold, so that he could be seen by all present. On the King's taking his seat, the people clapped their hands for joy, and held them up, promising him fealty and homage. The Parliament was then dissolved, and the day of coronation was appointed for the Feast of St. Edward, which fell on a Monday, the 13th of October.....

The procession [at the coronation] entered the church about nine o'clock; in the middle of which was a scaffold covered with crimson cloth, and in the centre a royal throne of cloth of gold. When the Duke entered the church, he seated himself on the throne, and was thus in royal state except having the crown on his head. The Archbishop of Canterbury proclaimed from the four corners of the scaffold how God had given them a man for their lord and sovereign, and then asked the people if they were consenting to his being consecrated and crowned king. They unanimously shouted out, "Aye!" and held up their hands promising fealty and homage. After this the Duke descended from his throne, and advanced to the altar to be consecrated. The ceremony was performed by two archbishops and ten bishops. He was stripped of all his royal state before the altar, naked to his shirt, and was then anointed and consecrated at six places; that is to say, on the head, the breast, the two shoulders, before and behind, on the back and

hands. They then placed a bonnet on his head; and while this was doing, the clergy chanted the litany, or the service that is now performed to hallow a font.

The King was now dressed in a churchman's clothes like a deacon; and they put on him shoes of crimson velvet, after the manner of a prelate. They then added spurs with a point, but no rowel, and the sword of justice was drawn, blessed, and delivered to the King, who put it into the scabbard, when the Archbishop of Canterbury girded it about him. The crown of St. Edward, which is arched over like a cross, was next brought and blessed, and placed by the Archbishop on the King's head. When Mass was over, the King left the church, and returned to the palace in the same state as before. There was in the court yard a fountain that constantly ran with red and white wine from various mouths. The King went first to his closet, and then returned to the hall to dinner.....

When dinner was half over, a knight of the name of Dymock entered the hall completely armed, and mounted on a handsome steed, richly barbed, with crimson housings. The knight was armed for wager of battle, and was preceded by another knight bearing his lance; he himself had his drawn sword in one hand, and his naked dagger by his side. The knight presented the King with a written paper, the contents of which were, that if any knight or gentleman should dare to maintain that King Henry was not a lawful sovereign, he was ready to offer him combat in the presence of the King, when and where he should be pleased to appoint. The King ordered this challenge to be proclaimed by heralds in six different parts of the town and the hall, to which no answer was made. After King Henry had dined, and partaken of wine and spices in the hall, he retired to his private apartments, and all the company went to their homes. Thus passed the coronation day of King Henry.—*Transl. of Johnes.*

FROTHINGHAM, NATHANIEL LANGDON, an American clergyman and poet, born at Boston in 1793 ; died there in 1870. He graduated at Harvard in 1811, and in the following year became instructor there in rhetoric and oratory. In 1815 he was ordained pastor of the First Congregational Church in Boston, retaining that position until 1850, when impaired health compelled him to resign. He published a volume of *Sermons* in 1852, and in 1855 a collection of *Metrical Pieces, Translated and Original*. Towards the close of his life he became blind, a calamity indicated in the following poem :

THE SIGHT OF THE BLIND.

“ I always see in dreams,” she said,
 “ Nor then believe that I am blind.”
 That simple thought a shadowy pleasure shed
 Within my mind.

In a like doom, the nights afford
 A like display of mercy done :
 How oft I've dreamed of sight as full restored !
 Not once as gone.

Restored as with a flash ! I gaze
 On open books with letters plain ,
 And scenes and faces of the dearer days
 Are bright again.

O Sleep ! in pity thou art made
 A double boon to such as we :
 Beneath closed lids and folds of deepest shade,
 We think we see.

O Providence ! when all is dark
 Around our steps, and o'er Thy will,
 The mercy-seat that hides the covenant-ark
 Has angels still.

Thou who art light ! illumine the page
 Within ; renew these respites sweet,
 And show, beyond the films and wear of age,
 Both walk and seat.

NATHANIEL L. FROTHINGHAM.—2

THE M'LEAN ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE.

A rich, gay mansion once wert thou ;
And he who built it, chose its site
On that hill's proud but gentle brow,
For an abode of splendor and delight.

Years, pains, and cost have reared it high,
The stately pile we now survey,
Grander than ever to the eye ;
But all its fireside pleasures—where are they ?

A stranger might suppose the spot
Some seat of learning, shrine of thought ;
Ah ! here alone Mind ripens not,
And nothing reasons ; nothing can be taught.

Or he might deem thee a retreat
For the poor body's need and ail,
When sudden injuries stab and beat,
Or in slow waste its inward forces fail.

Ah, heavier hurts and wastes are here !
The ruling brain distempered lies ;
When Mind flies reeling from its sphere,
Life, health, aye, mirth itself, are mockeries.

O House of Sorrows ! Sorer shocks
Than can our frame or lot befall
Are hid behind thy jealous locks ;
Man's Thought an infant, and his Will a thrall.

O House of Mercy ! Refuge kind
For Nature's most unnatural state !
Place for the absent, wandering mind ;
Its healing helper and its sheltering gate.

Yes, Love has planned thee, Love endowed ;—
And blessings on each pitying heart,
That from the first its gifts bestowed,
Or bears in thee each day its healthful part.

Was e'er the Christ diviner seen
Than when the wretch no force could bind—
The roving, raving Gadarene—
Sat at His blessed feet, and in his perfect mind ?

OCTAVIUS B. FROTHINGHAM.—I

FROTHINGHAM, OCTAVIUS BROOKS, an American clergyman, son of N. L. Frothingham, born at Boston in 1822. He graduated at Harvard in 1843, studied at the Cambridge Divinity School, and in 1847 became pastor of the North Church (Unitarian), Salem, Mass. In 1855 he removed to Jersey City, and in 1860 became minister of a newly-formed society in New York, which took the name of the "Third Unitarian Congregational Church." He retained this position until 1879, when the society was dissolved, and Mr. Frothingham spent the subsequent two years in Europe. After his return he devoted himself entirely to literary work. Besides numerous published sermons, and frequent contributions to periodicals, he has put forth *The Parables* (1864); *Religion of Humanity* (1873); *Life of Theodore Parker* (1874); *Transcendentalism in New England* (1876); *Spirit of the New Faith* (1877); *Biography of Gerrit Smith* (1878); with Felix Adler, *The Radical Pulpit* (1883); and *Memoir of William Ellery Channing* (1887.)

THE BELIEFS OF UNBELIEVERS.

In every age of Christendom there have been men whom the Church named "infidels," and thrust down into the abyss of moral reprobation. The oldest of these are forgotten with the generations that gave them birth. The only ones now actively anathematized lived within the last hundred years, and owe the blackness of their reputation to the assaults they made on superstitions that are still powerful, and dogmas that are still supreme. The names of Chubb, Toland, and Tindal, of Herbert of Cherbury, Shaftesbury, and Bolingbroke, though seldom spoken now, are mentioned, when they are mentioned, with bitterness. The names of Voltaire and

Rousseau recall at once venomous verdicts that our own ears have heard. The memory of Thomas Paine is still a stench in modern nostrils, though he has been dead sixty years, so deep a damnation has been fixed on his name.

Skeptics these men and others were: I claim for them that honor. It is their title to immortality. •Doubtless they were, in many things, deniers—"infidels," if you will. They made short work of creed and catechism, of sacrament and priest, of tradition and formula. Miraculous revelations, inspired Bibles, authoritative dogmas, dying Gods, and atoning Saviours, infallible apostles, and churches founded by the Holy Ghost, ecclesiastical heavens and hells, with other fictions of the sort, their minds could not harbor. They criticised mercilessly the drama of the Redemption, and spoke more roughly than prudently of the great mysteries of the Godhead. But, after their fashion, they were great believers: In the interest of faith they doubted; in the interest of faith they denied. Their "Nay" was an uncounted method of pronouncing "Yea." They were after the truth, and supposed themselves to be removing a rubbish pile to reach it. Toland, whose *Christianity not Mysterior* was presented by the Grand Jury of Dublin, and condemned to the flames by the Irish Parliament, while the author fled from Government prosecution to England, professed himself sincerely attached to the pure religion of Jesus, and anxious to exhibit it free from the corruption of after-times. Thomas Paine wrote his *Age of Reason* as a check to the progress of French atheism, fearing "lest in the general wreck of superstition, of false systems of government, and false theology, we lose sight of morality, of humanity, and of the theology that is true."

These devout unbeliefs were born of the spirit of the age. It was an age—rather let me call it a series of ages—in which great events occurred. There had been a terrible shaking of

thrones and altars. The axe had fallen on the neck of a king, and the halberd had smitten the image of many saints. Scarcely an authority stood fast. None was unchallenged. The brain of Bacon had discharged its force into the intellectual world. Newton's torch was flinging its beams to the confines of creation. The national genius sparkled in constellations of brilliant men; Continental literature was pouring into England the speculative mind of Holland, the dramatic writing and criticism of France. There was new thought and fresh purpose; a determination to know and do something; a sense of intellectual and moral power, that portended great changes in Church and State. The infidels were the men who felt this spirit first. They were its children; they gave it voice; it gave them strength. They trusted in it. Fidelity to its call was their faith. They believed in the sovereignty of Reason, the rights of the individual Conscience; and they cherished a generous confidence in the impulses of an emancipated and ennobled humanity. They had that faith in human nature which, indeed, is, and ever has been, the faith of faiths. It is a faith hard to hold. These infidels must have found it so in their times. When shall we honor, at its due, the heroism of Protest, the valor of Disbelief? When shall we give to the martyrdom of Denial its glorious crown?—*Belief of the Unbelievers.*

THEODORE PARKER.

With him the religious element was supreme. It had roots in his being wholly distinct from its mental or sensible forms of expression—completely distinguished from theology, which claimed to give an account of it in words, and from ceremonies, which claimed to embody it in rites and symbols. Never evaporating in mystical dreams, nor entangled in the meshes of cunning speculation, it preserved the freshness and bloom and fragrance in every passage of his life. His sense

of divine things was as strong as was ever felt by a man of such clear intelligence. His feeling for divine things never lost its glow; never was damped by misgiving, dimmed by doubt, or clouded by sorrow. The intensity of his faith in Providence, and of his assurance of personal immortality, seems almost fanatical to modern men who sympathize in general with his philosophy. All the materialists in and out of Christendom, had no power to shake his conviction of the infinite God, and the immortal existence: nor would have had, had he lived until he was a century old; for, in his view the convictions were planted deep in human nature, and were demanded by the exigencies of human life. The services they rendered to mankind would have been their sufficient justification, had he found no other; and in this aspect they interested him chiefly.

It has been said that Parker accomplished nothing final as a religious reformer; that if he thought of himself as the inaugurator of a second Reformation—a reformation of Protestantism—the leader of a new “departure,” as significant and momentous as that of the sixteenth century, he deceived himself. Luther, it is said, found a stopping-place, a terminus, and erected a “station,” where nearly half of Christendom have been content to stay for three hundred years, and will linger, perhaps, three hundred years longer. Parker stretched a tent near what proved to be a “branch-road,” where a considerable number of travellers will pause on their journey, and refresh themselves, while waiting for the “through-train.” That Parker thought otherwise, that he believed himself sent to proclaim and define the faith of the next thousand years, merely gives another illustration of the delusions to which even great minds are subject. Already thought has swept beyond him; already faith has struck into other paths, and taken up new positions. The scientific method has supplemented the theological and the sentimental,

and has carried many over to the new regions of belief. Parker is a great name, was a great power, and will be a great memory; but it is doubtful if he did the work of a Voltaire or a Rousseau: that he did not do the work of a Luther is not doubtful at all. Certainly, Parker was not a discoverer. He originated no doctrine; he struck out no path. His religious philosophy existed before his day, and owed to him no fresh development. But he was the first great popular expounder of it; the first who undertook to make it the basis of a faith for the common people; the first who planted it as the corner-stone of the working-religion of mankind, and published it as the ground of a new spiritual structure, distinct from both Romanism and Protestantism.

The ethics of Theodore Parker grew from the same root as his religion, and were part of the same system. These, too, rested on the spiritual philosophy—the philosophy of intuition. He believed that to the human conscience was made direct revelation of the eternal law; that the moral nature looked righteousness in the face. He was acquainted with the objections to this doctrine. The opposite philosophy of Utilitarianism—whether taught by Bentham or by Mill—was well known to him, but was wholly unsatisfactory. Sensationalism in morals was as absurd, in his judgment, as sensationalism in faith. The Quaker doctrine of the “inner light” was nearer the truth, as he saw it, than the “experience” doctrine of Herbert Spencer. Experience might assist conscience, but create it never. Conscience might consult even expediency for its methods; but for its parentage it must look elsewhere. Conscience, for him, was the authority, divine, ultimate. He obeyed, even if it commanded the cutting off of the right hand or the plucking out of the right eye. He would not compromise a principle, wrong a neighbor, take what was not fairly his, tell a falsehood, betray a trust, break a

ŌCTAVIUS B. FROTHINGHAM.—6

pledge, turn a deaf ear to the cry of human misery, for all the world could give him. At the heart of every matter there was a right and a wrong, both easily discernible by the simplest mind. The right was eternally right; the wrong was eternally wrong; and eternal consequences were involved in either. Philosophers might find fault with his psychology—they did find fault with it. He answered them, if he could; if he could not, he left them answerless: but for himself, he never doubted, but leaned against his pillar. A cloudy pillar it was: both base and capital were lost in the mist of eternity; but so long as it bore up the moral universe, he cared not what it was made of. No casuist he. The school of fidelity was for him the school of wisdom.—*Biography of Theodore Parker.*

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.—1

FROUDE, JAMES ANTHONY, an English historian and biographer, born in 1818. He was educated at Westminster School, and at Oriel College, Oxford, and in 1842 became a Fellow of Exeter College. In 1844 he was ordained a deacon in the Established Church, and for some time was reckoned as one of the High Church party of whom J. H. Newman was a leader. At this time he wrote many biographies in the series entitled *Lives of the English Saints*. In 1847 he published anonymously a volume of fiction entitled *Shadows of the Clouds*. In 1848 appeared his *Nemesis of Faith*, which evinced that he had come to differ widely from the doctrines of the Anglican Church. His two works were severely censured by the authorities of the University. He then resigned his Fellowship, and was obliged to give up an appointment which he had received of a teachership in Tasmania. After this, for some years he wrote largely for the *Westminster Review* and for *Fraser's Magazine*, becoming ultimately for a short time the editor of the latter periodical. He had in the mean time begun his *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada*. This History extends to twelve volumes, of which the first two appeared in 1856, and the last two in 1870. In 1867 he put forth a volume of *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, consisting of Essays which had already been printed in various periodicals. In 1842 he formally laid down his function of deacon in the Anglican Church, and in the same year made a tour in the United States, where he delivered a series of lectures on the relations existing between England and Ireland. Near the

close of 1874, Mr. Froude was commissioned by the Secretary of State for the Colonies to visit the Cape of Good Hope in order to investigate the causes which led to the Caffre insurrection. His latest works are, *The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century* (1871-74), *Cæsar, a Sketch*, (1879), *Biography of Thomas Carlyle* (1882-84), and *Oceana*, an account of a tour through the British Colonial possessions (1886). Besides writing the "Biography of Carlyle," he edited his "Reminiscences."

CHARACTER OF HENRY VIII.

Nature had been prodigal to him of her rarest gifts. In person he is said to have resembled his grandfather, Edward IV., who was the handsomest man in Europe. His form and bearing were princely; and amidst the easy freedom of his address, his manner remained majestic. No knight in England could match him in the tournament, except the Duke of Suffolk; he drew with ease as strong a bow as was borne by any yeoman of his guard; and these powers were sustained in unfailling vigor by a temperate habit and by constant exercise. Of his intellectual ability we are not left to judge from the suspicious panegyrics of his contemporaries. His state-papers and letters may be placed by the side of those of Wolsey or of Cromwell, and they lose nothing in the comparison. Though they are broadly different, the perception is equally clear, the expression equally powerful, and they breathe throughout an irresistible vigor of purpose. In addition to this, he had a fine musical taste, carefully cultivated; he spoke and wrote in four languages; and his knowledge of a multitude of other subjects, with which his versatile ability made him conversant, would have formed the reputation of any ordinary man. He was among the best physicians of his age; he was his own engineer, inventing improvements

in artillery, and new constructions in ship-building; and this not with the condescending incapacity of a royal amateur, but with thorough workmanlike understanding. His reading was vast, especially in theology, which has been ridiculously ascribed by Lord Herbert to his father's intention of educating him for the archbishopric of Canterbury—as if the scientific mastery of such a subject could have been acquired by a boy of twelve years of age—for he was no more when he became Prince of Wales. He must have studied theology with the full maturity of his understanding; and he had a fixed, and perhaps unfortunate, interest in the subject itself.

In all directions of human activity, Henry displayed natural powers of the highest order, at the highest stretch of industrious culture. He was "attentive," as it is called, to his "religious duties," being present at the services in the chapel two or three times a day with unfailing regularity, and showing to outward appearance a real sense of religious obligation in the energy and purity of his life. In private, he was good-humored and good-natured. His letters to his secretaries, though never undignified, are simple, easy and unrestrained; and the letters written by them to him are similarly plain and business-like, as if the writers knew that the person whom they were addressing disliked compliments, and chose to be treated as a man. Again, from their correspondence with one another, when they describe interviews with him, we gather the same pleasant impression. He seems to have been always kind, always considerate; inquiring into their private concerns with genuine interest, and winning, as a consequence, their warm and unaffected attachment.

As a ruler, he had been eminently popular. All his wars had been successful. He had the splendid tastes in which the English people most delighted, and he had substantially acted out his own theory of his duty, which was expressed in the following words:

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.—4

“Scripture taketh princes to be, as it were, fathers and nurses to their subjects, and by Scripture it appeareth that it appertaineth unto the office of princes to see that right religion and true doctrine be maintained and taught, and that their subjects may be well ruled and governed by good and just laws; and to provide and care for them that all things necessary for them may be plenteous; and that the people and commonweal may increase; and to defend them from oppression and invasion, as well within the realm as without; and to see that justice be administered unto them indifferently; and to hear benignly all their complaints; and to shew towards them, although they offend, fatherly pity.”

These principles do really appear to have determined Henry's conduct in his earlier years. He had more than once been tried with insurrection, which he had soothed down without bloodshed, and extinguished in forgiveness; and London long recollected the great scene which followed “evil May-day,” 1517, when the apprentices were brought down to Westminster Hall to receive their pardons. There had been a dangerous riot in the streets, which might have provoked a mild government to severity; but the king contented himself with punishing the five ringleaders, and four hundred other prisoners, after being paraded down the streets in white shirts with halters round their necks, were dismissed with an admonition, Wolsey weeping as he pronounced it.—*History of England*.

EXECUTION OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Briefly, solemnly, and sternly, the Commissioners delivered their awful message. They informed her that they had received a commission under the great seal to see her executed, and she was told that she must prepare to suffer on the following morning. She was dreadfully agitated. For a moment she refused to believe them. Then, as the truth forced itself upon

her, tossing her head in disdain, and struggling to control herself, she called her physician, and began to speak to him of money that was owed to her in France. At last it seems that she broke down altogether, and they left her with a fear either that she would destroy herself in the night, or that she would refuse to come to the scaffold, and that it might be necessary to drag her there by violence.

The end had come. She had long professed to expect it, but the clearest expectation is not certainty. The scene for which she had affected to prepare she was to encounter in its dread reality, and all her busy schemes, her dreams of vengeance, her visions of a revolution, with herself ascending out of the convulsion and seating herself on her rival's throne—all were gone. She had played deep, and the dice had gone against her.

Yet in death, if she encountered it bravely, victory was still possible. Could she but sustain to the last the character of a calumniated suppliant accepting heroically for God's sake and her creed's the concluding stroke of a long series of wrongs, she might stir a tempest of indignation which, if it could not save herself, might at least overwhelm her enemy. Persisting, as she persisted to the last, in denying all knowledge of Babington, it would be affectation to credit her with a genuine feeling of religion; but the imperfection of her motive exalts the greatness of her fortitude. To an impassioned believer death is comparatively easy.

At eight in the morning the provost-marshal knocked at the outer door which communicated with her suite of apartments. It was locked, and no one answered, and he went back in some trepidation lest the fears might prove true which had been entertained the preceding evening. On his return with the sheriff, however, a few minutes later, the door was open, and they were confronted with the tall, majestic figure of Mary Stuart standing before them in splendor. The

plain gray dress had been exchanged for a robe of black satin; her jacket was of black satin also, looped and slashed and trimmed with velvet. Her false hair was arranged studiously with a coif, and over her head and falling down over her back was a white veil of delicate lawn. A crucifix of gold hung from her neck. In her hand she held a crucifix of ivory, and a number of jewelled paternosters was attached to her girdle. Led by two of Paulet's gentlemen, the sheriff walking before her, she passed to the chamber of presence in which she had been tried, where Shrewsbury, Kent, Paulet, Drury, and others were waiting to receive her. Andrew Melville, Sir Robert's brother, who had been master of her household, was kneeling in tears. "Melville," she said, "you should rather rejoice than weep that the end of my troubles is come. Tell my friends I die a true Catholic. Commend me to my son. Tell him I have done nothing to prejudice his kingdom of Scotland, and so, good Melville, farewell." She kissed him, and turning, asked for her chaplain Du Preau. He was not present. There had been a fear of some religious melodrama which it was thought well to avoid. Her ladies, who had attempted to follow her, had been kept back also. She could not afford to leave the account of her death to be reported by enemies and Puritans, and she required assistance for the scene which she meditated. Missing them, she asked the reason of their absence, and said she wished them to see her die. Kent said he feared they might scream or faint, or attempt perhaps to dip their handkerchiefs in her blood. She undertook that they should be quiet and obedient. "The queen," she said, "would never deny her so slight a request;" and when Kent still hesitated, she added, with tears, "You know I am cousin to your Queen, of the blood of Henry the Seventh, a married Queen of France, and anointed Queen of Scotland."

It was impossible to refuse. She was allowed

to take six of her own people with her, and select them herself. She chose her physician Burgoyne, Andrew Melville, the apothecary Gorion, and her surgeon, with two ladies, Elizabeth Kennedy and Curle's young wife Barbara Mowbray, whose child she had baptized. "*Allons donc,*" she then said, "let us go;" and passing out attended by the earls, and leaning on the arm of an officer of the guard, she descended the great staircase to the hall. The news had spread far through the country. Thousands of people were collected outside the walls. About three hundred knights and gentlemen of the country had been admitted to witness the execution. The tables and forms had been removed, and a great wood fire was blazing in the chimney. At the upper end of the hall, above the fireplace, but near it, stood the scaffold, twelve feet square, and two feet and a half high. It was covered with black cloth; a low rail ran round it covered with black cloth also, and the sheriff's guard of halberdiers were ranged on the floor below on the four sides, to keep off the crowd. On the scaffold was the block, black like the rest; a square black cushion was placed behind it, and behind the cushion a black chair; on the right were two other chairs for the earls. The axe leant against the rail, and two masked figures stood like mutes on either side at the back. The Queen of Scots, as she swept in, seemed as if coming to take a part in some solemn pageant. Not a muscle of her face could be seen to quiver; she ascended the scaffold with absolute composure, looked round her smiling, and sat down. Shrewsbury and Kent followed, and took their places, the sheriff stood at her left hand, and Beale then mounted a platform, and read the warrant aloud.

She laid her crucifix on her chair. The chief executioner took it as a perquisite, but was ordered instantly to lay it down. The lawn veil was lifted carefully off, not to disturb the hair, and was hung upon the rail. The black robe was next removed. Below it was a petticoat of crim-

son velvet. The black jacket followed, and under the jacket was a body of crimson satin. One of her ladies handed her a pair of crimson sleeves, with which she hastily covered her arms: and thus she stood on the black scaffold with the black figures all around her, blood-red from head to foot. Her reasons for adopting so extraordinary a costume must be left to conjecture. It is only certain that it must have been carefully studied, and that the pictorial effect must have been appalling.

The women, whose firmness had hitherto borne the trial, began now to give way; spasmodic sobs bursting from them which they could not check. "*Ne criez vous,*" she said, "*j'ay promis pour vous.*" Struggling bravely, they crossed their breasts again and again, she crossing them in turn, and bidding them pray for her. Then she knelt on the cushion. Barbara Mowbray bound her eyes with her handkerchief. "*Adieu,*" she said, smiling for the last time, and waving her hand to them; "*adieu, au revoir.*" They stepped back from off the scaffold, and left her alone. On her knees she repeated the psalm, "*In te, Domine, confido,*" "In thee, O Lord, have I put my trust." Her shoulders being exposed, two scars became visible, one on either side, and the ears being now a little behind her, Kent pointed to them with his white wand, and looked inquiringly at his companion. Shrewsbury whispered that they were the remains of two abscesses from which she had suffered while living with him at Sheffield.

When the psalm was finished she felt for the block, and, laying down her head, muttered: "*In manus, Domine, tuas, commendo animam meam.*" The hard wood seemed to hurt her, for she placed her hands under her neck. The executioners gently removed them, lest they should deaden the blow, and then one of them holding her slightly, the other raised the axe and struck. The scene had been too trying even for the practised headsman of the tower.

His aim wandered. The blow fell on the knot of the handkerchief, and scarcely broke the skin. She neither spoke nor moved. He struck again, this time effectively. The head hung by a shred of skin, which he divided without withdrawing the axe; and at once a metamorphosis was witnessed, strange as was ever wrought by wand of fabled enchanter. The coif fell off and the false plaits. The labored illusion vanished. The lady who had knelt before the block was in the maturity of grace and loveliness. The executioner, when he raised the head, as usual, to show to the crowd, exposed the withered features of a grizzled, wrinkled old woman.

“So perish all enemies of the Queen,” said the Dean of Peterborough. A loud amen rose over the hall. “Such end,” said the Earl of Kent, rising and standing over the body, “to the Queen’s and the Gospel’s enemies.”—*History of England*.

THE WHITE TERRACE, LAKE TARAWARA, NEW ZEALAND.

In the morning we had to start early, for we had a long day’s work cut out for us. We were on foot at seven. The weather was fine, with a faint cool breeze, a few clouds, but no sign of rain. Five Maori boatmen were in attendance to carry coats and luncheon-basket. Kate* pre-

* Kate had already been described, “a big, half-caste, bony woman of forty, stone-deaf, with a form like an Amazon’s, features like a prize-fighter’s, and an arm that would fell an ox. She had a blue petticoat on, a brown jacket, and a red handkerchief about her hair. I inquired if this virago (for such she appeared) had a husband. I was told that she had had eight husbands, and on my asking what had become of them, I got for answer that they had died away somehow. Poor Kate! I don’t know that she had ever had so much as one. There were lying tongues at Wairoa as well as in other places. She was a little elated; I believe, when we first saw her; but was quiet and womanly enough next day. Her strength she had done good service with, and she herself was probably better, and not worse, than many of her neighbors.”

sented herself with a subdued demeanor, as agreeable as it was unexpected. She looked picturesque, with a gray, tight-fitting woollen bodice, a scarlet skirt, a light scarf about her neck, and a gray billicock hat with a pink ribbon. She had a headache, she said, but was mild and gentle. I disbelieved entirely in the story of the eight husbands.

We descended to the lake head. The boat was a long, light gig, unfit for storms, but Lake Tarawara lay unruffled in the sunshine, tree and mountain peacefully mirrored on the surface. The color was again green, as of a shallow sea. Heavy bushes fringed the shore; high, wooded mountains rose on all sides of us, as we left the creek and came out upon the open water. The men rowed well, laughing and talking among themselves, and carried us in a little more than an hour to a point eight miles distant. We were now in an arm of the lake which reached three miles further. At the head of this we landed by the mouth of a small rapid river, and looked about us. It was a pretty spot, overhung by precipitous cliffs, with ivy fern climbing over them. A hot-spring was bubbling violently through a hole in the rock. The ground was littered with the shells of unnumbered crayfish which had been boiled in this caldron of Nature's providing.

Here we were joined by a native girl, Marileha by name, a bright-looking lass of eighteen with merry eyes, and a thick well-combed mass of raven hair (shot with orange in the sunlight) which she tossed about over her shoulders. On her back, thrown jauntily on, she had a shawl of feathers, which Elphinstone wanted to buy, but found the young lady coy. She was a friend of Kate's, it appeared, was qualifying for a guide, and was to be our companion, we were told, through the day. I heard the news with some anxiety, for there was said to be a delicious basin of lukewarm water on one of the terraces, in which custom required us to bathe. Our two

lady-guides would provide towels, and officiate, in fact, as bathing-women. The fair Polycasta had bathed Telemachus, and the queenly Helen with her own royal hands had bathed Ulysses when he came disguised to Troy. So Kate was to bathe us, and Miss Marileha was to assist in the process.

We took off our boots and stockings, and put on canvas shoes which a wetting would not spoil, and followed our two guides through the bush, waiting for what fate had in store for us, Miss Mari laughing, shouting, and singing, to amuse Kate, whose head still ached. After a winding walk of half a mile, we came again on the river, which was rushing deep and swift through reeds and Ti-tree. A rickety canoc was waiting there, in which we crossed, climbed up a bank, and stretched before us we saw the White Terrace in all its strangeness; a crystal staircase, glittering and stainless as if it were ice, spreading out like an open fan from a point above us on the hillside, and projecting at the bottom into a lake, where it was perhaps two hundred yards wide. The summit was concealed behind the volumes of steam rising out of the boiling fountain, from which the siliceous stream proceeded. The stairs were twenty in number, the height of each being six or seven feet. The floors dividing them were horizontal, as if laid out with a spirit-level. They were of uneven breadth; twenty, thirty, fifty feet, or even more; each step down being always perpendicular, and all forming arcs of a circle of which the crater was the centre. On reaching the lake the silica flowed away into the water, where it lay in a sheet half-submerged, like ice at the beginning of a thaw. There was nothing in the fall of the ground to account for the regularity of shape.

A crater has been opened through the rock 120 feet above the lake. The water, which comes up boiling from below, is charged as heavily as it will bear with silicic acid. The silica crystalizes as it is exposed to the air. The

water continues to flow over the hardened surface, continually adding a fresh coating to the deposits already laid down; and, for reasons which men of science can no doubt supply, the crystals take the form which I have described. The process is a rapid one: A piece of newspaper left behind by a recent visitor, was already stiff as the starched collar of a shirt. Tourists ambitious of immortality have pencilled their names and the date of their visit on the white surface over which the stream was running. Some of the inscriptions were six and seven years old, yet the strokes were as fresh as on the day they were made, being protected by the film of glass which was instantly drawn over them.

The thickness of the crust is, I believe, unascertained, the Maoris objecting to scientific examination of their treasure. It struck me, however, that this singular cascade must have been of recent—indeed measurably recent—origin. In the middle of the terrace were the remains of a Ti-tree bush, which was standing where a small patch of soil was still uncovered. Part of this, where the silica had not reached the roots, was in leaf and alive. The rest had been similarly alive within a year or two, for it had not yet rotted, but had died as the crust rose round it. It appeared to me that this particular staircase was not perhaps a hundred years old, but that terraces like it had successively been formed all along the hillside, as the crater opened now at one spot, and now at another. Wherever the rock showed elsewhere through the soil, it was of the same material as that which I saw growing. If the supply of silicic acid was stopped, the surface would dry and crack. Ti-trees would then spring up over it. The crystal steps would crumble into less regular outlines, and in a century or two the fairy-like wonder which we were gazing at would be indistinguishable from the adjoining slopes. We walked, or rather waded upward to the boiling pool. It was not in this that we were to be bathed. It was about sixty

feet across, and was of unknown depth. The heat was too intense to allow us to approach the edge, and we could see little from the dense clouds of steam which lay upon it. We were more fortunate afterwards at the crater of the second terrace. The crystallization is ice-like, and the phenomena, except for the alternate horizontal and vertical arrangement of the deposited silica, is like what would be seen in any Northern region when a severe frost suddenly seizes hold of a waterfall before snow has fallen and buried it.—*Oceana*, Chap. XVI.

THE DEVIL'S HOLE.

A fixed number of minutes is allotted for each of the "sights." Kate was peremptory with Elphinstone and myself. Miss Marileha had charge of my son. "Come along, boy!" I heard her say to him. We were dragged off the White Terrace in spite of ourselves, but soon forgot it in the many and various wonders which were waiting for us. Columns of steam were rising all round us. We had already heard, near at hand, a noise like the blast-pipe of some enormous steam-engine. Climbing up a rocky path through the bush, we came on a black gaping chasm, the craggy sides of which we could just distinguish through the vapor. Water was boiling furiously at the bottom, and it was as if a legion of imprisoned devils were warring to be let out. "Devil's Hole" they called the place, and the name suited well with it. Behind a rock a few yards distant we found a large open pool, boiling also so violently that great columns of water heaved and rolled and spouted as if in a gigantic saucepan standing over a furnace. It was full of sulphur. Heat, noise, and smoke were alike intolerable. To look at the thing and then escape from it, was all that we could do; and we were glad to be led away out of sight and hearing.

Again a climb, and we were on an open level plateau, two acres or so in extent, smoking rocks

all round it, and scattered over its surface a number of pale brown mud-hills, exactly like African ant-hills. Each of these was the cone of some sulphurous Geyser. Some were quiet, some were active. Suspicious bubbles of steam spurted out under our feet as we trod, and we were warned to be careful where we went. Here we found a photographer, who had bought permission from the Maoris, at work with his instruments, and Marileha was made to stand for her likeness on the top of one of the mud-piles. We did not envy him his occupation, for the whole place smelt of brimstone and of the near neighborhood of the Nether Pit. Our own attention was directed especially to a hole filled with mud of a peculiar kind, much relished by the natives, and eaten by them as porridge. To us, who had been curious about their food, this dirty mess was interesting. It did not, however, solve the problem. Mud could hardly be as nutritious as they professed to find it, though it may have had medicinal virtues to assist the digestion of the crawfish.—*Oceana*, Chap. XVI.

LUNCH-TIME.

The lake into which the Terrace descended lay close below us. It was green and hot (the temperature near 100°), patched over with beds of rank reed and rush, which were forced into unnatural luxuriance. After leaving the mud-heaps we went down to the water-side, where we found our luncheon laid out in an open-air saloon, with a smooth floor of silica, and natural slabs of silica ranged round the sides as benches. Steam-fountains were playing in half-a-dozen places. The floor was hot—a mere skin between us and Cocytus. The slabs were hot just to the point of being agreeable to sit upon. This spot was a favorite winter resort of the Maori—their palavering hall, where they had their Constitutional Debates, their store-room, their kitchen, and their dining-room. Here they had their innocent meals on dried fish and fruit; here also their

less innocent, on dried slices of their enemies. At present it seemed to be made over to visitors like ourselves.—*Oceana*, Chap. XVI.

THE PINK TERRACE, LAKE TARAWARA.

We were now to be ferried across the lake. The canoe had been brought up—a scooped-out tree-trunk as long as a racing eight-oar, and about as narrow. It was leaky, and so low in the water that the lightest ripple washed over the gunwale. The bottom, however, was littered with fresh-gathered fern, which for the present was dry, and we were directed to lie down upon it. Marileha stood in the bow, wielding her paddle, with her elf-locks rolling wildly down her back. The hot waves lapped in, and splashed us. The lake was weird and evil-looking. Here Kate had earned her medal from the Humane Society. Some gentleman, unused to boats, had lost his balance, or his courage, and had fallen overboard. Kate had dived after him as he sank, and fished him up again.

The Pink Terrace, the object of our voyage, opened out before us on the opposite shore. It was formed on the same lines as the other, save that it was narrower, and was flushed with a pale rose-color. Oxide of iron is said to be the cause, but there is probably something besides. The water has not, I believe, been completely analyzed. Miss Mari used her paddle like a mistress. She carried us over with no worse misfortune than a slight splashing, and landed us at the Terrace-foot. It was here, if anywhere, that ablutions were to take place. To my great relief I found that a native youth was waiting with the towels, and that we were to be spared the ladies' assistance. They—Kate and Mari—withdrew to wallow, rhinoceros-like, in a mud-pool of their own.

The youth took charge of us, and led us up the shining stairs. The crystals were even more beautiful than those which we had seen, falling like clusters of rosy icicles, or hanging in festoons

like creepers trailing from a rail. At the foot of each cascade the water lay in pools of ultramarine, their exquisite color being due in part, I suppose, to the light of the sky, refracted upwards from the bottom. In the deepest of these we were to bathe. The temperature was 94° or 95° . The water lay inviting in its crystal basin. The water was deep enough to swim in comfortably, though not over our heads. We lay on our backs and floated for ten minutes in exquisite enjoyment, and the alkali or the flint, or the perfect purity of the element, seemed to saturate our systems. I, for one, when I was dressed again, could have fancied myself back in the old days when I did not know that I had a body, and could run up hill as lightly as down.

The bath over, we pursued our way. The marvel of the Terrace was still before us, reserved to the last, like the finish in a pheasant battue. The crater at the White Terrace had been boiling; the steam rushing out of it had filled the air with a cloud; and the scorching heat had kept us at a distance. Here the temperature was twenty degrees lower; there was still vapor hovering over the surface, but it was lighter and more transparent, and a soft breeze now and then blew it completely aside. We could stand on the brim and gaze as through an opening in the earth into an azure infinity beyond. Down and down, and fainter and softer as they receded, the white crystals projected from the rocky walls over the abyss, till they seemed to dissolve not into darkness but into light. The hue of the water was something which I had never seen, and shall never again see on this side of eternity. Not the violet, not the harebell, nearest in its tint to heaven of all nature's flowers; not turquoise, not sapphire, not the unfathomable aether itself, could convey to one who had not looked on it, a sense of that supernatural loveliness. The only color I ever saw in sky or on earth in the least resembling the aspect of this extraordinary pool was the flame of burning

sulphur. Here was a bath, if mortal flesh could have borne to dive into it! Had it been in Norway, we should have seen far down the floating Lorelei inviting us to plunge, and leave life and all belonging to it for such a home and such companionship. It was a bath for the gods and not for man. Artemis and her nymphs should have been swimming there, and we Actæons daring our fate to gaze on them.—*Oceana*, Chap. XVI.

The visit to the Pink and White Terraces of Lake Tarawara took place in March, 1885—that is, in early Autumn in the Southern Hemisphere. A year or so afterwards these wonderful Terraces were well-nigh destroyed by the great cataclysm of 1886.

ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES.

The Colonists *are* a part of us. They have as little thought of leaving us as an affectionate wife thinks of leaving her husband. The married pair may have their little disagreements, but their partnership is for “as long as they both shall live.” Our differences with the Colonists have been aggravated by the class of persons with whom they have been brought officially into contact. The administration of the Colonial Office has been generally in the hands of men of rank, or of men who aspire to rank; and although these high persons are fair representatives of the interests which they have been educated to understand, they are not the fittest to conduct our relations with communities of Englishmen with whom they have imperfect sympathy, in the absence of a well-informed public opinion to guide them. The Colonists are socially their inferiors, out of their sphere, and without personal point of contact. Secretaries of State lie yet under the shadow of the old impression that Colonies exist only for the benefit of the Mother Country. When they found that they could no longer tax the Colonies, or lay their trade under

restraint, for England's supposed advantage, they utilized them as penal stations. They distributed the colonial patronage, the lucrative places of public employment, to provide for friends or for political supporters. When this, too, ceased to be possible, they acquiesced easily in the theory that the Colonies were no longer of any use to us at all. The alteration of the suffrage may make a difference in the *personnel* of our Departments, but it will not probably do so to any great extent. A seat in the House of Commons is an expensive privilege, and the choice is practically limited. Not every one, however public-spirited he may be, can afford a large sum for the mere honor of serving his country; and those whose fortune and station in society is already secured, and who have no private interests to serve, are, on the whole, the most to be depended upon. But the People are now sovereign, and officials of all ranks will obey their masters. It is with the People that the Colonists feel a real relationship. Let the People give the officials to understand that the bond which holds the Empire together is not to be weakened any more, but is to be maintained and strengthened, and they will work as readily for purposes of union as they worked in the other direction, when "the other direction" was the prevailing one.

After all is said, it is on ourselves that the future depends. We are passing through a crisis in our national existence, and the wisest can not say what lies before us. If the English character comes out of the trial true to its old traditions—bold in heart and clear in eye, seeking nothing which is not its own, but resolved to maintain its own with its hand upon its sword—the far-off English dependencies will cling to their old home, and will look up to her and be still proud to belong to her, and will seek their own greatness in promoting hers. If, on the contrary (for among the possibilities there is a contrary), the erratic policy is to be continued which for the last few years has been the world's

wonder; if we show that we have no longer any settled principles of action, that we let ourselves drift into idle wars and unprovoked bloodshed; if we are incapable of keeping order even in our own Ireland, and let it fall away from us or sink into anarchy; if, in short, we let it be seen that we have changed our nature, and are not the same men with those who once made our name feared and honored, then, in ceasing to deserve respect, we shall cease to be respected. The Colonies will not purposely desert us, but they will look each to itself, knowing that from us, and from their connection with us, there is nothing more to be hoped for. The cord will wear into a thread, and one accident will break it.—*Oceana*, Chap. XXI.

ERASMUS IN ENGLAND.

Erasmus was a restless creature, and did not like to be caged or tethered. He declined the offer of a large pension which King Henry made him if he would remain in England, and Mountjoy settled a pension on him instead. He had now a handsome income, and he understood the art of enjoying it. He moved about as he pleased—now to Cambridge, now to Oxford, and, as the humor took him, back again to Paris; now staying with Sir Thomas More at Chelsea, now going a pilgrimage with Dean Colet to Becket's tomb at Canterbury—but always studying, always gathering knowledge, and throwing it out again, steeped in his own mother-wit, in shining Essays or Dialogues, which were the delight and the despair of his contemporaries. Everywhere, in his love of pleasure, in his habits of thought, in his sarcastic skepticism, you see the healthy, clever, well-disposed, tolerant, epicurian, intellectual man of the world.—*Historical Essays*.

FULLER, ANDREW, an English clergyman, born in 1754; died in 1815. In 1775 he became minister of a Baptist congregation at Soham, and in 1782 of one at Kettering, in Northamptonshire, the place of his birth, and of his residence during the remainder of his life. His first published work was a treatise entitled *The Gospel Worthy of All Acceptation* (1784). In 1799-1806 he put forth a series of *Dialogues and Letters*. In 1794 he published *The Calvinistic and Socinian System compared*. To this Dr. Toulmin replied in a work defending the Unitarian doctrine, and Mr. Fuller rejoined in a treatise entitled *Socinianism indefensible, on the Ground of its Moral Tendency*. He published many sermons and other theological treatises, and took an active part in the establishment and management of the Baptist Missionary Society, of which he was the first Secretary. His *Complete Works* were published in 8 octavo volumes in 1824; and in 1852 in one large volume, with a *Memoir* by his son. This *Memoir* embodies much autobiography, some of the salient points of which are here presented:

MR. FULLER AND MR. DIVER.

The Summer of 1770 was a time of great religious pleasure. I loved my pastor, and all my brethren in the church; and they expressed great affection towards me in return. I esteemed the righteous as the most excellent of the earth, in whom was all my delight. Those who knew not Christ seemed to me almost another species, towards whom I was incapable of attachment. About this time I formed an intimacy with a Mr. Joseph Diver, a wise and good man, who had been baptized with me. He was about forty years of age, and had lived many years in a

very reclusive way, giving himself much to reading and reflection. He had a great delight in searching after truth, which rendered his conversation peculiarly interesting to me; nor was he less devoted to universal practical godliness. I count this connection one of the greatest blessings of my life. Notwithstanding the disparity as to years, we loved each other like David and Jonathan.

CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

In November, 1771, as I was riding out on business, on a Saturday morning, to a neighboring village, my mind fell into a train of interesting and affecting thoughts, from that passage of Scripture, "Weeping may endure for a night; but joy cometh in the morning." I never had felt such freedom of mind in thinking upon a divine subject before; nor do I recollect ever having had a thought of the ministry; but I then felt as if I could preach from it, and indeed I did preach, in a manner, as I rode along. I thought no more of it, however, but returned home, when I had done my business. In the afternoon I went to see my mother. As we rode a few miles together, she told me she had been thinking much about me, while in town, and added, "My dear, you have often expressed your wish for a trade. I have talked with your uncle at Kensington, and he has procured a good place for you, where, instead of paying a premium, you may, if you give satisfaction, in a little time receive wages and learn the business. That which my mother suggested, was very true. I had always been inclined to trade; but, how it was I cannot tell, my heart revolted at the proposal at this time. It was not from any desire or thought of the ministry, nor anything else in particular, unless it were a feeling towards the little scattered Society of which I was a member. I said but little to my mother, but seemed to wish for time to consider it. This was on Saturday evening.

The next morning, as I was walking by myself

to meeting, expecting to hear the brethren pray, and my friend Joseph Diver expound the Scriptures, I was met by one of the members whom he had requested me to see, who said, "Brother Diver has by accident sprained his ankle, and cannot be at meeting to-day, and he wishes me to say to you that he hopes the Lord will be with *you*."—"The Lord be with *me*!" thought I. "What does Brother Diver mean? He cannot suppose that I can take his place, seeing that I have never attempted anything of the kind, nor been asked to do so." It then occurred, however, that I had had an interesting train of thought the day before, and had imagined at the time I could speak it, if I were called to do it. But though I had repeatedly engaged in prayer publicly, yet I had never been requested to attempt anything further, and therefore I thought no more of it.....

Early in 1773, Brother Diver was absent again through an affliction, and I was invited once more to take his place. Being induced to renew the attempt, I spoke from those words of Our Lord, "The Son of Man came to seek and save that which is lost." On this occasion I not only felt greater freedom than I had ever found before, but the attention of the people was fixed, and several young persons in the congregation were impressed with the subject, and afterwards joined the church. From this time the brethren seemed to entertain the idea of my engaging in the ministry, nor was I without serious thoughts of it myself. Sometimes I felt a desire after it; at other times I was much discouraged, especially through a consciousness of my want of spirituality of mind, which I considered as a qualification of the first importance.....

DOCTRINAL VIEWS.

Being now devoted to the ministry, I took a review of the doctrine I should preach, and spent pretty much of my time in reading, and in

making up my mind as to various things relative to the gospel. With respect to the system of doctrine which I had been accustomed to hear from my youth, it was in the high Calvinistic—or rather hyper-Calvinistic strain—admitting nothing spiritually good to be the duty of the unregenerated, and nothing to be addressed to them in a way of exhortation, excepting what related to external obedience. Outward services might be required: such as attendance on the means of grace; and abstinence from gross evils might be enforced; but nothing was said to them from the pulpit, in the way of warning them to flee from the wrath to come, or inviting them to apply to Christ for salvation.

Though our late disputes had furnished me with some few principles inconsistent with these notions, yet I did not perceive their bearings at first; and durst not for some years address an invitation to the unconverted to come to Jesus. I began, however, to doubt whether I had got the truth respecting this subject. This view of things did not seem to comport with the idea which I had imbibed, concerning the power of man to do the will of God. I perceived that the will of God was not confined to mere outward actions; but extended to the inmost thoughts and intents of the heart. The distinction of duties, therefore, into internal and external, and making the latter only concern the unregenerate, wore a suspicious appearance. But as I perceived that this reasoning would affect the whole tenor of my preaching, I moved on with slow and trembling steps; and having to feel my way out of a labyrinth, it was a long time ere I felt satisfied.

Here must be briefly noted, as told by his son, some incidents relating to the early years of the ministry of Andrew Fuller. “His whole yearly income from the people having never exceeded £13, and his attempts to derive support, first from a small

shop and then from a school, both proving unsuccessful; so that, notwithstanding all his exertions, he could not prevent an annual inroad upon his little property, most distressing to himself, and ruinous to the prospects of a rising family. Under such complicated trials his health suffered a shock from which he with difficulty recovered." Indeed, there seems to have been a mighty amount of praying and psalm-singing, and all that; but somehow the brethren at Soham, where Andrew Fuller began his ministry, kept a close grip upon their pocket-books; as witness the following memorandum made by a good deacon Wallis, who was empowered to lay certain questions in controversy before a Mr. Robinson, of Cambridge, who should pronounce judgment as to what should be done. Mr. Robinson's decision was, "That Mr. Fuller ought to continue pastor of the said church for one whole year, from this day, and after that time if it should appear that he can live on his income; and that the people ought to abide by their proposal to raise Mr. Fuller's income to £25 a year, as they had proposed, clear of all deductions."

As a preacher Andrew Fuller never ministered except to a small congregation belonging to a small and, in his day and country, a thoroughly despised sect. In fact, a century ago, it would have been thought less contemptuous to call a man an "Infidel" than to call him a "Baptist." His written works are his best monument. The tablet placed near by the pulpit at Kettering bears an inscription which may take the place of any extended biography :

ANDREW FULLER.—6

INSCRIPTION UPON ANDREW FULLER'S MONUMENT.

In memory of their revered Pastor, the Reverend Andrew Fuller, the Church and Congregation have erected this Tablet.—His ardent Piety, the strength and soundness of his Judgment, his intimate knowledge of the Human Heart, and his profound acquaintance with the Scriptures, eminently qualified him for the Ministerial Office, which he sustained amongst them thirty-two years. The force and originality of his Genius, aided by undaunted Firmness, raised him from obscurity to high distinction in the Religious World. By the wisdom of his plans, and by his unwearied diligence in executing them, he rendered the most important services to the Baptist Missionary Society, of which he was the Secretary from its commencement, and to the prosperity of which he devoted his life. In addition to his other labors, his writings are numerous and celebrated.

FULLER, MARGARET. See OSSOLI,
MARGARET FULLER, Marchioness.

THOMAS FULLER.—1

FULLER, THOMAS, an English clergyman and author, born in 1608; died in 1661. He was educated at Queen's College, Cambridge, winning the highest university honors, and was presented to the living of St. Benoits, Cambridge, where he came to be noted as an eloquent preacher, and was also made Prebendary of Salisbury. After some years he went to London, where he received the lectureship of the Savoy. Upon the outbreak of the civil war between the Parliament and Charles I., Fuller warmly espoused the royal cause, became a chaplain in the army, and suffered some inconveniences during the Protectorate of Cromwell. After the restoration of Charles II., he was made chaplain-extraordinary to the King, regained his prebendary of which he had been deprived, and it was in contemplation to raise him to a bishopric; but he died before this intention was carried out. His principal works are: *Historie of the Holy Warre* (1639), *Holy and Profane State*, proposing examples for imitation and avoidance (1642), *Church History of Britain from the Birth of Jesus Christ until the Year MDCXLVIII* (1655), and *History of the Worthies of England*, published in 1662, soon after his death. This last work, a collection of out-of-the-way biographies, is the one by which Fuller is now best known. This was reprinted in 1811, and again in 1840.

THE GOOD SCHOOLMASTER.

There is scarcely any profession in the commonwealth more necessary, which is so slightly performed. The reasons whereof I conceive to be these: First, young scholars make this calling their refuge; yea, perchance, before they have taken any degree in the university, com-

mence schoolmasters in the country, as if nothing else were required to set up this profession but only a rod and a ferula. Secondly, others who are able, use it only as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune, till they can provide a new one, and betake themselves to some more gainful calling. Thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best with the miserable reward which in some places they receive, being masters to their children and slaves to their parents. Fourthly, being grown rich, they grow negligent, and scorn to touch the school, but by the proxy of the usher. But see how well our schoolmaster behaves himself.

He studieth his scholar's natures as carefully as they their books; and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all particulars, yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys' natures, and reduce them all—saving some few exceptions—to these general rules :

1. Those that are ingenious and industrious. The conjunction of two such planets in a youth presage much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death; yea, where their master whips them once, shame whips them all the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentleness.

2. Those that are ingenious and idle. These think, with the hare in the fable, that running with snails—so they count the rest of their schoolfellows—they shall come soon enough to the post, though sleeping a good while before their starting. O! a good rod would finely take them napping!

3. Those that are dull and diligent. Wines, the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterwards prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright, and squared, and pointed by na-

ture, and yet are soft and worthless; whereas orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures of youth acquit themselves afterwards the jewels of the country, and therefore their dulness at first is to be borne with, if they be diligent. The school-master deserves to be beaten himself who beats nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts which are naturally sluggish rise one minute before the hour nature hath appointed.

4. Those that are invincibly dull, and negligent also. Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boat-makers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants and mechanics who will not serve for scholars.

He is able, diligent, and methodical in his teaching; not leading them rather in a circle than forwards. He minces his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him.—*The Holy and Profane State.*

ON BOOKS.

It is a vanity to persuade the world one hath much learning by getting a great library. As soon shall I believe every one is valiant that hath a well-furnished armory. I guess good house-keeping by the smoking, not the number of the tunnels, as knowing that many of them—built merely for uniformity—are without chimneys, and more without fires.

Some books are only cursorily to be tasted of: namely, first, voluminous books, the task of a man's life to read them over; secondly, auxiliary books, only to be repaired to on occasions; thirdly, such as are mere pieces of formality, so that if you look on them you look through them,

THOMAS FULLER.—4

and he that peeps through the casement of the index, sees as much as if he were in the house. But the laziness of those cannot be excused who perfunctorily pass over authors of consequence, and only trade in their tables and contents. These, like city cheaters, having gotten the names of all country gentlemen, make silly people believe they have long lived in those places where they never were, and flourish with skill in those authors they never seriously studied.—*The Holy and Profane State*.

HENRY DE ESSEX, STANDARD-BEARER TO HENRY II.

It happened in the reign of this king there was a fierce battle fought in Flintshire, in Coleshall, between the English and Welsh, wherein this Henry de Essex *animum et signum simul abjecit*—betwixt traitor and coward, cast away both his courage and banner together, occasioning a great overthrow of English. But he that had the baseness to do, had the boldness to deny the doing of so foul a fact; until he was challenged in combat by Robert de Momford, a knight, eye-witness thereof, and by him overcome in a duel. Whereupon his large inheritance was confiscated to the king, and he himself, partly thrust, partly going, into a convent, hid his head in a cowl; under which, between shame and sanctity, he blushed out the remainder of his life.—*The Worthies of England*.

Fuller is especially notable for the quaint and pithy sayings scattered through his writings, often where one would least expect them. Thus he says: "The Pyramids, themselves dotting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders." Negroes are felicitously characterized as "God's image cut in ebony." And again, he says, "As smelling a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body, no less are one's thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul." The following are selected at random from several of Fuller's books:

THOMAS FULLER.—5

MISCELLANEOUS APHORISMS.

It is dangerous to gather flowers that grow on the banks of the pit of hell, for fear of falling in; yea, they which play with the devil's rattles will be brought by degrees to wield his sword; and from making of sport, they come to doing of mischief.

The true church antiquary doth not so adore the ancients as to despise the moderns. Grant them but dwarfs, yet stand they on giants' shoulders, and may see the farther.

Light, Heaven's eldest daughter, is a principal beauty in a building, yet it shines not alike from all parts of heaven. An east window welcomes the beams of the sun before they are of a strength to do any harm, and is offensive to none but a sluggard. In a west window, in summer time towards night, the sun grows low and over-familiar, with more light than delight.

A public office is a guest which receives the best usage from them who never invited it.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any, which are not in their power to amend. Oh! 'tis cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches.

Generally, nature hangs out a sign of simplicity in the face of a fool, and there is enough in his countenance for a hue and cry to take him on suspicion; or else it is stamped in the figure of his body; their heads sometimes so little, that there is no room for wit; sometimes so long, that there is no wit for so much room.

Learning has gained most by those books by which the printers have lost.

Is there no way to bring home a wandering sheep but by worrying him to death?

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues.

Tombs are the clothes of the dead. A grave is but a plain suit, and a rich monument is one embroidered.

LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.—I

FULLERTON, LADY GEORGIANA CHARLOTTE an English author, born in 1812. She was the second daughter of the first Earl of Granville. In 1833 she married Captain Fullerton, and removed to Ireland. Her first novel, *Ellen Middleton*, was published in 1844. She subsequently wrote many works, among them, *Grantley Manor* (1849), *Lady-Bird* (1852), *The Life of St. Francis of Rome* (1855), *La Comtesse de Bonnaval* and *Histoire du Temps de Louis XIV.* (1857), *Rose Leblanc* (1860), *Laurentia, a Tale of Japan* (1861), *Too Strange Not to be True* (1864), *Constance Sherwood* (1865), *A Stormy Life* (1867), *Mrs. Gerald's Niece* (1869), *The Gold-Digger and Other Verses* (1872), and *Dramas from the Lives of the Saints* (1872.) She also made many translations from the French.

A CHILD OF THE WILDERNESS.

Maitre Simon's barge was lying at anchor near the village. It had just landed a party of emigrants on their way back from the Arkansas to New Orleans. He was storing it with provisions for the rest of the voyage, and was standing in the midst of cases and barrels, busily engaged in this labor, when Colonel d'Auban stepped into the boat, bade him good morning, and inquired after his daughter. On his first arrival in America he had made the voyage up the Mississippi in one of Simon's boats, and the barge-man's little girl, then a child of twelve years of age, was also on board. Simonette inherited from her mother, an Illinois Indian, the dark complexion and peculiar-looking eyes of that race; otherwise she was thoroughly French, and like her father, whose native land was Gascony. From her infancy she had been the plaything of the passengers on his boat, and they were, indeed, greatly in need of amusement during the

LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.—2

wearisome weeks when, half imbedded in the floating vegetation of the wide river, they slowly made their way against its mighty current. As she advanced in years, the child became a sort of attendant on the women on board, and rendered them many little services.

She was an extraordinary being. Quicksilver seemed to run in her veins. She never remained two minutes together in the same spot or the same position. She swam like a fish, and ran like a lapwing. Her favorite amusements were to leap in and out of the boat, to catch hold of the swinging branches of the wild vine, and run up the trunks of trees with the agility of a squirrel, or to sit laughing with her playfellows, the monkeys, gathering bunches of grapes and handfuls of wild cherries for the passengers. She had a wonderful handiness, and a peculiar talent for contrivances. There were very few things Simonette could not do, if she once set about them

Simonette heard Mass on Sunday, and said short prayers night and morning; but her piety was of the active order. She studied her catechism up in some tree, seated on a branch, or else swinging in one of the nets in which Indian women rock their children. She could hardly sit still during a sermon, and from sheer restlessness envied the birds as they flew past the windows. But if Father Maret had a message to send across the prairie, or if food and medicine were to be carried to the sick, she was his ready messenger—his “carrier pigeon,” as he called her. Through tangled thickets and marshy lands she made her way, fording with her naked feet the tributary streams of the great river, or swimming across them if necessary; jumping over fallen trunks, and singing as she went, the bird-like creature made friends and played with every animal she met, and fed on berries and wild honey.—*Too Strange Not to be True.*

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS.—1

FURNESS, HORACE HOWARD, an American Shakespearean scholar, son of William H. Furness, born at Philadelphia, in 1833. He was educated at Harvard University, studied law, and was admitted to the Philadelphia bar in 1859. He has edited a *Vario-rum Edition of Shakespeare*, a valuable contribution to Shakespearean literature (1871.)

THE "FIRST FOLIO" OF SHAKESPEARE.

When reading Shakespeare, we resign ourselves to the mighty current, and let it bear us along whithersoever it will; we see no shoals, heed no rocks, need no pilot. Whether spoken from rude boards or printed in homely form, the words are Shakespeare's, the hour is his, and a thought of texts is an impertinence. But when we study Shakespeare, then our mood changes; no longer are we 'sitting at a play,' the passive recipients of impressions through the eye and ear, but we weigh every word, analyze every expression, sift every phrase, that no grain of art or beauty, which we can assimilate, shall escape. To do this, we must have Shakespeare's own words before us. No other words will avail, even though they be those of the wisest and most inspired of our day and generation. We must have Shakespeare's own text; or, failing this, the nearest possible approach to it. We shall be duly grateful to the wise and learned, who, where phrases are obscure, give us the words which we believe to have been Shakespeare's; but as students we must have under our eyes the original text, which, however stubborn it may seem at times, may yet open its treasures to our importunity, and reveal charms before undreamed of.

This original text is to be found in the first edition of his Works, published in 1623, and usually known as the "*First Folio*," which was presumably printed from the words written by Shakespeare's own hand or from stage copies adapted from his manuscripts. Be it that the

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS.—2

pages of this First Folio are little better than proof-sheets, lacking supervision of the author or of any other, yet 'those who had Shakespeare's manuscript before them were more likely to read it right than we who read it only in imagination,' as Dr. Johnson said. Even grant that the First Folio is, as has been asserted, one of the most carelessly printed books ever issued from the press, it is, nevertheless, the only text that we have for at least sixteen of the plays; and condemn it as we may, 'still is its name in great account, it hath power to charm' for all of them. If misspellings occur here and there, surely our common-school education is not so uncommon that we cannot silently correct them. If the punctuation be deficient, surely it can be supplied without an exorbitant demand upon our intelligence. And in lines incurably maimed by the printers, of what avail is the voice of a solitary editor amid the Babel that vociferates around, each voice proclaiming the virtues of its own specific? Who am I that I should thrust myself in between the student and the text, as though in me resided the power to restore Shakespeare's own words. Even if a remedy be proposed which is by all acknowledged to be efficacious, it is not enough for the student that he should know the remedy; he must see the ailment. Let the ailment, therefore, appear in all its severity in the text, and let the remedies be exhibited in the notes; by this means we may make a text for ourselves, and thus made, it will become a part of ourselves, and speak to us with more power than were it made for us by the wisest editor of them all.—*Preface to The Moor of Venice.*

WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS.—1

FURNESS, WILLIAM HENRY, an American clergyman and author, born in Boston, in 1802. He was educated at Harvard University, studied theology at Cambridge, and in 1825 became pastor of the First Congregational (Unitarian) Church in Philadelphia. He is the author of *Remarks on the Four Gospels* (1836), *Jesus and His Biographers* (1838), *a History of Jesus* (1850), *Thoughts on the Life and Character of Jesus of Nazareth* (1859), *The Veil partly Lifted and Jesus becoming Visible* (1864), *Jesus* (1870), and *The Story of the Resurrection of Christ Told Once More* (1885.) He has also published *Domestic Worship*, a volume of prayers (1850), a volume of *Discourses* (1855); and numerous *Poems*, original, or translated from the German.

THE PERSONAL PRESENCE OF JESUS.

The greatest act may be spoiled by the way in which it is done, and the homeliest office of kindness may be discharged with a grace that shall hint of heaven. It is not in the form or in the word, but in the spirit that lies the power. And the great personal power of Jesus cannot, I conceive, be fully accounted for without bringing distinctly into view what it seldom occurs to us to think of, as it is scarcely once alluded to in the Gospels, and if it were alluded to, was not a thing that admitted of being readily described: His personal presence, in a word, his manner. All that we read in the records in regard to it is, that his teaching was marked by a singular air of authority. No, this was not a thing to be described. It was felt too deeply. It penetrated to that depth in the hearts of men whence no words come, whither no words reach. It was the strong humanity expressed in the whole air of him, and unabstracted by any thought of himself, that drew the crowd around him, or at least

WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS.—2

fixed them in the attitude of breathless attention. Many a heart, I doubt not, was made to thrill and glow by the intonations of his voice attuned to a divine sincerity, or by the passing expression of his countenance beaming with the truth, which is the presence and power of the Highest. In fine, it was his manner that rendered perfect the expression of his humanity, and gave men assurance of his thorough sincerity. And the peculiar charm of His humanity is, that it bloomed out in this fulness of beauty, not in the sunlight of joy, but under the deep gloom of an early, lonely, and cruel death, ever present to him as the one special thing which he was bound to suffer.

Although he had renounced every private concern, and bound himself irrevocably to so terrible a fate, he nevertheless retained the healthiest and most cordial interest in men and things. Life lost not one jot of value in his eyes, although he knew that he had no lot in it but to die in torture, forsaken and defamed. On the contrary, who ever, within so brief a space of time—or indeed in any space of time, though extended to the utmost limit of this mortal existence—made so much out of it, or so enhanced its value, as he? With what light and beauty has he transfigured this life of ours! The world had nothing for him but the hideous Cross, and yet he has flooded the world through that Cross with imperishable splendors, unconquerable Faith, and immortal Hope. Notwithstanding the deadly hatred of men, he loved them with a love stronger than death, and put faith in them as no other ever has done. The outcast he treated with a brother's tenderness, identifying himself with the meanest of his fellow-men, and in the most emphatic manner teaching that sympathy withheld from the least is dishonor cast upon the greatest.—*The Veil partly Lifted.*

WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS.—3

A SINGLE EYE.

Let thine eye be single,
And no earth-born visions mingle
With thy pure ideal.
Then will its undimmed light
Make all within thee bright,
And all around thee real.

But if thine eye be double,
Black care will rise to trouble
And veil that light.
Then blindly wilt thou grope,
Cheated of faith and hope
By phantoms of the night.

ETERNAL LIGHT.

Slowly, by God's hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world,
Falls the darkness; O how still
Is the working of his will!

Mighty Spirit, ever nigh,
Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

Living stars to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires.

Holy Truth, Eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight;
Let them shine serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

ARNOLDO FUSINATO.—1

FUSINATO, ARNOLDO, an Italian poet, born near Vicenza in 1817. He was educated at the seminary of Padua, studied law, and received his degree, but gave more attention to poetry than to legal practice. A sumptuous edition of his *Poesies* was published at Venice in 1853. In 1870 he went to Rome as Chief Revisor of the Stenographic Parliamentary Reports. In 1871 appeared at Milan a volume of his *Poesie patriottiche inedite*, which contained, among other pieces the popular *Students of Padua*. In 1849 the Austrians, who had some months before been driven from Venice, returned, and bombarded the city, which, having been reduced to famine, and the cholera prevailing, surrendered, raising the white flag over the lagoon bridge, by which the railway traveler enters the city. The poet imagines himself in one of the little towns on the nearest mainland :

VENICE IN 1849.

The twilight is deepening, still is the wave ;
I sit by the window, mute as by a grave ;
Silent, companionless, secret I pine ;
Through tears where thou liest I look, Venice
mine.

On the clouds brokenly strewn through the west
Lies the last ray of the sun sunk to rest ;
And a sad sibilance under the moon
Sighs from the broken heart of the lagoon.

Out of the city a boat draweth near :
" You of the gondola ! tell us what cheer !"
" Bread lacks, the cholera deadlier grows ;
From the lagoon bridge the white banner blows."

No, no, nevermore on so great woe,
Bright sun of Italy, nevermore glow !
But o'er Venetian hopes shattered so soon,
Moan in thy sorrow forever, lagoon !

ARNOLDO FUSINATO.—2

Venice, to thee comes at last the last hour ;
Martyr illustrious, in thy foe's power ;
Bread lacks, the cholera deadlier grows ;
From the lagoon bridge the white banner blows.

Not all the battle-flames over thee streaming ;
Not all the numberless bolts o'er thee screaming ;
Not for these terrors thy free days are dead :
Long live Venice ! She's dying for bread !

On thy immortal page sculpture, O Story,
Others' iniquity, Venice's glory ;
And three times infamous ever be he
Who triumphed by famine, O Venice, o'er thee.

Long live Venice ! Undaunted she fell ;
Bravely she fought for her banner and well ;
But bread lacks ; the cholera deadlier grows ;
From the lagoon bridge the white banner blows.

And now be shivered upon the stone here
Till thou be free again, O lyre I bear.
Unto thee, Venice, shall be my last song,
To thee the last kiss and the last tear belong.

Exiled and lonely, from hence I depart,
But Venice forever shall live in my heart ;
In my heart's sacred place Venice shall be
As is the face of my first love to me.

But the wind rises, and over the pale
Face of its waters the deep sends a wail ;
Breaking, the chords shriek, and the voice dies.
On the lagoon bridge the white banner flies.

Trans. of W. D. HOWELLS.

JAMES GAIRDNER.—1

GAIRDNER, JAMES, a British historian, born at Edinburgh in 1828. He was educated at Edinburgh, and in 1846 received an appointment as clerk in the Public Record Office, London, of which he was made Assistant Keeper in 1859. He has edited several ancient works, the manuscripts of which are preserved in the Record Office and elsewhere, notable among which is a very much enlarged edition of *The Paston Letters*. His principal original works are: *The Houses of Lancaster and York* (1874), *History of the Life and Reign of Richard III.* (1878), and *Studies in English History*, consisting of essays by himself and Henry Spedding, republished from various periodicals (1886.)

THE TRUE CHARACTER OF RICHARD III.

It is a good quarter of a century since I first read Walpole's *Historic Doubts*; and they certainly exercised upon me, in a very strong degree, the influence which I perceive they have had on many other minds. I began to doubt whether Richard III. was really a tyrant at all. I more than doubted that principal crime of which he is so generally reputed guilty; and as for everything else laid to his charge it was easy to show that the evidence was still more unsatisfactory. The slenderness and insufficiency of the original testimony could hardly be denied; and if it were only admitted that the prejudices of Lancastrian writers might have perverted facts, which the policy of the Tudors would not have allowed other writers to state fairly, a very plausible case might have been established for a more favorable rendering of Richard's character.

It was the opinion of the late Mr. Buckle that a certain skeptical tendency—a predisposition to doubt all commonly received opinions until they were found to stand the test of argu-

ment—was the first essential to the discovery of new truth. I must confess that my own experience does not verify this remark; and whatever may be said for it as regards science, I cannot but think the skeptical spirit a most fatal one in history. It is an easy thing to isolate particular facts and events, cross-examine to our own satisfaction the silent witnesses or first reporters of a celebrated crime, and appeal to the public for a verdict of “not proven.” But, after all, we have only raised a question; we have not advanced one step toward its solution. We have succeeded in rendering a few things doubtful, which may have been too hastily assumed before. But if these doubts are to be of any value as the avenue to new truths, they must lead to a complete reconsideration of very many things besides the few dark passages at first isolated for investigation. They require, in the first place, that the history of one particular epoch should be re-written; in the second, that the new version of the story should exhibit a certain moral harmony with the facts both of subsequent times and of the times preceding. Until these two conditions have been fulfilled, no attempt to set aside traditional views of history can ever be called successful.

The old traditional view of Richard III. has certainly not yet been set aside in a manner to satisfy the world. Yet there has been no lack of ingenuity in pleading his cause, or of research in the pursuit of evidence. Original authorities have been carefully scrutinized; words have been exactly weighed; and plausible arguments have been used to show that for all that is said of him by contemporary writers he might have been a very different character from what he is supposed to have been. Only, the malign tradition itself is not well accounted for; and we are not clearly shown that the story of Richard's life is more intelligible without it. On the contrary I must record my impression that a minute study of the facts of Richard's life has tended

more and more to convince me of the general fidelity of the portrait with which we have been made familiar by Shakespeare and Sir Thomas More.

I feel quite ashamed, at this day, to think how I mused over this subject long ago, wasting a great deal of time, ink, and paper in fruitless efforts to satisfy even my own mind that traditional black was real historical white, or at worst a kind of gray. At last I laid aside my incomplete manuscript, and applied myself to other subjects, still of a kindred nature; and the larger study of history in other periods convinced me that my method at starting had been altogether wrong. The attempt to discard tradition in the examination of original sources of history is, in fact, like the attempt to learn an unknown language without a teacher. We lose the benefit of a living interpreter, who may, indeed, misapprehend to some extent the author whom we wish to read; but at least he would save us from innumerable mistakes if we had followed his guidance in the first instance. I have, therefore, in working out this subject always adhered to the plan of placing my chief reliance on contemporary information; and, so far as I am aware, I have neglected nothing important that is either directly stated by original authorities and contemporary records, or that can be reasonably inferred from what they say.—*History of Richard III.*, Preface.

THE CORONATION OF RICHARD III.

By all accounts the magnificence of Richard's coronation was unsurpassed by that of any of his predecessors. The ceremony must have lasted some hours. When the King had reached St. Edward's shrine, and was seated in his chair of state, a royal service was sung that had been prepared for the occasion. Afterwards the King and Queen coming down from their seats to the high altar, there were further solemn services, during which both King and Queen put off

their robes, and, standing naked from the middle upwards, were anointed by the bishop. They then changed their robes for cloth of gold, and Cardinal Bourchier crowned them both, while organs softly played. The bishop then put upon the King St. Edward's cope, and the cardinal censured both King and Queen. The King then took the cross with the ball in his right hand, and the sceptre in his left, and a grand *Te Deum* was sung by the priests and clergy. The cardinal next sang mass, and the King and Queen returned to their chairs of state. Two bishops now came up to the King, knelt before him, rose up again and kissed him, one after the other, and then took their stations beside him, one on the right hand and the other on the left. The Dukes of Buckingham and Norfolk, with the other leading nobles, next took up positions about the King, the Earl of Surrey standing before him with a sword in his hand, which he held upright during the whole of the mass; while, at the same time, the Queen had a bishop standing on each side of her. The Duchess of Norfolk also sat on the Queen's right hand, and the Countess of Richmond on her left, the Duchess of Norfolk and other ladies kneeling behind her till the mass was done. The King and Queen sat still till the *pax* was given. After kissing it they came down and knelt at the high altar, where they received the sacrament. The King then returned to St. Edward's shrine and offered up St. Edward's crown and other relics. Then the lords set his own crown on his head, and the whole company began to move out of the church in grand procession. The King again bore the cross and ball in his right hand, with the sceptre in his left. The Duke of Norfolk bore the cap of maintenance before him. The Queen bore her sceptre in her right hand, and the rod with the dove in her left. And so, with great solemnity, they proceeded to Westminster Hall, where the banquet began at the late hour of four o'clock in the afternoon. In

the middle of the second course, Sir Robert Dymock, the King's Champion, rode into the Hall upon a horse trapped with white and crimson silk, and challenged any man to dispute the King's title. A momentary silence followed; and then the cry of "King Richard! King Richard!" resounded on every side. Whatever deficiency there might have been in Richard's title was now remedied. He had become an anointed King. A religious rite had invested his person with a sanctity which it had not before; and he had spared no pains to make it as splendid and imposing as any such rite should be.—*History of Richard III.*, Chap. IV.

RICHARD III. AFTER THE MURDER OF HIS
NEPHEWS.

Hitherto Richard's life, though not unmarked by violence, had been free from violence to his own flesh and blood. Even his most unjustifiable measures were somewhat in the nature of self-defence; or if in any case he had stained his hands with the blood of persons absolutely innocent, it was not in his own interest, but in that of his brother, Edward IV. The rough and illegal retribution which he dealt out to Rivers, Vaughan, Hawte, Lord Richard Grey, and Lord Hastings, was not more severe than perhaps law itself might have authorized. The disorders of civil war had accustomed the nation to see justice sometimes executed without the due formalities; and his neglect of those formalities had not hitherto made him unpopular. But the license of unchecked power is dangerous, no less to those who wield than to those who suffer from it; and it was particularly so to one of Richard's violent and impatient temper. He had been allowed so far to act upon his own arbitrary judgment or will, that expediency was fast becoming his only motive, and extinguishing within him both humanity and natural affection.

Nevertheless he was not yet sunk so low as to regard his own unnatural conduct with indiffer-

ence. Deep and bitter remorse deprived him of all that tranquillity in the possession of power, for the attainment of which had imbrued his hands in blood. "I have heard by credible report," says Sir Thomas More, "of such as were secret with his chamberers, that after this abominable deed done he never had quiet in his mind, he never thought himself sure. Where he went abroad, his eyes whirled about, his body privily fenced, his hand ever on his dagger, his countenance and manner like one always ready to strike again. He took ill rest at nights, lay long waking and musing; sore wearied with care and watch, he rather slumbered than slept. Troubled with fearful dreams, suddenly sometimes he started up; leapt out of his bed and ran about the chamber. So was his restless heart continually tossed and tumbled with the tedious impression and stormy remembrance of his most abominable deed." Such was the awful retribution that overtook this inhuman king during the two short years that he survived his greatest crime, till the battle of Bosworth completed the measure of his punishment.—*History of Richard III.*, Chap. IV.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF RICHARD III.

His bodily deformity, though perceptible, was probably not conspicuous. It is not alluded to by any strictly contemporary writer except one. Only Rous, the Warwickshire hermit, tells us that his shoulders were uneven; while the indefatigable Stowe, who was born forty years after Richard's death, declared that he could find no evidence of the deformity commonly imputed to him, and that he had talked with old men who had seen and known King Richard, who said that "he was of bodily shape comely enough, only of low stature."

The number of portraits of Richard which seem to be contemporary is greater than might have been expected considering the remoteness of the times in which he lived, and the early

stage at which he died. The face in all the portraits is a remarkable one—full of energy and decision, yet gentle and sad-looking; suggesting the idea not so much of a tyrant as a man accustomed to unpleasant thoughts. Nowhere do we find depicted the warlike, hard-favored visage attributed to him by Sir Thomas More; yet there is a look of reserve and anxiety which, taken in connection with the seeming gentleness, enables us somewhat to realize the criticism of Polydore Vergil and Hall, that his aspect carried an unpleasant impression of malice and deceit. The face is long and thin, the lips thin also; the eyes are gray, the features smooth. It cannot certainly be called quite a pleasing countenance, but as little should we suspect in it the man he actually was. The features doubtless were susceptible of great variety of expression; but we require the aid of language to understand what his enemies read in that sinister and over-thoughtful countenance. “A man at the first aspect,” says Hall, “would judge it to savor of malice, fraud, and deceit. When he stood musing he would bite and chew busily his nether lip, as who said that his fierce nature in his cruel body always chafed, stirred, and was ever unquiet. Beside that the dagger that he wore he would, when he studied, with his hand pluck up and down in the sheath to the midst, never drawing it fully out. His wit was pregnant, quick, and ready, wily to feign and apt to dissemble; he had a proud and arrogant stomach, the which accompanied him to his death, which he, rather desiring to suffer by sword than, being forsaken and destitute of his untrue companions, would by coward flight preserve his uncertain life.—*History of Richard III.*, Chap. VI.

GALL, RICHARD, a Scottish printer and poet, born in 1776; died in 1800. He wrote several poems in the Scottish dialect, which would have done no discredit to Burns. The following verses have been printed as the composition of Burns, a copy of them in his handwriting having been found among his papers :

FAREWELL TO BONNY DOON.

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
 Scenes that former thoughts renew;
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
 Now a sad and last adieu !
 Bonny Doon, sae sweet at gloaming,
 Fare-thee-weel before I gang—
 Bonny Doon, where, early roaming,
 First I weaved the rustic sang !
 Bowers, adieu ! where love decoying,
 First enthralled this heart o' mine ;
 There the softest sweets enjoying,
 Sweets that memory ne'er shall tine !
 Friends so dear my bosom ever,
 Ye hae rendered moments dear ;
 But, alas ! when forced to sever,
 Then the stroke, oh, how severe !
 Friends, that parting tear reserve it,
 Though 'tis doubly dear to me ;
 Could I think I did deserve it,
 How much happier would I be !
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
 Scenes that former thoughts renew ;
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure ;
 Now a sad and last adieu !

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.—1

GALLAGHER, WILLIAM D., an American journalist and poet, born at Philadelphia in 1808. He learned the trade of a printer, went to the West, and became connected, as editor or contributor, with several journals. He also held, at one time or another, honorable official positions. Most of his works are scattered through the pages of periodical literature, although in 1835 he put forth, under the title of *Erato* a small volume of his early poems, and in 1846 a volume of later poems.

TWO YEARS.

When last the maple bud was swelling
 When last the crocus bloomed below,
Thy heart to mine its love was telling ;
 Thy soul with mine kept ebb and flow.
Again the maple bud was swelling,
 Again the crocus blooms below :—
In heaven thy heart its love is telling,
 But still our souls keep ebb and flow.
When last the April bloom was flinging
 Sweet odors on the air of Spring,
In forest aisles thy voice was ringing,
 Where thou didst with the red-bird sing.
Again the April bloom is flinging
 Sweet odors on the air of Spring,
But now in heaven thy voice is ringing
 Where thou dost with the angels sing.

IMMORTAL YOUTH.

Beautiful, beautiful youth ! that in the soul
 Liveth for ever, where sin liveth not—
How fresh Creation's chart doth still unroll
 Before our eyes, although the little spot
That knows us now shall know us soon no more
Forever ! We look backward and before,
 And inward, and we feel there is a life
Impelling us, that need not with this frame
Or flesh grow feeble ; but for aye the same
 May live on, e'en amid this worldly strife,
Clothed with the beauty and the freshness still

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.—2

It brought with it at first ; and that it will
Glide almost imperceptibly away,
Taking no tint of this dissolving clay ;
And joining with the incorruptible
And spiritual body that awaits
Its coming at the starred and golden gates
Of Heaven, move on with the celestial train
Whose shining vestments, as along they stray
Flash with the splendors of eternal day ;
And mingle with its primal Source again,
Where Faith, Hope, Charity, and Love, and
Truth,
Swell with the Godhead in immortal youth.

EARLY AUTUMN IN THE WEST.

The Autumn time is with us ! Its approach
Was heralded, not many days ago,
By hazy skies that veiled the brazen sun,
And sea-like murmurs from the rustling corn,
And low-voiced brooks that wandered drowsily
By purpling clusters of the juicy grape,
Swinging upon the vine.

And now 'tis here !

And what a change has passed upon the face
Of Nature ; where the waving forest spreads,
Then robed in deepest green ! All through the
night

The subtle Frost hath plied its mystic art ;
And in the day the golden sun hath wrought
True wonders ; and the winds of morn and even
Have touched with magic breath the changing
leaves.

And now, as wanders the dilating eye
Athwart the varied landscape, circling far—
What gorgeousness, what blazonry, what pomp
Of colors bursts upon the ravished sight !
Here, where the Maple rears its yellow crest,
A golden glory ; yonder where the Oak
Stands monarch of the forest, and the Ash
Is girt with flame-like parasite ; and broad
The Dog-wood spreads beneath a rolling field
Of deepest crimson ; and afar, where looms
The gnarled Gum, a cloud of bloodiest red !

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.—3

Out in the woods of Autumn!—I have cast
Aside the shackles of the town, that vex
The fetterless soul, and come to hide myself.
Miami! in thy venerable shades
Low on thy bank, where spreads the velvet moss,
My limbs recline. Beneath me, silver-bright,
Glide the clear waters with a plaintive moan
For Summer's parting glories. High o'erhead,
Seeking the sedgy lakes of the warm South,
Sails tireless the unerring Water-fowl
Screaming among the cloud-racks. Oft from
where

Erect on mossy trunk, the Partridge stands,
Bursts suddenly the whistle clear and loud,
Far-echoing through the dim wood's fretted
aisles.

Deep murmurs from the trees, bending with
brown

And ripened mast, are interrupted now
By sounds of dropping nuts; and warily
The Turkey from the thicket comes, and swift
As flies an arrow, darts the Pheasant down,
To batten on the Autumn; and the air,
At times, is darkened by a sudden rush
Of myriad wings as the Wild Pigeon leads
His squadrons to the banquet.

JOHN GALT.—1

GALT, JOHN, a Scottish author, born in 1779; died in 1839. He was the son of the captain of a merchant-vessel engaged in the West India trade. He early showed a fondness for literature, and at the age of twenty-five went to London in order to push his fortune there. He entered into some unsuccessful mercantile enterprises, after which he began reading for the bar. His health failing, he set out in 1809 upon a tour in the Levant. This lasted three years, and upon his return to England he published *Letters from the Levant*, and *Voyages and Travels*. He married a daughter of the proprietor of the *Star* newspaper, and was for a time employed upon that journal. For some years he tried his hand at almost every species of literary composition. His first successful work was a novel, *The Ayrshire Legatees*, which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1820-21. This was followed during the next three years by several other tales, among which are the *Annals of the Parish*, and *The Prevost*, which are considered the best of his works. In 1826 he went to Canada as agent of a Land Company; but a dispute arising between him and the company, he returned to England in 1829, and resumed his literary life. He wrote a *Life of Byron*, an *Autobiography*, a collection of *Miscellanies*, and several novels, the best of which is *Lawrie Todd* (1830), which is partly founded upon the experiences of Grant Thorburn, an eccentric Scotsman who, originally a nail-maker, became a flourishing seedsman in New York. Several years before his death Galt was seized with a spinal disease which resulted in repeated paralytic attacks, which in time deprived him

wholly of the use of his limbs, so that his later works were dictated to an amanuensis.

SIR ALEXANDER GALT, a son of John Galt, born in 1816, has risen to high honor in Canada. At sixteen he entered the employment of the Land Company, and from 1844 to 1856 was the acting Manager of its affairs. After the establishment of the confederation known as the "Dominion of Canada," he became Minister of Finance, and after resigning that position in 1867, he occupied several other responsible stations in the Canadian administration.

INSTALLATION OF THE REV. MICAH BALWHIDDER.

It was a great affair; for I was put in by the patron, and the people knew nothing whatsoever of me, and their hearts were stirred into strife on the occasion, and they did all that lay within the compass of their power to keep me out, inasmuch that there was obliged to be a guard of soldiers to protect the presbytery; and it was a thing that made my heart grieve when I heard the drum beating and the fife playing as we were going to the kirk. The people were really mad and vicious, and flung dirt upon us as we passed, and reviled us all, and held out the finger of scorn at me; but I endured it with a resigned spirit, compassionating their wilfulness and blindness. Poor old Mr. Kilfaddy of the Braehill got such a clash of glaur [mire] on the side of his face, that his eye was almost extinguished.

When we got to the kirk door, it was found to be nailed up, so as by no possibility to be opened. The sergeant of the soldiers wanted to break it, but I was afraid that the heritors would grudge and complain of the expense of a new door, and I supplicated him to let it be as it was; we were therefore obligated to go in by a window, and the crowd followed us in the most unreverent manner, making the Lord's

house like an inn on a fair-day with their grievous yelly-hooing. During the time of the psalm and the sermon they behaved themselves better, but when the induction came on, their clamor was dreadful; and Thomas Thorl, the weaver, a pious zealot in that time, got up and protested, and said: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." And I thought I would have a hard and sore time of it with such an outstrapolous people. Mr. Given, that was then the minister of Lugton, was a jocose man, and would have his joke even at a solemnity. When the laying of the hands upon me was adoin, he could not get near enough to put on his, but he stretched out his staff and touched my head, and said, to the great diversion of the rest: "This will do well enough—timber to timber;" but it was an unfriendly saying of Mr. Given, considering the time and the place, and the temper of my people.

After the ceremony we then got out at the window, and it was a heavy day to me; but we went to the manse, and there we had an excellent dinner, which Mrs. Watts of the new inn of Irville prepared at my request, and sent her chaise-driver to serve, for he was likewise her waiter, she having then but one chaise, and that not often called for.

But although my people received me in this unruly manner, I was resolved to cultivate civility among them; and therefore the very next morning I began a round of visitations; but oh! it was a steep brae that I had to climb, and it needed a stout heart, for I found the doors in some places barred against me; in others, the bairns, when they saw me coming, ran crying to their mothers: "Here's the feckless Mess-John;" and then, when I went in into the houses, their parents would not ask me to sit down, but with a scornful way said: "Honest man, what's your pleasure here?" Nevertheless, I walked about

from door to door, like a dejected beggar, till I got the almons deed of a civil reception, and—who would have thought it?—from no less a person than the same Thomas Thorl, that was so bitter against me in the kirk on the foregoing day.

Thomas was standing at the door with his green duffle apron and his red Kilmarnock night-cap—I mind him as well as if it were but yesterday—and he had seen me going from house to house, and in what manner I was rejected, and his bowels were moved, and he said to me in a kind manner: “Come in, sir, and ease yoursel’; this will never do; the clergy are God’s corbies, and for their Master’s sake it behooves us to respect them. There was no ane in the whole parish mair against you than mysel’, but this early visitation is a symptom of grace that I couldna have expectit from a bird out of the nest of patronage.” I thanked Thomas, and went in with him, and we had some solid conversation together, and I told him that it was not so much the pastor’s duty to feed the flock, as to herd them well; and that, although there might be some abler with the head than me, there wasna a he within the bounds of Scotland more willing to watch the fold by night and by day. And Thomas said he had not heard a mair sound observe for some time, and that if I held to that doctrine in the poopit, it wouldna be lang till I would work a change. “I was mindit,” quoth he, “never to set my foot within the kirk door while you were there; but to testify, and no to condemn without a trial, I’ll be there next Lord’s day, and egg my neighbours to be likewise, so ye’ll no have to preach just to the bare walls and the laird’s family.”—*The Annals of the Parish.*

LAWRIE TODD’S SECOND MARRIAGE.

My young wife was dead, leaving me an infant son. If a man marry once for love, he is a fool to expect he may do so twice; it cannot be. Therefore, I say, in the choice of a second wife

one scruple of prudence is worth a pound of passion. I do not assert that he should have an eye to a dowry; for unless it is a great sum, such as will keep all the family in gentility, I think a small fortune one of the greatest faults a woman can have; not that I object to money on its own account, but only to its effect in the airs and vanities it begets in the silly maiden—especially if her husband profits by it.

For this reason, I did not choose my second wife from the instincts of fondness, nor for her parentage, nor for her fortune; neither was I deluded by fair looks. I had, as I have said, my first-born needing tendance; and my means were small, while my cares were great. I accordingly looked about for a sagacious woman—one that not only knew the use of needles and shears, but that the skirt of an old green coat might, for lack of other stuff, be a clout to the knees of blue trowsers. And such a one I found in the niece of my friend and neighbor, Mr. Zerobabel L. Hoskins, a most respectable farmer from Vermont, who had come to New York about a cod-fish adventure that he had sent to the Mediterranean, and was waiting with his wife and niece the returns from Sicily.

This old Mr. Hoskins was, in his way, something of a Yankee oddity. He was tall, thin, and of an anatomical figure, with a long chin, ears like trenchers, lengthy jaws, and a nose like a schooner's cut-water. His hair was lank and oily; the tie of his cravat was always dislocated; and he wore an old white beaver hat turned up behind. His long bottle-green surtout, among other defects, lacked a button on the left promontory of his hinder parts, and in the house he always tramped in slippers.

Having from my youth upward been much addicted to the society of remarkable persons, soon after the translation of my Rebecca, I happened to fall in with this gentleman, and, without thinking of any serious purpose, I sometimes of a Sabbath-evening, called at the house where

he boarded with his family ; and there I discovered in the household talents of Miss Judith, his niece, just the sort of woman that was wanted to heed to the bringing up of my little boy. This discovery, however, to tell the truth quietly, was first made by her uncle.

“ I guess, Squire Lawrie,” said he one evening, “ the Squire has considerable muddy time on’t since his old woman went to pot.”

Ah, Rebecca ! she was but twenty-one.

“ Now, Squire, you see,” continued Mr. Zerobabel L. Hoskins, “ that ere being the circumstance, you should be a-making your calculations for another spec ;” and he took his cigar out of his mouth, and trimming it on the edge of the snuffer-tray, added, “ Well, if it so be as you’re agoing to do so, don’t you go to stand like a pump, with your arm up, as if you would give the sun a black eye ; but do it right away.”

I told him it was a thing I could not yet think of ; that my wound was too fresh, my loss too recent.

“ If that bain’t particular,” replied he, “ Squire Lawrie, I’m a pumpkin, and the pigs may do their damnedst with me. But I ain’t a pumpkin ; the Squire he knows that.”

I assured him, without very deeply dunkling the truth, that I had met with few men in America who better knew how many blue beans it takes to make five.

“ I reckon Squire Lawrie,” said he, “ is a-parleyvoo ; but I sells no wooden nutmegs. Now look ye here, Squire. There be you spinning your thumbs with a small child that ha’n’t got no mother ; so I calculate, if you make Jerusalem fine nails, I guess you can’t a-hippen such a small child for no man’s money ; which is tarnation bad.”

I could not but acknowledge the good sense of his remark. He drew his chair close in front of me ; and taking the cigar out of his mouth, and beating off the ashes on his left thumb nail, replaced it. Having then given a puff, he

raised his right hand aloft, and laying it emphatically down on his knee, said in his wonted slow and phlegmatic tone—

“Well, I guess that ’ere young woman, my niece, she baint five-and-twenty—she’ll make a heavenly splice!—I have known that ’ere young woman ’live the milk of our thirteen cows afore eight a-morning, and then fetch Crumple and her calf from the bush—dang that ’ere Crumple! we never had no such heifer afore; she and her calf cleared out every night, and wouldn’t come on no account, no never, till Judy fetched her right away, when done milking t’other thirteen.”

“No doubt, Mr. Hoskins,” said I, “Miss Judith will make a capital farmer’s wife in the country; but I have no cows to milk; all my live-stock is a sucking bairn.”

“By the gods of Jacob’s father-in-law! she’s just the cut for that. But the Squire knows I aint a-going to trade her. If she suits Squire Lawrie—good, says I—I shan’t ask no nothing for her; but I can tell the Squire as how Benjamin S. Thuds—what is blacksmith in our village—offered me two hundred and fifty dollars—gospel by the living jingo!—in my hand right away. But you see as how he was an almighty boozier, though for blacksmithing a prime hammer. I said, No, no; and there she is still to be had; and I reckon Squire Lawrie may go the whole hog with her, and make a good operation.”

Discovering by this plain speaking how the cat jumped—to use one of his own terms—we entered more into the marrow of the business, till it came to pass that I made a proposal for Miss Judith; and soon after a paction was settled between me and her, that when the *Fair American* arrived from Palermo, we should be married; for she had a share in that codfish venture by that bark, and we counted that the profit might prove a nest-egg; and it did so to the blthesome tune of four hundred and thirty-three dollars, which the old gentleman counted out to me in the hard-on wedding-day.—*Lawrie Todd.*

FRANCIS GALTON.—1

GALTON, FRANCIS, an English author, born near Birmingham, in 1822. He studied medicine in the Birmingham Hospital, and in King's College, London, and graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1844. He then made two journeys of exploration, one in North Africa, and one in South Africa. In 1853 he published an account of the latter journey in a *Narrative of an Explorer in Tropical South Africa*. Among his other works are: *The Art of Travel, or Shifts and Contrivances in Wild Countries* (1855), *Hereditary Genius, its Laws and Consequences* (1869), *English Men of Science: their Nature and Nurture* (1874), and *Inquiries into Human Faculty and its Development* (1883.)

RECKONING AMONG THE DAMARAS.

They have no comparative in their language, so that you cannot say to them, "Which is the longer of the two, the next stage, or the last one?" but you must say, "The last stage is little; the next, is it great?" The reply is not, "It is a little longer," "much longer," or "very much longer;" but simply, "It is so," or "It is not so." They have a very poor notion of time. If you say, "Suppose we start at sunrise, where will the sun be when we arrive?" they make the wildest points in the sky, though they are something of astronomers, and give names to several stars. They have no way of distinguishing days, but reckon by the rainy season, the dry season, or the pig-nut season. When inquiries are made about how many days' journey off a place may be, their ignorance of all numerical ideas is very annoying. In practice, whatever they may possess in their language, they certainly use no numeral greater than three. When they wish to express four, they take to their fingers, which are to them as formidable instruments of calculation as a sliding-rule is to an English school-boy

They puzzle very much after five, because no spare hand remains to grasp and secure the fingers that are required for "units."

When bartering is going on, each sheep must be paid for separately. Thus, suppose two sticks of tobacco to be the rate of exchange for one sheep, it would sorely puzzle a Damara to take two sheep and give him four sticks. I have done so, and seen a man first put two of the sticks apart and take a sight over them at one of the sheep he was about to sell. Having satisfied himself that that one was honestly paid for, and finding to his surprise that exactly two sticks remained in hand to settle the account for the other sheep, he would be afflicted with doubts; the transaction seemed to come out too "pat" to be correct, and he would refer back to the first couple of sticks, and then his mind got hazy and confused, and wandered from one sheep to the other, and he broke off the transaction until two sticks were put into his hand and one sheep driven away, and then the other two sticks given him, and the other sheep driven away. When a Damara's mind is bent upon number, it is too much occupied to dwell upon quantity: thus, a heifer is bought from a man for ten sticks of tobacco; his large hands being both spread out upon the ground, and a stick placed on each finger, he gathers up the tobacco; the size of the mass pleases him, and the bargain is struck. You then want to buy a second heifer: the same process is gone through, but half sticks instead of whole ones are put upon his fingers; the man is equally satisfied at the time, but occasionally finds it out, and complains the next day.—*Tropical South Africa.*

JOHN GAMBOLD.—1

GAMBOLD, JOHN, a bishop of the Moravian Brethren; died in 1771. He was born in Wales, was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and was for some time a clergyman of the Church of England. He was one of the principal translators, from the "High Dutch," of Crantz's *History of Greenland* (1767), and wrote a tragedy, and many discourses, hymns, and poems. An edition of his works was published in 1789; new edition, at Glasgow, in 1822.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

So many years I've seen the sun,
And called these eyes and hands my own,
A thousand little acts I've done,
And childhood have and manhood known:
Oh, what is Life?—and this dull round
To tread, why was my spirit bound?

So many airy draughts and lines,
And warm excursions of the mind,
Have filled my soul with great designs,
While practice groveled far behind:
Oh, what is Thought?—and where withdraw
The glories which my fancy saw?

So many wondrous gleams of light,
And gentle ardors from above,
Have made me sit, like seraph bright,
Some moments on a throne of love:
Oh, what is Virtue?—why had I,
Who am so low, a taste so high?

Ere long, when Sovereign Wisdom wills,
My soul an unknown path shall tread,
And strangely leave—who strangely fills
This frame—and waft me to the dead!
Oh, what is Death?—'tis Life's last shore,
Where Vanities are vain no more;
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,
And Life is all retouched again;
Wherein their bright result shall rise
Thoughts, Virtues, Friendships, Grievs, and Joys!

GANNETT, WILLIAM CHANNING, an American clergyman and poet, born at Boston in 1840. He graduated at Harvard in 1860; was a teacher at Newport, R.I.; then studied theology, and became pastor of a church at Milwaukee. He has written many hymns and other poems which have appeared in periodicals.

LISTENING FOR GOD.

I hear it often in the dark, I hear it in the light:—
Where is the voice that calls to me with such a
quiet might?

It seems but echo to my thought, and yet be-
yond the stars;

It seems a heart-beat in a hush; and yet the
planet jars.

Oh, may it be that far within my inmost soul
there lies

A spirit-sky that opens with those voices of sur-
prise?

And can it be, by night and day, that firmament
serene

Is just the heaven where God himself, the
Father, dwells unseen?

O God within, so close to me that every thought
is plain,

Be Judge, be Friend, be Father still, and in thy
heaven reign!

Thy heaven is mine—my very soul! Thy words
are sweet and strong;

They fill my inward silences with music and
with song.

They send me challenges to right, and loud re-
buke my ill;

They ring my bells of victory; they breathe my
“Peace, be still!”

They even seem to say, “My child, why seek me
so all day?

Now journey inward to thyself, and listen by
the way.”

PEDRO ANTONIO GARCAO.—1

GARCAO, PEDRO ANTONIO, a Portuguese poet, born in 1724; died in 1772. Having given offence to the government, he was thrown into prison, where he died. He formed his style upon the classic models, and has been called "the Second Portuguese Horace." Portuguese critics, somewhat extravagantly, style his *Cantata de Dido* "one of the most sublime conceptions of human genius."

DIDO: A CANTATA.

Already in the ruddy east shine white
The pregnant sails that speed the Trojan fleet;
Now wafted on the pinions of the wind,
They vanish 'midst the golden sea's blue waves.

The miserable Dido

Wanders loud shrieking through her regal halls,
With dim and turbid eyes seeking in vain

The fugitive Æneas.

Only deserted streets and lonely squares
Her new-built Carthage offers to her gaze;
And frightfully along the naked shore
The solitary billows roar i' th' night,
And 'midst the gilded vanes
Crowning the splendid domes
Nocturnal birds hoot their ill auguries.

Deliriously she raves;

Pale is her beauteous face,

Her silken tresses all disheveled stream

And with uncertain foot, scarce conscious, she

That happy chamber seeks,

Where she with melting heart

Her faithless lover heard

Whisper impassioned sighs and soft complaints.

There the inhuman Fates before her sight,

Hung o'er the gilded nuptial couch displayed

The Tencirian mantles, whose loose folds disclosed

The lustrous shield and the Dardanian sword.

She started; suddenly, with hand convulsed,

From out the sheath the glittering blade she
snatched,

And on the tempered, penetrating steel
 Her delicate, transparent bosom cast;
 And murmuring, gushing, foaming, the warm
 blood
 Bursts in a fearful torrent from the wound;
 And, from the encrimsoned rushes, spotted red,
 Tremble the Doric columns of the hall.

Thrice she essayed to rise;
 Thrice fainting on the bed she prostrate fell,
 And, writhing as she lay, to heaven upraised
 Her quenched and failing eyes
 Then earnestly upon the lustrous sail
 Of Ilium's fugitive
 Fixing her look, she uttered these last words;
 And hovering 'midst the golden vaulted roofs,
 The tones, lugubrious and pitiful,
 In after days were often heard to moan!—

“Ye precious memorials
 Dear sources of delight,
 Enrapturing my sight,
 Whilst relentless Fate,
 Whilst the gods above,
 Seemed to bless my love,
 Of the wretched Dido
 The spirit receive!
 From sorrows whose burden
 Her strength overpowers
 The lost one relieve!
 The hapless Dido
 Not timelessly dies;
 The walls of her Carthage,
 Loved child of her care,
 High towering rise.
 Now, a spirit bare,
 She flies the sun's beam;
 And Phlegethon's dark
 And horrible stream,
 In Charon's foul bark,
 She lonesomely ploughs.”

Transl. in Foreign Quarterly Review.

SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER.—i

GARDINER, SAMUEL RAWSON, an English historian, born in 1829. He was educated at Winchester and at Christ-church College, Oxford, and became Professor of Modern History at King's College, London. In 1882 a Civil List pension was conferred upon him "in recognition of his valuable contributions to the History of England." His principal historical works are: *History of England from the Accession of James I. to the Disgrace of Chief Justice Coke* (1863), *Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage* (1869), *England under the Duke of Buckingham and Charles I.* (1875), *The Personal Government of Charles I.* (1877), *The Fall of the Monarchy of Charles I.* (1881), *The History of the Great Civil War* (1886.)

THE PROJECTED ANGLO-SPANISH ALLIANCE.

The wooing of princes is not in itself more worthy of a place in history than the wooing of ordinary men; and there is certainly nothing in Charles's own character which would lead us to make any exception in his favor. But the Spanish alliance, of which the hand of the Infanta was to have been the symbol and the pledge, was a great event in our history, though chiefly on account of the consequences which resulted from it indirectly. When the marriage was first agitated, the leading minds of the age were tending in a direction adverse to Puritanism, and were casting about in search of some system of belief which should soften down the asperities which were the sad legacy of the last generation. When it was finally broken off, the leading minds of the age were tending in precisely the opposite direction; and that period of our history commenced which led up to the anti-episcopalian fervor of the Long Parliament, to the Puritan monarchy of Cromwell, and in general to the re-invigoration of that which Mr. Matthew

Arnold has called the Hebrew element in our civilization. If, therefore, the causes of moral changes form the most interesting subject of historical investigation, the events of these seven years can yield in interest to but few periods of our history. In the miserable catalogue of errors and crimes, it is easy to detect the origin of that repulsion which moulded the intellectual conceptions, as well as the political action, of the rising generation. Few blunders have been greater than that which has made the popular knowledge of the Stuart reign commence with the accession of Charles I., and which would lay down the law upon the actions of the King whilst knowing nothing of the Prince.—*Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage*, Preface.

JAMES I. AND THE SPANISH AMBASSADOR.

A few days after the dissolution of Parliament, in June, 1514, James sent for Sarmiento, and poured into his willing ear his complaints of the insulting behavior of the Commons. "I hope," said he, when he had finished his story, "that you will send the news to your master as you hear it from me, and not as it is told by the gossips in the streets." As soon as the ambassador had assured him that he would comply with his wishes, James went on with his catalogue of grievances. "The King of Spain," he said, "has more kingdoms and subjects than I have, but there is one thing in which I surpass him. He has not so large a Parliament. The Cortes of Castile are composed of little more than thirty persons. In my Parliament are nearly five hundred. The House of Commons is a body without a head. The members give their opinions in a disorderly manner. At their meetings nothing is heard but cries, shouts, and confusion. I am surprised that my ancestors should ever have permitted such an institution to come into existence. I am a stranger, and I found it here when I came, so that I am obliged to put up with what I cannot get rid of."

SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER.—3

Here James colored, and stopped short. He had been betrayed into an admission that there was something in his dominions which he could not get rid of if he pleased. Sarmiento, with ready tact, came to his assistance, and reminded him that he was able to summon and dismiss this formidable body at his pleasure. "That is true," replied James, delighted at the turn which the conversation had taken; "and what is more, without my assent the words and acts of Parliament are altogether worthless." Having thus maintained his dignity, James proceeded to assure Sarmiento that he would gladly break off the negotiations with France, if only he could be sure that the hand of the Infanta would not be accompanied by conditions which it would be impossible for him to grant. The Spaniard gave him every encouragement in his power, and promised to write to Madrid for further instructions.—*Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage*, Vol. I., Chap. I.

NEGOTIATIONS FOR THE MARRIAGE.

The cessation of the war with Spain had led to a reaction against extreme Puritanism, now no longer strengthened by the patriotic feeling that whatever was most opposed to the Church of Rome was most opposed to the enemies of England. And as the mass of the people was settling down into content with the rites and with the teachings of the English Church, there were some who floated still further with the returning tide, and who were beginning to cast longing looks towards Rome. From time to time the priests brought word to the Spanish ambassador that the number of their converts was on the increase; and they were occasionally able to report that some great lord, or some member of the Privy Council, was added to the list. Already, he believed, a quarter of the population were Catholics at heart, and another quarter—being without any religion at all—would be ready to rally to their side if they proved to be the strongest. . . .

Sarmiento knew that he would have considerable difficulty in gaining his scheme of marrying Prince Charles to the Infanta; and especially in persuading his master to withdraw his demand for the immediate conversion of the Prince. He, therefore, began by assuring him that it would be altogether useless to persist in asking for a concession which James was unable to make without endangering both his own life and that of his son. Even to grant liberty of conscience, by repealing the laws against the Catholics, was beyond the power of the King of England, unless he could gain the consent of his Parliament. All that he could do would be to connive at the breach of the penal laws by releasing the priests from prison, and by refusing to receive the fines of the laity. James was willing to do this; and if this offer was accepted, everything else would follow in course of time.....

Philip—or the great men who acted in his name—determined upon consulting with the Pope. The reply of Paul V. was anything but favorable. The proposed union, he said, would not only imperil the faith of the Infanta, and the faith of the children she might have, but would also bring about increased facilities of communication between the two countries, which could not but be detrimental to the purity of religion in Spain. Besides this, it was well known that it was a maxim in England that a King was justified in divorcing a childless wife. On these grounds he was unable to give his approbation to the marriage.

In the eyes of the Pope marriage was not to be trifled with, even when the political advantages to be gained by it assumed the form of the propagation of religion. In his inmost heart, most probably, Philip thought the same. But Philip was seldom accustomed to take the initiative in matters of importance; and, upon the advice of the Council of State, he laid the whole question before a junta of theologians. It

was arranged that the theologians should be kept in ignorance of the Pope's reply, in order that they might not be biased by it in giving their opinion. The hopes of the conversion of England, which formed so brilliant a picture in Sarmiento's despatches, overcame any scruples which they may have felt, and they voted in favor of the marriage on condition that the Pope's consent could be obtained. The Council adopted their advice, and ordered that the articles should be prepared. On one point only was there much discussion. Statesmen and theologians were agreed that it was unwise to ask for the conversion of the Prince. But they were uncertain whether it would be safe to content themselves with the remission of the fines by the mere connivance of the King. At last one argument turned the scale: A change in the law which would grant complete religious liberty would probably include the Puritans and the other Protestant sects; the remission of penalties by the royal authority would benefit the Catholics alone.—*Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage*, Vol. I., chap. I.

CHARACTER OF PRINCE CHARLES OF ENGLAND.

Charles had now [1622] nearly completed his twenty-second year. To a superficial observer he was everything that a young prince should be. His bearing—unlike that of his father—was graceful and dignified. His only blemish was the size of his tongue, which was too large for his mouth, and which, especially when he was excited, gave him a difficulty of expression almost amounting to a stammer. In all bodily exercises his supremacy was undoubted. He could ride better than any other man in England. His fondness for hunting was such that James was heard to exclaim that by this he recognized him as his true and worthy son. In the tennis-court and in the tilting-yard he surpassed all competitors. No one had so exquisite an ear for music, could look at a fine picture with

greater appreciation of its merits, or could keep time more exactly when called to take part in a dance. Yet these, and such as these, were the smallest of his merits. Regular in his habits, his household was a model of economy. His own attire was such as in that age was regarded as a protest against the prevailing extravagance. His moral character was irreproachable; and it was observed that he blushed like a girl whenever an immodest word was uttered in his presence. Designing women, of the class which had preyed upon his brother Henry, found it expedient to pass him by, and laid their nets for more susceptible hearts than his.

Yet, in spite of all these excellences, keensighted observers who were by no means blind to his merits, were not disposed to prophesy good of his future reign. In truth, his very virtues were a sign of weakness. He was born to be the idol of schoolmasters and the stumbling-block of statesmen. His modesty and decorum were the result of sluggishness rather than of self-restraint. Uncertain in judgment, and hesitating in action, he clung fondly to the small proprieties of life, and to the narrow range of ideas which he had learned to hold with a tenacious grasp; whilst he was ever prone, like his unhappy brother-in-law, the Elector-Palatine, to seek refuge from the uncertainties of the present by a sudden plunge into rash and ill-considered action.

With such a character, the education which he had received had been the worst possible. From his father he had never had a chance of acquiring a single lesson in the first virtue of a ruler—that love of truth which would keep his ear open to all assertions and to all complaints, in the hope of detecting something which it might be well for him to know. Nor was the injury which his mind thus received merely negative; for James, vague as his political theories were, was intolerant of contradiction, and his impatient dogmatism had early taught his son to

conceal his thoughts in sheer diffidence of his own powers. To hold his tongue as long as possible, and then to say not what he believed to be true, but what was likely to be pleasing, became his daily task till he ceased to be capable of looking difficulties fully in the face. The next step in the downward path was but too inviting. As each question rose before him for solution, his first thought was how it might best be evaded; and he usually took refuge either in a studied silence, or in some of those varied forms of equivocation which are usually supposed by weak minds not to be equivalent to falsehood.

Over such a character Buckingham had found no difficulty in obtaining a thorough mastery. On the one condition of making a show of regarding his wishes as all-important, he was able to mould those wishes almost as he pleased. To the reticent, hesitating youth it was a relief to find some one who would take the lead in amusement and in action; who could make up his mind for him in a moment when he was himself plunged in hopeless uncertainty, and who possessed a fund of gaiety and light-heartedness which was never at fault.—*Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage*, Vol. II., Chap. X.

THE INFANTA MARIA OF SPAIN.

The Infanta Maria had now entered upon her seventeenth year. Her features were not beautiful, but the sweetness of her disposition found expression in her face, and her fair complexion and her delicate white hands drew forth rapturous admiration from the contrast which they presented to the olive tints of the ladies by whom she was surrounded. The mingled dignity and gentleness of her bearing made her an especial favorite with her brother the King. Her life was moulded after the best type of the devotional piety of her Church. Two hours of every day she spent in prayer. Twice every week she confessed, and partook of the Holy Communion. Her chief delight was in meditating upon the

Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, and preparing lint for the use of the hospitals. The money which her brother allowed her to be spent at play, she carefully set aside for the use of the poor.

Her character was as remarkable for its self-possession as for its gentleness. Except when she was in private amongst her ladies, her words were but few; and though those who knew her well were aware that she felt unkindness deeply, she never betrayed her emotions by speaking harshly of those by whom she had been wronged. When she had once made up her mind where the path of duty lay, no temptation could induce her to swerve from it by a hair's breadth. Nor was her physical courage less conspicuous than her moral firmness. At a Court entertainment given at Aranjuez a fire broke out amongst the scaffolding which supported the benches upon which the spectators were seated. In an instant the whole place was in confusion. Amongst the screaming throng the Infanta alone retained her presence of mind. Calling Olivares to her help, that he might keep off the pressure of the crowd, she made her escape without quickening her usual pace.

There were many positions in which such a woman could hardly have failed to pass a happy and a useful life. But it is certain that no one could be less fitted to become the wife of a Protestant king, and the Queen of a Protestant nation. On the throne of England her life would be one of continual martyrdom. Her own dislike of the marriage was undisguised, and her instinctive aversion was confirmed by the reiterated warnings of her confessor. A heretic, he told her, was worse than a devil. "What a comfortable bed-fellow you will have," he said. "He who lies by your side, and who will be the father of your children, is certain to go to hell."

It was only lately, however, that she had taken any open step in the matter. Till recently, indeed, the marriage had hardly been regarded

at Court in a serious light. But the case was now altered. A Junta had been appointed to settle the articles of marriage with the English Ambassador, and although the Pope's adverse opinion had been given, it seemed likely that the Junta, under Gondomar's influence, would urge him to reconsider his determination. Under these circumstances the Infanta proceeded to plead her own cause with her brother.

The tears of the sister whom he was loth to sacrifice were of great weight with Philip IV.; but she had powerful influences to contend with. Olivares, upon whose sanguine mind the hope of converting England was at this time exercising all its glamour, protested against the proposed change—to marry the Infanta to the Emperor's son, the Archduke Ferdinand, and to satisfy the Prince of Wales with the hand of an archduchess; and Philip, under the eye of his favorite, made every effort to shake his sister's resolution. The confessor was threatened with removal from his post if he did not change his language; and divines of less unbending severity were summoned to reason with the Infanta, and were instigated to paint in glowing colors the glorious and holy work of bringing back an apostate nation to the faith.

For a moment the unhappy girl gave way before the array of her counsellors, and she told her brother that, in order to serve God and obey the King, she was ready to submit to anything. In a few days, however, this momentary phase of feeling had passed away. Her woman's instinct told her that she had been in the right; and that, with all their learning, the statesmen and divines had been in the wrong. She sent to Olivarez to tell him that if he did not find some way to save her from the bitterness before her, she would cut the knot herself by taking refuge in a nunnery; and when Philip returned from his hunting in November, he found himself besieged by all the weapons of a woman's despair.

Philip was not proof against his sister's misery.

Upon the political effect of the decision which he now took, he scarcely bestowed a thought. It was his business to hunt boars or stags, or to display his ability in the tilt-yard; it was the business of Olivares and the Council of State to look after politics. The letter in which he announced his intention to Olivares was very brief: "My father," he wrote, "declared his mind at his death-bed concerning the match with England, which was never to make it; and your uncle's intention, according to that, was ever to delay it; and you know likewise how averse my sister is to it. I think it now time that I should find some way out of it; wherefore I require you to find some other way to content the King of England, to whom I think myself much bound for his many expressions of friendship."—*Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage*, Vol. II., Chap. X.

PRINCE CHARLES TRIES TO WOO THE INFANTA.

As yet [April, 1623] Charles had never been allowed to see the Infanta except in public, and had never had an opportunity of speaking to her at all. Every excuse which Spanish customs could suggest had been made without giving the slightest satisfaction. The knotty point was seriously debated in the Council of State, and it was at last decided that on Easter Day, April 7, the long desired visit should take place. Accordingly the King, accompanied by a long train of grandees, came to fetch him, and led him to the Queen's apartment, where they found her Majesty seated with the Infanta at her side. After paying his respects to the Queen, Charles turned to address his mistress. It had been intended that he should confine himself to the few words of ceremony which had been set down beforehand; but in the presence in which he was, he forgot the rules of ceremony, and was beginning to declare his affection in words of his own choice. He had not got far before it was evident that there was something wrong. The bystanders began to whisper to one another.

SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER.—11

The Queen cast glances of displeasure at the daring youth. Charles hesitated and stopped short. The Infanta herself looked seriously annoyed; and when it came to her turn to reply, some of those who were watching her expected her to show some signs of displeasure. It was not so long ago that she had been heard to declare that her only consolation was that she should die a martyr. But she had an unusual fund of self-control, and she disliked Charles too much to feel in the slightest degree excited by his speeches. She uttered the few commonplace words that had been drawn up beforehand, and the interview was at an end.—*Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage*, Vol. II., Chap. XI.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.—1

GARRISON, WILLIAM LLOYD, an American philanthropist and journalist, born at Newburyport, Mass., in 1804; died at New York in 1879. On the death of his father in straitened circumstances, he was apprenticed to a shoemaker in Lynn, but afterwards returned to Newburyport, and went to school, partly supporting himself by sawing wood. In 1818 he was apprenticed to a printer, the publisher of the *Newburyport Herald*, to which, when seventeen or eighteen years of age, he began to contribute articles on political and other subjects. He wrote for other papers, and in 1826 became editor and proprietor of the *Newburyport Free Press*, which was unsuccessful. The next year he edited the *National Philanthropist*, a paper advocating total abstinence, and in 1828 was connected with the *Journal of the Times*, published at Bennington, Vermont, in the interests of peace, temperance, and anti-slavery. In 1829 he joined Benjamin Lundy in publishing *The Genius of Universal Emancipation* at Baltimore. He advocated the immediate abolition of slavery, and condemned the colonization of the negroes in Africa, while Lundy favored gradual emancipation. In 1830 Garrison's denunciation of the taking of a cargo of slaves from Baltimore to New Orleans, as "domestic piracy," led to his indictment for libel. He was tried, convicted, and fined; and being unable to discharge his fine, was imprisoned, until the generous act of a New York merchant released him. He now began a course of anti-slavery lectures in Boston, New York, and other cities, hoping to obtain the means of establishing a journal in support of his convictions.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.—2

On the first of January, 1831, in conjunction with Isaac Knapp, he issued the first number of *The Liberator*, in which he spared neither man nor system that advocated, protected, or excused slavery. Immediate emancipation without regard to consequences, or provision for the future, was his demand: The greatest excitement ensued. Abolitionists were denounced as enemies of the Union, their meetings were broken up, they were hunted like criminals, and those who attempted to educate the negroes were prosecuted. In 1832 Garrison went to England, hoping to enlist sympathy for American emancipation, and on his return assisted in organizing the American Anti-Slavery Society in Philadelphia, and prepared their *Declaration of Sentiments*. In 1838 he was one of the organizers of the New England Non-Resistance Society. In 1840 he was one of the delegates to the World's Anti-Slavery Convention in England, and refused to take his seat because the female delegates were excluded. In 1843 he became President of the Anti-Slavery Society, and held office until 1865. He issued the last number of *The Liberator* in the same year. Mr. Garrison was the author of numerous poems, a volume of which, entitled *Sonnets and other Poems*, was published in 1843. In 1852 a volume of *Selections* from his writings appeared. He had previously published *Thoughts on African Colonization* (1832.)

THE LESSONS OF INDEPENDENCE DAY.

I present myself as the advocate of my enslaved countrymen, at a time when their claims cannot be shuffled out of sight, and on an occasion which entitles me to a respectful hearing in

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.—8

their behalf. If I am asked to prove their title to liberty, my answer is, that the Fourth of July is not a day to be wasted in establishing "self-evident truths." In the name of God who has made us of one blood, and in whose image we are created; in the name of the Messiah, who came to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; I demand the immediate emancipation of those who are pining in slavery on the American soil, whether they are fattening for the shambles in Maryland and Virginia, or are wasting, as with a pestilent disease, on the cotton and sugar plantations of Alabama and Louisiana; whether they are male or female, young or old, vigorous or infirm. I make this demand, not for the children merely, but the parents also; not for one, but for all; not with restrictions and limitations, but unconditionally. I assert their perfect equality with ourselves, as a part of the human race, and their inalienable right to liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

That this demand is founded in justice, and is therefore irresistible, the whole nation is this day acknowledging, as upon oath at the bar of the world. And not until, by a formal vote, the people repudiate the Declaration of Independence as a false and dangerous instrument, and cease to keep this festival in honor of liberty, as unworthy of note and remembrance; not until they spike every cannon, and muffle every bell, and disband every procession, and quench every bonfire, and gag every orator; not until they brand Washington and Adams, and Jefferson and Hancock, as fanatics and madmen; not until they place themselves again in the condition of colonial subserviency to Great Britain, or transform this republic into an imperial government; not until they cease pointing exultingly to Bunker Hill, and the plains of Concord and Lexington; not, in fine, until they deny the authority of God, and proclaim themselves to be destitute of principle

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.—4

and humanity, will I argue the question, as one of doubtful disputation, on an occasion like this, whether our slaves are entitled to the rights and privileges of freemen. That question is settled irrevocably.

There is no man to be found, unless he has a brow of brass and a heart of stone, who will dare to contest it on a day like this. A state of vassalage is declared by universal acclamation to be such as no man, or body of men, ought to submit to for one moment. I therefore tell the American slaves, that the time for their emancipation is come; that—their own taskmasters being witnesses—they are created equal to the rest of mankind; and possess an inalienable right to liberty; and that no man has a right to hold them in bondage. I counsel them not to fight for their freedom, both on account of the hopelessness of the effort, and because it is rendering evil for evil; but I tell them, not less emphatically, it is not wrong for them to refuse to wear the yoke of slavery any longer. Let them shed no blood—enter into no conspiracies—raise no murderous revolts; but, whenever and wherever they can break their fetters, God give them courage to do so! And should they attempt to elope from their house of bondage, and come to the North, may each of them find a covert from the search of the spoiler, and an invincible public sentiment to shield them from the grasp of the kidnapper! Success attend them in their flight to Canada, to touch whose monarchical soil insures freedom to every republican slave!

The object of the Anti-Slavery Association is not to destroy men's lives—despots though they be—but to prevent the spilling of human blood. It is to enlighten the understanding, arouse the conscience, affect the heart. We rely upon moral power alone for success. The ground upon which we stand belongs to no sect or party—it is holy ground. Whatever else may divide us in opinion, in this one thing we are

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.—5

agreed—that slaveholding is a crime under all circumstances, and ought to be immediately and unconditionally abandoned. We enforce upon no man either a political or a religious test as a condition of membership ; but at the same time we expect every abolitionist to carry out his principles consistently, impartially, faithfully, in whatever station he may be called to act, or wherever conscience may lead him to go.

Genuine abolitionism is not a hobby, got up for personal or associated aggrandizement ; it is not a political ruse ; it is not a spasm of sympathy, which lasts but for a moment, leaving the system weak and worn ; it is not a fever of enthusiasm ; it is not the fruit of fanaticism ; it is not a spirit of faction. It is of heaven, not of men. It lives in the heart as a vital principle. It is an essential part of Christianity, and aside from it there can be no humanity. Its scope is not confined to the slave population of the United States, but embraces mankind. Opposition cannot weary it, force cannot put it down, fire cannot consume it. It is the spirit of Jesus, who was sent “to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound ; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God.” Its principles are self-evident, its measures rational, its purposes merciful and just. It cannot be diverted from the path of duty, though all earth and hell oppose ; for it is lifted far above all earth-born fear. When it fairly takes possession of the soul, you may trust the soul-carrier anywhere, that he will not be recreant to humanity. In short, it is a life, not an impulse—a quenchless flame of philanthropy, not a transient spark of sentimentalism.—*Address*, July 4, 1842.

FREEDOM OF THE MIND.

High walls and huge the body may confine,
And iron gates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways ;

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.—6

Yet scorns the immortal mind this base control :
No chains can bind it, and no cell enclose ;
Swifter than light it flies from pole to pole,
And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes.
It leaps from mount to mount ; from vale to vale
It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and
flowers ;
It visits home, to hear the household tale,
Or in sweet converse pass the joyous hours ;
'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,
And in its watches wearies every star.

THE GUILTLSS PRISONER.

Prisoner ! within these gloomy walls close pent,
Guiltless of horrid crime or venal wrong—
Bear nobly up against thy punishment,
And in thy innocence be great and strong !
Perchance thy fault was love to all mankind ;
Thou didst oppose some vile oppressive law,
Or strive all human fetters to unbind ;
Or would not bear the implements of war,
What then ? Dost thou so soon repent the
A martyr's crown is richer than a king's ! [deed ?
Think it an honor with thy Lord to bleed,
And glory 'mid intensest sufferings !
Though beat, imprisoned, put to open shame,
Time shall embalm and magnify thy name.

TO BENJAMIN LUNDY.

Self-taught, unaided, poor, reviled, contemned,
Beset with enemies, by friends betrayed ;
As madman and fanatic oft condemned,
Yet in thy noble cause still undismayed ;
Leonidas could not thy courage boast ;
Less numerous were his foes, his band more
strong ;
Alone unto a more than Persian host,
Thou hast undauntedly given battle long.
Nor shalt thou singly wage the unequal strife ;
Unto thy aid, with spear and shield, I rush,
And freely do I offer up my life,
And bid my heart's blood find a wound to
New volunteers are trooping to the field ; [gush !
To die we are prepared, but not an inch to yield.

SAMUEL GARTH.—1

GARTH, SAMUEL, an English physician and poet, born about 1670; died in 1719. He studied medicine at Cambridge, settled in London in 1693, and rose rapidly to professional and social distinction. He edited a translation of the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, some of the versions being by himself, others by Dryden, Addison, and Gay. In 1714 he was knighted by George I. Besides several short pieces he wrote *The Dispensary*, a mock-heroic poem in support of the physicians who were engaged in a quarrel with the apothecaries upon the question of establishing a free dispensary for the poor.

THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

Not far from that most celebrated place
Where angry Justice shews her awful face;
Where little villains must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state;
There stands a dome, majestic to the sight,
And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;
A golden globe, placed high with artful skill,
Seems, to the distant sight, a gilded pill;
This pile was, by the pious patron's aim,
Raised for a use as noble as its frame;
Nor did the learned Society decline
The propagation of that great design;
In all her mazes, Nature's face they viewed,
And, as she disappeared, their search pursued.
Wrapt in the shade of night the goddess lies,
Yet to the learned unveils her dark disguise,
But shuns the gross access of vulgar eyes.

Now she unfolds the faint and dawning strife
Of infant atoms kindling into life;
How ductile matter new meanders takes,
And slender trains of twisting fibres makes;
And how the viscous seeks a closer tone,
By just degrees to harden into bone;
While the more loose flow from the vital urn,
And in full tides of purple streams return;

SAMUEL GARTH.—2

How lambent flames from life's bright lamps arise,
 And dart in emanations through the eyes ;
 How from each sluice a gentle torrent pours,
 To slake a feverish heat with ambient showers ;
 Whence their mechanic powers the spirits claim ;
 How great their force, how delicate their frame ;
 How the same nerves are fashioned to sustain
 The greatest pleasure and the greatest pain ;
 Why bilious juice a golden light puts on,
 And floods of chyle in silver currents run ;
 How the dim speck of entity began
 To extend its recent form, and stretch to man ;
 Why Envy oft transforms with wan disguise,
 And why gay Mirth sits smiling in the eyes ;
 Whence Milo's vigour at the Olympic's shewn,
 Whence tropes to Finch, or impudence to Sloane ;
 How matter, by the varied shape of pores
 Or idiots frames, or solemn Senators.

Hence 'tis we wait the wondrous cause to find,
 How body acts upon impassive mind ;
 How fumes of wine the thinking part can fire,
 Past hopes revive, and present joys inspire ;
 Why our complexions oft our soul declare,
 And how the passions in the features are ;
 How touch and harmony arise between
 Corporeal figure and a form unseen ;
 How quick their faculties the limbs fulfil,
 And act at every summons of the will :
 With mighty truths, mysterious to desery,
 Which in the womb of distant causes lie.

But now no grand inquiries are desried ;
 Mean faction reigns where knowledge should
 preside ;

Fends are increased, and learning laid aside ;
 Thus Synods oft concern for Faith conceal,
 And for important nothings shew a zeal :
 The drooping Sciences neglected pine,
 And Pæan's beams with fading lustre shine.
 No readers here with hectic looks are found,
 Nor eyes in rheum, through midnight watching
 The lonely edifice in sweats complains [drowned :
 That nothing there but sullen silence reigns.

The Dispensary.

GEORGE GASCOIGNÉ.—1

GASCOIGNE, GEORGE, an English dramatist and poet, born about 1535; died about 1577. He studied law at one of the Inns, but being disinherited by his father he enlisted in the Dutch service, and served against the Spaniards, but was taken prisoner and detained for four months. Getting back to England he collected his poems, and rose into favor with Queen Elizabeth and her favorite Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Besides producing dramatic entertainments he wrote *The Steele Glass*, a satire in blank verse, *Certayne Notes of Instruction in English Verse*, and a number of minor poems.

LADIES OF THE COURT.

Behold, my Lord, what monsters muster here
With angels' face and harmful hellish hearts,
With smiling looks, and deep deceitful thoughts,
With tender skins and stony cruel minds,
With stealing steps, yet forward feet to fraud.
The younger sort come piping on apace,
In whistles made of fine enticing wood,
Till they have caught the birds for whom they
birded.

The elder sort go stately stalking on,
And on their backs they bear both land and fee,
Castles and towers, revenues and receipts,
Lordships and manors, fines; yea farms and
all!—

What should *these* be? Speak you my lovely
Lord.

They be not men, for why, they have no beards;
They be no boys, which wear such sidelong
gowns;

They be no gods, for all their gallant gloss;
They be no devils, I trow, that seems so saintish
What be they? Women masking in men's weeds,
With Dutchkin doublets, and with gerkins jagged,
With Spanish spangs, and ruffles fet out of
France,

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.—2

With high-copt hats, and feathers flaunt-a-flaunt :
They, to be sure, seem even *Wo* to *Men* indeed !
The Steele Glass.

THE LULLABIES.

First, lullaby my Youthful Years :
It is now time to go to bed ;
For crooked age and hoary hairs
Have wore the haven within mine head.
With lullaby, then, Youth, be still,
With lullaby content thy will ;
Since Courage quails and comes behind,
Go sleep, and so beguile thy mind.

Next, lullaby my gazing Eyes,
Which wonted were to glance apace ;
For every glass may now suffice
To show the furrows in my face.
With lullaby, then, wink awhile ;
With lullaby your looks beguile ;
Let no fair face or beauty bright
Entice you eft with vain delight.

And lullaby my wanton Will :
Let Reason's rule now rein my thought,
Since, all too late, I find by skill
How dear I have thy fancies bought.
With lullaby now take thine ease,
With lullaby thy doubt appease ;
For trust in this—if thou be still,
My body shall obey thy will.

Thus lullaby, my Youth, mine Eyes,
My Will, my Ware, and all that was :
I can no more delays devise,
But welcome Pain, let Pleasure pass.
With lullaby now take your leave ;
With lullaby your dreams deceive ;
And when you rise with waking eye,
Remember then this lullaby.

ELIZABETH C. GASKELL.—I

GASKELL, ELIZABETH CLEGHORN (STEVENSON), an English novelist, born in 1810; died in 1865. Her father, William Stevenson, a tutor and preacher, relinquished preaching for farming because he thought it wrong to be a "hired teacher of religion." He was for a time editor of the *Scots Magazine*. He contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, and became Keeper of the Records to the Treasury. Her mother died in giving her birth, and she was adopted by an aunt. She was partly educated in a school at Stratford-upon-Avon, and then returned to her father, who superintended her studies. She married William Gaskell, a clergyman of Manchester, and gave all her leisure to ministry among the poor of that city, and thus became intimately acquainted with the lives of operatives in the factories. Her first literary work was a paper entitled *An Account of Clopton Hall*, written for William Howitt's *Visits to Remarkable Places*. This was followed by short tales contributed to the *People's Journal*. *Mary Barton*, her first novel, a story of manufacturing life, was published in 1848. Her next publication was *The Moorland Cottage* (1850.) *Ruth*, a novel, and *Cranford*, a series of sketches of life in a rural town, appeared in 1853. Mrs. Gaskell's other works are *North and South* (1855), a *Life of Charlotte Brontë* (1857), *Round the Sofa* (1859), *Right at Last* (1860), *Sylvia's Lovers* (1863), *Cousin Phillis*, and *Wives and Daughters*, the last of which was not quite completed, at the time of her sudden death from heart-disease.

GREEN HEYS FIELDS, MANCHESTER.

There are some fields near Manchester, well

ELIZABETH C. GASKELL.—2

known to the inhabitants as Green Heys Fields, through which runs a public footpath to a little village about two miles distant. In spite of these fields being flat and low—nay, in spite of the want of wood (the great and usual recommendation of level tracts of land), there is a charm about them which strikes even the inhabitant of a mountainous district, who sees and feels the effect of contrast in these commonplace but thoroughly rural fields, with the busy bustling manufacturing town he left but half an hour ago. Here and there an old black and white farmhouse, with its rambling outbuildings, speaks of other times and other occupations than those which now absorb the population of the neighborhood. Here in their seasons may be seen the country business of hay-making, ploughing, etc., which are such pleasant mysteries for townspeople to watch: and here the artisan, deafened with noise of tongues and engines, may come to listen awhile to the delicious sounds of rural life—the lowing of cattle, the milkmaid's call, the clatter and cackle of poultry in the old farmyards. You cannot wonder, then, that these fields are popular places of resort at every holiday-time; and you would not wonder, if you could see, or I properly describe, the charm of one particular stile, that it should be, on such occasions, a crowded halting-place. Close by it is a deep, clear pond, reflecting in its dark-green depths the shadowy trees that bend over it to exclude the sun. The only place where its banks are shelving is on the side next to a rambling farm-yard, belonging to one of those old-world, gabled, black and white houses I named above, overlooking the field through which the public footpath leads. The porch of this farmhouse is covered by a rose-tree; and the little garden surrounding it is crowded with a medley of old-fashioned herbs and flowers, planted long ago when the garden was the only druggist's shop within reach, and allowed to grow in scrambling and wild luxuriance—roses, lavender, sage,

balm (for tea), rosemary, pinks and wallflowers, onions and jessamine, in most republican and indiscriminate order. This farm-house and garden are within a hundred yards of the stile of which I spoke, leading from the large pasture-field into a smaller one, divided by a hedge of hawthorn and blackthorn; and near this stile, on the further side, there runs a tale that primroses may often be found, and occasionally the blue sweet violet on the grassy hedge-bank.

I do not know whether it was on a holiday granted by the masters, or a holiday seized in right of nature and her beautiful spring-time by the workmen; but one afternoon—now ten or a dozen years ago—these fields were much thronged. It was an early May evening—the April of the poets; for heavy showers had fallen all the morning, and the round, soft white clouds which were blown by a west wind over the dark-blue sky, were sometimes varied by one blacker and more threatening. The softness of the day tempted forth the young green leaves, which almost visibly fluttered into life; and the willows, which that morning had had only a brown reflection in the water below, were now of that tender gray-green which blends so delicately with the spring harmony of colors.

Groups of merry, and somewhat loud-talking girls, whose ages might range from twelve to twenty, came by with a buoyant step. They were most of them factory-girls, and wore the usual out-of-doors dress of that particular class of maidens—namely, a shawl, which at mid-day, or in fine weather, was allowed to be merely a shawl, but towards evening, or if the day were chilly, became a sort of Spanish mantilla or Scotch plaid, and was brought over the head and hung loosely down, or was pinned under the chin in no unpicturesque fashion. Their faces were not remarkable for beauty; indeed, they were below the average, with one or two exceptions; they had dark hair, neatly and classically arranged, dark eyes, but sallow complexions and

irregular features. The only thing to strike a passer-by was an acuteness and intelligence of countenance which has often been noticed in a manufacturing population.

There were also numbers of boys, or rather young men, rambling among these fields, ready to bandy jokes with any one, and particularly ready to enter into conversation with the girls, who, however, held themselves aloof, not in a shy, but rather in an independent way, assuming an indifferent manner to the noisy wit or obstreperous compliments of the lads. Here and there came a sober, quiet couple, either whispering lovers, or husband and wife, as the case might be; and if the latter, they were seldom unencumbered by an infant, carried for the most part by the father, while occasionally even three or four little toddlers have been carried or dragged thus far, in order that the whole family might enjoy the delicious May afternoon together.—*Mary Barton.*

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

When the trays reappeared with biscuits and wine, punctually at a quarter to nine, there was conversation, comparing of cards, and talking over tricks; but by-and-by Captain Brown sported a bit of literature. "Have you seen any numbers of the *Pickwick Papers*?" said he. (They were then publishing in parts.) "Capital thing!"

Now Miss Jenkyns was daughter of a deceased pastor of Cranford; and on the strength of a number of manuscript sermons, and a pretty good library of divinity, considered herself literary, and looked upon any conversation about books as a challenge to her. So she answered and said, "Yes, she had seen them; indeed, she might say she had read them."

"And what do you think of them?" exclaimed Captain Brown. "Aren't they famously good?"

So urged, Miss Jenkyns could not but speak. "I must say, I don't think they are by any means

equal to Dr. Johnson. Still, perhaps, the author is young. Let him persevere, and who knows what he may become if he will take the great Doctor for his model."

This was evidently too much for Captain Brown to take placidly; and I saw the words on the tip of his tongue before Miss Jenkyns had finished her sentence.

"It is quite a different sort of thing, my dear madam," he began.

"I am quite aware of that," returned she, "and I make allowances, Captain Brown."

"Just allow me to read you a scene out of this month's number," pleaded he. "I had it only this morning, and I don't think the company can have read it yet."

"As you please," said she, settling herself with an air of resignation. He read the account of the "swarry" which Sam Weller gave at Bath. Some of us laughed heartily. I did not dare, because I was staying in the house. Miss Jenkyns sat in patient gravity. When it was ended, she turned to me and said, with mild dignity, "Fetch me *Rasselas*, my dear, out of the book-room."

When I brought it to her, she turned to Captain Brown. "Now allow *me* to read you a scene, and then the present company can judge between your favorite, Mr. Boz, and Dr. Johnson."

She read one of the conversations between *Rasselas* and Imlac, in a high-pitched, majestic voice; and when she had ended, she said, "I imagine I am now justified in my preference of Dr. Johnson as a writer of fiction." The captain screwed his lips up, and drummed on the table, but he did not speak. She thought she would give a finishing blow or two.

"I consider it vulgar, and below the dignity of literature, to publish in numbers."

"How was the *Rambler* published, ma'am?" asked Captain Brown, in a low voice, which I think Miss Jenkyns could not have heard.

“Dr. Johnson’s style is a model for young beginners. My father recommended it to me when I began to write letters. I have formed my own style upon it; I recommend it to your favorite.”

“I should be very sorry for him to exchange his style for any such pompous writing,” said Captain Brown.

Miss Jenkyns felt this as a personal affront, in a way of which the captain had not dreamed. Epistolary writing she and her friends considered as her *forte*. Many a copy of many a letter have I seen written and corrected on the slate before she “seized the half-hour just previous to post-time to assure” her friends of this or of that; and Dr. Johnson was, as she said, her model in these compositions. She drew herself up with dignity, and only replied to Captain Brown’s last remark by saying with marked emphasis on every syllable, “I prefer Dr. Johnson to Mr. Boz.”—*Cranford*.

MISS MATTY’S CONFIDENCES.

We were thankful, as Miss Pole desired us to be, that we had never been married, but I think of the two we were even more thankful that the robbers had left Cranford; at least I judge so from a speech of Miss Matty’s that evening as we sat over the fire, in which she evidently looked upon a husband as a great protection against thieves, burglars, and ghosts; and said that she did not think that she should dare to be always warning young people against matrimony as Miss Pole did continually; to be sure, marriage was a risk, as she saw, now that she had some experience; but she remembered the time when she had looked forward to being married as much as any one. “Not to any particular person, my dears,” said she, hastily checking herself up as if she were afraid of having admitted too much: “only the old story, you know, of ladies always saying ‘*When* I marry,’ and gentlemen, ‘*If* I marry.’” It was a joke

spoken in rather a sad tone, and I doubt if either of us smiled; but I could not see Miss Matty's face by the flickering firelight. In a little while she continued:

“But, after all, I have not told you the truth. It is so long ago, and no one ever knew how much I thought of it at the time, unless, indeed, my dear mother guessed; but I may say that there was a time when I did not think I should have been only Miss Matty Jenkyns all my life; for even if I did meet with any one who wished to marry me now (and, as Miss Pole says, one is never too safe), I could not take him. I hope he would not take it too much to heart, but I could *not* take him—or any one but the person I once thought I should be married to; and he is dead and gone, and he never knew how it all came about that I said ‘No,’ when I had thought many and many a time—Well, it's no matter what I thought. God ordains it all, and I am very happy, my dear. No one has such kind friends as I,” continued she, taking my hand and holding it in hers.

If I had not known of Mr. Holbrook, I could have said something in his praise, but as I had, I could not think of anything that would come in naturally, and so we both kept silence for a little time.

“My father once made us,” she began, “keep a diary in two columns; on one side we were to put down in the morning what we thought would be the course and events of the coming day, and at night we were to put on the other side what really had happened. It would be to some people rather a sad way of telling their lives” (a tear dropped upon my hand at these words)—“I don't mean that mine has been sad—only so very different to what I expected. I remember, one winter's evening, sitting over our bed-room fire with Deborah—I remember it as if it were yesterday—and we were planning our future lives; both of us were planning, though only she talked about it. She said she should like to

marry an Archdeacon, and write his charges; and you know, my dear, she never was married, and, for aught I know, she never spoke to an unmarried Archdeacon in her life. I never was ambitious, nor could I have written charges, but I thought I could manage a house (my mother used to call me her right hand), and I was always so fond of little children—the shyest babies would stretch out their little arms to come to me; when I was a girl, I was half my leisure time nursing in the neighboring cottages; but I don't know how it was, when I grew sad and grave—which I did a year or two after this time—the little things drew back from me, and I am afraid I lost the knack, though I am just as fond of children as ever, and have a strange yearning at my heart whenever I see a mother with her baby in her arms. Nay, my dear” (and by a sudden blaze which sprang up from a fall of the unstirred coals, I saw that her eyes were full of tears—gazing intently on some vision of what might have been), “do you know, I dream sometimes that I have a little child—always the same—a little girl of about two years old; she never grows older, though I have dreamt about her for many years. I don't think I ever dream of any words or sound she makes; she is very noiseless and still, but she comes to me when she is very sorry or very glad, and I have wakened with the clasp of her dear little arms round my neck. Only last night—perhaps because I had gone to sleep thinking of this ball for Phebe—my little darling came in my dream, and put up her mouth to be kissed, just as I have seen real babies do to real mothers before going to bed. But all this is nonsense, dear! only don't be frightened by Miss Pole from being married. I can fancy it may be a very happy state, and a little credulity helps one on through life very smoothly—better than always doubting and doubting and seeing difficulties and disagreeables in every thing.—*Cranford.*

THE MINISTER.

“There is Father!” she exclaimed, pointing out to me a man in his shirt-sleeves, taller by the head than the other two with whom he was working. We only saw him through the leaves of the ash-trees growing in the hedge, and I thought I must be confusing the figures, or mistaken: that man still looked like a very powerful laborer, and had none of the precise demureness of appearance which I had always imagined was the characteristic of a minister. It was the Reverend Ebenezer Holman, however. He gave us a nod as we entered the stubble-field, and I think he would have come to meet us but that he was in the middle of giving directions to his men. I could see that Phillis was built more after his type than her mother’s. He, like his daughter, was largely made, and of a fair, ruddy complexion, whereas hers was brilliant and delicate. His hair had been yellow or sandy, but now was grizzled. Yet his gray hairs betokened no failure in strength. I never saw a more powerful man—deep chest, lean flanks, well-planted head. By this time we were nearly up to him, and he interrupted himself and stepped forwards, holding out his hand to me, but addressing Phillis.

“Well, my lass, this is Cousin Manning, I suppose. Wait a minute, young man, and I’ll put on my coat, and give you a decorous and formal welcome. But, Ned Hall, there ought to be a water-furrow across this land: it’s a nasty, stiff, clayey, dauby bit of ground, and thou and I must fall to, come next Munday—I beg your pardon, Cousin Manning—and there’s old Jem’s cottage wants a bit of thatch; you can do that job to-morrow while I am busy.” Then, suddenly changing the tone of his deep bass voice to an odd suggestion of chapels and preachers, he added, “Now, I will give out the psalm, ‘Come all harmonious tongues,’ to be sung to ‘Mount Ephraim’ tune.”

He lifted his spade in his hand, and began to beat time with it; the two laborers seemed to know both words and music, though I did not; and so did Phillis; her rich voice followed her father's as he set the tune, and the men came in with more uncertainty, but harmoniously. Phillis looked at me once or twice with a little surprise at my silence; but I did not know the words. There we five stood, bare-headed, excepting Phillis, in the tawny stubble-field, from which all the shocks of corn had not yet been carried—a dark wood on one side, where the wood-pigeons were cooing; blue distance seen through the ash-trees on the other. Somehow, I think that if I had known the words, and could have sung, my throat would have been choked up by the feeling of the unaccustomed scene.

The hymn was ended, and the men had drawn off before I could stir. I saw the minister beginning to put on his coat, and looking at me with friendly inspection in his gaze before I could rouse myself.

“I dare say you railway gentlemen don't wind up the day with singing a psalm together,” said he, “but it is not a bad practice—not a bad practice. We have had it a bit earlier to-day for hospitality's sake—that's all.”

I had nothing to say to this, though I was thinking a great deal. From time to time I stole a look at my companion. His coat was black, and so was his waistcoat; neckcloth he had none, his strong, full throat being bare above the snow-white shirt. He wore drab-colored knee-breeches, gray worsted stockings (I thought I knew the maker), and strong-nailed shoes. He carried his hat in his hand as if he liked to feel the coming breeze lifting his hair. After a while, I saw that the father took hold of the daughter's hand, and so they, holding each other, went along towards home.—*Cousin Phillis.*

GASPARIÑ, AGÉNOR ÉTIENNE, COMTE DE, a French publicist and author, born in 1810; died in 1871. He was the eldest son of Count Adrien Pierre de Gasparin. He was employed by Guizot as his secretary in the Department of Public Instruction, and when his father became Minister of the Interior in 1836, served also as secretary in that department. In 1842 he was elected deputy for the arrondissement of Bastia, in Corsica. A zealous Protestant, he advocated religious liberty, prison reform, emancipation of slaves, and social purity. He was not re-elected in 1846. Disapproving the course of Louis Napoleon, he left France, and took up his residence near Geneva, where he lectured upon economy, history, and religion. He wrote numerous pamphlets on slavery and other abuses, and contributed articles to the *Journal des Débats*, and the *Revue des deux Mondes*. Two remarkable works advocating the Union cause were written by him during the rebellion, and were translated under the titles of *The Uprising of a Great People: the United States in 1861*, and *America before Europe* (1862.) Among his other works are *Slavery and the Slave Trade* (1838), *Christianity and Paganism* (1850), *The Schools of Doubt and the School of Faith* (1853), *Turning Tables, the Supernatural in General and Spirits* (1854), *The Question of Neufchâtel* (1857), *The Family: its Duties, Joys, and Sorrows*, and *Moral Liberty* (1868), a *Life of Innocent III.*, and *The Good Old Times*, the last two works being published after his death, which was hastened by his cares for fugitive and wounded soldiers in 1871.

TRIED AND FIRM.

It might have been said formerly that the

AGÉNOR ÉTIENNE GASPARIK.—2

United States subsisted only through their privileged position—without neighbors, consequently without enemies. Exempt from the efforts exacted by war, life had been easy to them; their vast political edifice had not been tried, for it had struggled against no tempest, and there was a right to suppose that the first torrent which beat against the wall would overthrow or shake the foundations. To-day the torrent has come, and the foundation remains. The impotent nationality which has been shown us submerged beneath the waves of immigration, has been found an energetic and long-lived nationality. In the face of the rebellious South, as in the face of the menacing South, there is found an American nation. It has broken forever—yes, broken, even in the event of the effective separation of a portion of the South—the perfidious weapon of separation. It has passed through the triple ordeal which all governments must endure—the ordeal of foundation, of independence, of revolution. It has affranchised with one blow, its present and its future. At the hour of disasters, it has displayed the rarest quality of all—patience to repair the evil. . . . I shall not waste my time in demonstrating that, if the Union come out of the crisis victorious, it will come out aggrandized. The *uprising of a great people* will then have numerous partisans, and my paradox will become a commonplace. I have been anxious to establish another theory, no less true, but less popular—to-day, during the crisis, in the midst of difficulties and perils, whatever may be the issue of the struggle, the uprising is already accomplished. Already it has accepted heavy charges which will leave their traces on the American budget, like the noble scars which remain stamped on the countenance of conquerors. The uprising is therefore already accomplished. It may be that the United States will still combat and suffer, but their cause will not perish, and their cause is their greatness.—*America before Europe.*

VALERIE DE GASPARIN.—1

GASPARIN, VALERIE (BOISSIER) DE, a French author, wife of the preceding, born in Geneva in 1815. She was the author of several works, one of which, *Marriage from the Christian Point of View* (1842), obtained a prize at the French Academy. Among her other works are, *There are Poor in Paris and Elsewhere* (1846), *Monastic Corporations in the Heart of Protestantism* (1855), *Near Horizons, Heavenly Horizons, Vespers, and Human Sadness*.

BEHIND A VEIL.

Here again comes the stiffness of conventionality to paralyze a character all made up of light and motion. Spontaneous, unpremeditated, it has the gaiety of a child; it has sadness as well, sudden bursts, impulses, enthusiasms, all of which I grant you are not in very perfect proportion;—the laughter is sometimes a little loud; tears come like those thunder-showers that all at once drown the sun out of sight; but such as it is, it is natural and it is charming. I add that when tempered it is excellent, because it is true. Now then let come traditions, let come the world with its good society amazement, and this poor soul is afraid of being itself. Ere long it grows ashamed of it; it dares no longer laugh or weep; it takes refuge in an artificial coldness. Here and there some eccentricity—one of those shoots of impetuous vegetation which pierce through old walls to open out to the light—escapes in look or tone; instantly there is a hue and cry. Quick, down with the porteuillis, up with the drawbridge! There where a coppice full of songs grew green, a gray fortress is rising now; passers-by measure its height; they feel an icy shadow fall athwart them; they quicken their steps towards the flowery field beyond. And yet a heart was beating there; a genial spirit gave out fitful rays; there was life still, there might have been happiness.

VALERIE DE GASPARIN.—2

If, at the least, the mistake once committed might become at length a kind of reality ; if one but moved freely beneath the borrowed garment ! But no ! it was made to fit some one else ; we are not only uncomfortable in it, but we are awkward as well. These disguises only half deceive ; they suffice to embarrass ; not to give one a home-feeling of ease.

Alas ! and one may go on thus to the very end ! When the end is come, the indifferent crowd permits you to be buried without your disguise. Sometimes it happens that a curious on-looker stops and contemplates you ; sometimes at the supreme parting hour a fold of the veil gets disarranged, and then your true visage appears. There it is all radiant, or all pale. There is the sweet smile ; when just about to be for ever extinguished, it at length ventures forth upon the dying lips ; the glance is fraught with emotion, tears warm the marble face ! That then was the real man, the real woman ! What ! so beautiful, so touching, and I had never found it out !—*Human Sadness.*

OCTOBER.

On one of those October days which rise all radiant after they have once shaken off their mantle of mist, let us take our way into lonely places. The brambles are reddening on the mountains ; we hear the lowing of the herds shaking their bells in the pastures. Here and there some fire rolls out its smoke ; insects rise slowly with their little balloons of white silk ; the bushes, deceived by the mildness of the nights, put forth fresh shoots ; the great daisies, the scarlet pinks, the sage-plants that had flowered in June, open out a few bright petals here and there. This will not last ; winter is coming on. What of that ? This last smile tells me that God loves and means to console me.—*Human Sadness.*

GAUDEN, JOHN, an English clergyman, born in 1605; died in 1662. Having preached a successful sermon before Parliament, he was in 1640 rewarded by the rich deanery of Bocking, and other preferments. After the breaking out of the civil war, he submitted to the Presbyterian order of Church Government, and thus retained his preferments. In 1648, after the execution of Charles I., he wrote *A Just Invective against those of the Army and their Abettors who murdered King Charles I.* This, however, was not printed until after the Restoration of Charles II. Immediately after the Restoration Gauden was made chaplain to the King, then Bishop of Exeter, and in 1662 Bishop of Worcester. Between 1653 and 1660 he wrote a number of treatises in vindication of the Church of England and its clergy, among which are *A Petitionary Remonstrance to Oliver Cromwell in behalf of the Clergy of England*, and *The Tears, Sighs, and Complaints of the Church of England* (1659), *Antisacrilegus* (1660), besides several published *Sermons*.

Gauden's chief claim to a place in the history of literature rests upon his connection with the *Eikōn Basiliké, or the Pourtraicture of his sacred Majestic in his Solitudes and Sufferings*. This work, bearing date of 1648, was published soon after the execution of the King, by whom on its face it purports to have been written. The work was received by the Royalists as the composition of "the Royal Martyr;" but by others the authorship was attributed to Gauden. Volume upon volume has been written upon both sides of this controversy, which, perhaps, can hardly be even now

JOHN GAUDEN.—2

definitely settled, since as late as 1829 the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth put forth an elaborate argument to show that King Charles was actually the author. But Mackintosh, Todd, and Macaulay hold that the work belongs to Gauden.

FROM THE "EIKŌN BASILIKÉ."

The various successes of this unhappy war have at least afforded me variety of good meditations. Sometimes God was pleased to try me with victory, by worsting my enemies, that I might know how with moderation and thanks to own and use His power, who is only the true Lord of Hosts, able, when he pleases, to repress the confidence of those that fought against me with so great advantages for power and number. From small beginnings on my part, he let me see that I was not wholly forsaken by my people's love or His protection. Other times God was pleased to exercise my patience, and teach me not to trust in the arm of flesh, but in the living God. My sins sometimes prevailed against the justice of my cause; and those that were with me wanted not matter and occasion for his just chastisement both of them and me. Nor were my enemies less punished by that prosperity, which hardened them to continue that injustice by open hostility, which was begun by most riotous and unparliamentary tumults.

There is no doubt but personal and private sins may oftentimes overbalance the justice of public engagements; nor doth God account every gallant man, in the world's esteem, a fit instrument to assert in the way of war a righteous cause. The more men are prone to arrogate to their own skill, valor and strength, the less doth God ordinarily work by them for his own glory. I am sure the event of success can never state the justice of any cause, nor the peace of men's consciences, nor the eternal fate of their souls.

Those with me had, I think, clearly and un-

JOHN GAUDEN.—3

doubtedly for their justification the Word of God and the laws of the land, together with their own oaths; all requiring obedience to my just commands; but to none other under heaven without me, or against me, in the point of raising arms. Those on the other side are forced to fly to the shifts of some pretended fears, and wild fundamentals of state, as they call them, which actually overthrow the present fabric both of Church and State; being such imaginary reasons for self-defense as are most impertinent for those men to allege, who, being my subjects, were manifestly the first assaulters of me and the laws, first by unsuppressed tumults, after by listed forces. The same allegations they use, will fit any faction that hath but power and confidence enough to second with the sword all their demands against the present laws and governors, which can never be such as some side or other will not find fault with, so as to urge what they call a reformation of them to a rebellion against them.

The eminent Dr. South seems to have had no doubt that Charles I. was really the author of the *Eikōn Basiliké*. He says: "To go no further for a testimony, let his own writings witness, which speak him no less an author than a monarch, composed with such a commanding majestic pathos as if they had been writ not with a pen but a sceptre; and for those whose virulent and ridiculous calumnies ascribe that incomparable piece to others, I say it is a sufficient argument that those did not write it, because they could not."

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.—1

GAUTIER, THÉOPHILE, a French poet, novelist, and critic, born in 1811; died in 1872. He was a native of Tarbes, Gascony, was educated at the Lycée Charlemagne, Paris, and on completing his college course, entered the studio of Rioult, intending to become a painter. After two years' study, he turned from art to literature, and joined in the revolt against the formalism of the French classic school. His first volume of *Poésies* (1830) was followed, in 1832, by *Albertus*, a "theological legend." In 1833, he published a volume of tales, *Les Jeunes-France*, and in 1835 *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, a novel which was pronounced, even in France, immoral. To this time belongs a series of critical papers on the poets of the time of Louis XIII., which were afterwards published in 1843, under the title of *Les Grottesques*. These were written for *La France Littéraire*, of which Gautier was editor. He also contributed to the *Revue de Paris*, *L'Artiste*, and other papers. In 1836 he became literary and dramatic editor of *La Presse*, in 1854 of *Le Moniteur Universel*, and in 1869 of *Le Journal Officiel*. His journalistic labors alone were enormous. It is said that a complete collection of his articles would fill 300 volumes. He continued to write novels and poems. *La Comédie de la Morte* (1838), *Poésies* (1840), and *Émaux et Camées* (1852), all display true poetic feeling and a marvelous command of poetic form. Gautier traveled in most of the countries of Europe, and wrote several books embodying his observations; among them *Italia* (1853), and *Constantinople* (1854.) He wrote also for the stage, *La Tricorne Enchanté* (1845), being perhaps his best play. His

short stories stand in the first rank of this class of fiction. The best of his novels are *Militona* (1847), *Le Roman de la Momie* (1856), *Le Capitaine Fracasse* (1863), and *Spirite* (1866.) Besides the works of travel already mentioned are, *Cuprices et Zigzags*, *Voyage en Russie*, and *Voyage en Espagne*. *L'Histoire de l'Art Dramatique en France depuis vingt-cinq Ans*, contains some of his best critical papers. His last work, *Tableaux du Siège*, gives a vivid picture of Paris at the time of its investment by the German troops.

THE ROYAL SEPULCHRES OF THEBES.

The director of excavations went on a little in advance of the nobleman and the savant, with the air of a well-bred person who knows the rules of etiquette, and his step was firm and brisk, as though he were quite confident of success. They soon reached a narrow defile leading into the valley of Bibán-el-Molook. It looked as if it had been cut by the hand of man through the thick wall of the mountain instead of being a natural cleft, as if the spirit of solitude had sought to render inaccessible this kingdom of the dead. On the perpendicular walls of the riven rock the eye could discern imperfect remains of sculptures, injured by the ravages of time, that might have been taken for inequalities of the stone, aping the crippled personages in a half-effaced bas-relief. Beyond the gorge the valley widened a little, presenting a spectacle of the most mournful desolation. On either side rose in steep crags enormous masses of calcareous rock, corrugated, splintered, crumbling, exhausted, and dropping to pieces in an advanced state of decomposition under an implacable sun. These rocks resembled the bones of the dead, calcined on a funeral pyre, and an eternity of weariness was expressed in the yawning mouths, imploring the refreshing drop that never fell. Their walls

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.—3

rose almost in a vertical line to a great height, marking out their indented tops of a grayish white against a sky of deepest indigo, like the turrets of some gigantic ruined fortress. A part of the funeral valley lay at a white heat under the rays of the sun; the rest was bathed in that crude bluish tint of torrid lands, which seems unreal at the North when artists reproduce it, and which is as clearly defined as the shadows on an architectural plan.

The valley lengthened out, now making an angle in one direction, now entangling itself in a gorge in another, as the spurs and projections of the bifurcated chain advanced or receded. According to a peculiarity of climates when the atmosphere, entirely free from moisture, possessed a perfect transparence, aerial perspective did not exist in this theatre of desolation; every little detail was sketched in, as far as the eye could reach, with a painful accuracy, and their distance made evident only by a decrease in size, as if a cruel Nature did not care to hide any of the poverty or misery of this barren spot, more dead itself than those whom it covered.

Over the wall, on the sunny side, fell a fiery stream of blinding light such as emanates from metals in a state of fusion. Every rocky surface, transformed into a burning mirror, sent it glancing back with even greater intensity. These reacting rays, joined to the scorching beams that fell from the heavens, and were reflected again from the earth, produced a heat equal to that of a furnace, and the poor German doctor constantly sponged his face with his blue-checked handkerchief, that looked as if it had been dipped in water. You could not have found a handful of soil in the whole valley, so there was no blade of grass, no bramble, no creeping vine of any kind, nor growth of lichen, to break the uniform whiteness of the torrifed ground. The crevices and dents in the rocks did not contain enough moisture to feed even the slender thread-like roots of the poorest wall plant. It was like a vast

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.—4

bed of cinders left from a chain of mountains burnt out in some great planetary fire in the day of cosmic catastrophes: to make the comparison more complete, long black streaks, like scars left by cauterizing, ran down the chalky sides of the peaks. Absolute silence reigned over this scene of devastation; not a breath of life disturbed it; there was no flutter of wings, no hum of insects, no rustling of lizards and other reptiles; even the tiny cymbal of the grasshopper, that friend of arid wastes, could not be heard. A sparkling, micaceous dust, like powdered sandstone, covered the ground, and here and there formed mounds over the stones dug from the depths of the chain with the relentless pickaxes of past generations and the tools of troglodyte workmen preparing under ground the eternal dwelling-places of the dead. The fragments torn from the interior of the mountain had made other hills friable heaps of stones, that might have been taken for a natural ridge. In the sides of the rock were black holes, surrounded by scattered blocks of stone—square openings flanked by pillars covered with hieroglyphics, and having on their lintels mysterious cartouches that contained the sacred scarabæus in a great yellow disk, the Sun as a ram's head, and the goddesses Isis and Nephthys, standing or kneeling. These were the royal sepulchres of Thebes.—*The Romance of a Mummy. Transl. of* AUGUSTA McC. WRIGHT.

THE CLOSE OF DAY.

The daylight died: a filmy cloud
Left lazily the zenith height,
In the calm river scarcely stirred,
To bathe its flowing garment white.

Night came: Night saddened but serene,
In mourning for her brother Day;
And every star before the queen
Bent, robed in gold, to own her sway.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.—5

The turtle-dove's soft wail was heard,
The children dreaming in their sleep ;
The air seemed filled with rustling wings
Of unseen birds in downy sweep.

Heaven spake to earth in murmurs low,
As when the Hebrew prophets trod
Her hills of old ; one word I know
Of that mysterious speech :—'tis God.
Transl. of AMELIA D. ALDEN.

THE FIRST SMILE OF SPRING.

While to their vexatious toil, breathless, men
are hurrying,
March, who laughs despite of showers, secretly
prepares the Spring.

For the Easter daisies small, while they sleep,
the cunning fellow
Paints anew their collarettes, burnishes their but-
tons yellow ;

Goes, the sly perruquier, to the orchard, to the
vine,
Powders white the almond-tree with a puff of
swan's-down fine.

To the garden bare he flies, while dame Nature
still reposes ;
In their vests of velvet green, laces all the bud-
ding roses ;

Whistles in the blackbird's ear new roulades for
him to follow ;
Sows the snow-drop far and near, and the violet
in the hollow.

On the margin of the fountain, where the stag
drinks, listening,
From his hidden hand he scatters silvery lily-
buds for Spring ;

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.—6

Hides the crimson strawberry in the grass, for
thee to seek ;
Plaits a leafy hat, to shade from the glowing sun
thy cheek.

Then, when all his task is done, past his reign,
away he hies ;
Turns his head at April's threshold ;—" Spring-
time, you may come !" he cries.

Transl. of AMELIA D. ALDEN.

DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOWS.

The rain-drops splash, and the dead leaves fall,
On spire and cornice and mould ;
The swallows gather, and twitter and call,
" We must follow the Summer, come one, come
all,
For the Winter is now so cold."

Just listen awhile to the wordy war,
As to whither the way shall tend,
Says one, " I know the skies are fair
And myriad insects float in air
Where the ruins of Athens stand.

" And every year, when the brown leaves fall,
In a niche of the Parthenon
I build my nest on the corniced wall,
In the trough of a devastating ball
From the Turk's besieging gun."

Says another, " My cosey home I fit
On a Smyrna grande café,
Where over the threshold Hadjii sit,
And smoke their pipes and their coffee sip,
Dreaming the hours away."

Another says, " I prefer the nave
Of a temple in Baalbec ;
There my little ones lie when the palm-trees
wave,
And, perching near on the architrave,
I fill each open beak."

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.—7

"Ah!" says the last, "I build *my* nest
Far up on the Nile's green shore,
Where Memnon raises his stony crest,
And turns to the sun as he leaves his rest,
But greets him with song no more.

"In his ample neck is a niche so wide,
And withal so deep and free,
A thousand swallows their nests can hide,
And a thousand little ones rear beside—
Then come to the Nile with me."

They go, they go to the river and plain,
To ruined city and town,
They leave me alone with the cold again,
Beside the tomb where my joys have lain,
With hope like the swallows flown.

Transl. of HENRI VAN LAUN.

LOOKING UPWARD.

From Sixtus' fane when Michael Angelo
His work completed radiant and sublime,
The scaffold left and sought the streets below,

Nor eyes nor arms would lower for a time ;
His feet knew not to walk upon the ground,
Unused to earth, so long in heavenly clime.

Upwards he gazed while three long months
went round ;
So might an angel look who should adore
The dread triangle mystery profound.

My brother poets, while their spirits soar,
In the world's ways at every moment trip,
Walking in dreams while they the heavens
explore.

Transl. of HENRI VAN LAUN.

JOHN GAY.—1

GAY, JOHN, an English poet, born in 1688, died in 1732. He was apprenticed to a silk-mercier in London, but turned his attention to literary pursuits. In 1711 he published *Rural Sports*, a poem dedicated to Pope, which led to a close friendship between the two poets. This was followed by *The Shepherd's Week*, a kind of parody on the *Pastorals* of Ambrose Philips. He subsequently wrote several comedies; and in 1727 brought out the *Beggar's Opera*, which produced fame and money. This was followed by the comic opera of *Polly*, the representation of which was forbidden by the Lord Chamberlain; it was printed by subscription, and netted some £1000 or £1200 to the author. Gay lost nearly all of his considerable property in the "South Sea Bubble," and during the later years of his life he was an inmate of the house of the Duke of Queensberry. Apart from the two comic operas, Gay's best works are: *Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London*, and the *Fables*, of which a very good edition was published in 1856.

WALKING THE STREETS OF LONDON.

Through winter streets to steer your course
aright,
How to walk clean by day, and safe by night;
How jostling crowds with prudence to decline,
When to assert the wall, and when resign,
I sing; thou, Trivia, goddess, aid my song,
Through spacious streets conduct thy bard along:
By thee transported, I securely stray
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way;
The silent court and opening square explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before.
To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways,
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays:

JOHN GAY.—2

For thee the sturdy pavior thumps the ground,
Whilst every stroke his laboring lungs resound ;
For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide
Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.
My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,
From the great theme to build a glorious name ;
To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
And bind my temples with a civic crown :
But more my country's love demands my lays ;
My country's be the profit, mine the praise !

When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
And " Clean your shoes !" resounds from every
voice,

When late their miry sides stage-coaches show,
And their stiff horses through the town move
slow ;

When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
And damsels first renew their oyster-cries ;
Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,
Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide ;
The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,
And with the scalloped top his step be crowned :
Let firm, well-hammered soles protect thy feet
Through freezing snows, and rains, and soaking
sleet.

Should the big last extend the shoe too wide,
Each stone will wrench the unwary step aside ;
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain ;
And when too short the modish shoes are worn,
You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn.

Nor should it prove thy less important care
To choose a proper coat for winter's wear.
Now in thy trunk thy D'Oily habit fold,
The silken drugget ill can fence the cold ;
The frieze's spongy nap is soaked with rain,
And showers soon drench the camblet's cockled
grain ;

True Witney broadcloth, with its shag unshorn,
Unpierced is in the lasting tempest worn :
Be this the horseman's fence, for who would
wear

Amid the town the spoils of Russia's bear ?

Within the roquelaure's clasp thy hands are
 pent,
 Hands, that, stretched forth, invading harms
 prevent.

Let the looped bavaroy the fop embrace,
 Or his deep cloak bespattered o'er with lace.
 That garment best the winter's rage defends,
 Whose ample form without one plait depends;
 By various names in various counties known,
 Yet held in all the true surtout alone;
 Be thine of kersey firm, though small the cost,
 Then brave unwet the rain, unchilled the frost.

If thy strong cane support thy walking hand,
 Chairmen no longer shall the wall command;
 Even sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,
 And rattling coaches stop to make thee way:
 This shall direct thy cautious tread aright,
 Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.
 Let beaux their canes, with amber tipt, produce;
 Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.
 In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
 And lazily insure a life's disease;
 While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
 To Court, to White's, assemblies, or the play;
 Rosy-complexioned Health thy steps attends,
 And exercise thy lasting youth defends.

Trivia.

THE HARE WITH MANY FRIENDS.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
 Unless to one you stint the flame.
 The child whom many fathers share,
 Hath seldom known a father's care.
 'Tis thus in friendship: who depend
 On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, who, in a civil way,
 Complied with everything, like Gay,
 Was known by all the bestial train
 Who haunt the wood or graze the plain:
 Her care was never to offend,
 And every creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,
 To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,

JOHN GAY.—4

Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles, to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear she gasping lay;
What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appeared in view!
"Let me," says she, "your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight;
To friendship every burden 's light."

The Horse replied: "Poor Honest Puss,
It grieves my heart to see you thus;
Be comforted; relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear."

She next the stately Bull implored,
And thus replied the mighty lord:
"Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a favorite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And when a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the Goat is just behind."

The Goat remarked her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye;
"My back," says he, "may do you harm;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."

The Sheep was feeble, and complained
His sides a load of wool sustained:
Said he was slow, confessed his fears,
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.

She now the trotting Calf addressed,
To save from death a friend distressed.
"Shall I," says he, "of tender age,
In this important care engage?"

JOHN GAY.—5

Older and abler passed you by ;
How strong are those, how weak am I !
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then. You know my heart ;
But dearest friends, alas ! must part.
How shall we all lament ! Adieu !
For, see, the hounds are just in view !”

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

All in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard :
“ Oh ! where shall I my true love find ?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew !”

William, who high upon the yard
Rocked with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sighed, and cast his eyes below :
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing
hands,
And, quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

“ O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain ;
Let me kiss off that falling tear ;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds ! my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

“ Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
They'll tell thee, sailors when away,
In every port a mistress find.

JOHN GAY.—6

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

“ If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

“ Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's
eye.”

The boatswain gave the dreadful word ;
The sails their swelling bosoms spread ;
No longer must she stay aboard ;
They kissed—she sighed—he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
“ Adieu !” she cries, and waved her lily hand.

MARIE FRANÇOISE SOPHIE GAY.—1

GAY, MARIE FRANÇOISE SOPHIE (DE LA VALETTE), a French novelist, born in 1776; died in 1852. She was the daughter of a financier to "Monsieur," afterwards Louis XVIII., and was carefully educated by her father. When seventeen years of age she entered upon an unhappy marriage, but obtained a divorce in 1799. She afterwards married M. Gay, Receiver-General in the department of Roer, and went to reside at Aix-la-Chapelle. Her beauty, wit, and amiability attracted all who knew her, and her husband's position widened her circle of acquaintances, until it included the most distinguished actors, musicians, and men of letters. She was a fine musician, a performer on the piano and harp, and composed both words and music of several romances. Her first literary work, a defense of Mme. de Staël's *Delphine*, was published in 1802 in the *Journal de Paris*. In the same year she published anonymously a romance, *Laure d'Estell*. *Léonie de Montbreuse* (1813) was her next novel. It was followed in 1815 by *Anatole*, the most popular of her works. She contributed to *La Presse* and other papers, and wrote several successful dramas. Among her other works are *Théobald* (1828), *Un Mariage sous l'Empire* (1832), *Scènes du Jeune Age* (1823), *Souvenirs d'une Vieille Femme* (1834), *Les Salons Célèbres* (1837), *Marie-Louise d'Orléans* (1842), *Le Faux Frère* and *Le Comte de Guiche* (1845.)

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS IN FRANCE.

The reunions begin; already some persons have appointed their reception evenings, but the soirées are not complete; for those husbands who are great proprietors make a pretext of their

plantations and agricultural cares, to keep their young wives, as long as possible, far from the pleasures the city offers; not reflecting that the richest love to pass over the season for gifts, considering them a species of tax imposed upon the vanity of the avaricious, as well as that of the lavish, from which distance and solitude can alone disfranchise.

It is towards the 20th of December that the scourge begins to be felt; first, a general agitation is perceived, arising from perplexity in the choice of objects that will gratify the recipients; to this succeeds despair of ever reconciling the gift one selects with the price she can or will give. Oh! the sleepless nights that follow days of anxious thought; the fear lest the present should be too useful, and hurt the pride of the friend, or too fanciful, and imply that she is capricious; but it is less dangerous to consult her caprices than her needs, and the talent of divining the one or the other is seldom attended with success.

Nothing can equal the tacit ambition of the receivers of the New Year's gifts. Already the caresses of the children, the assiduity of the servants, is in ratio to the gifts they hope to receive from their relations or masters. Already the jewelers polish their old jewels, that they may sell them as new to strangers and provincials, who would be ill received on their return home, if not the envoys of robes, hats, and jewels, esteemed in the mode. She is the passport to a welcome from their families.

If this month has its charges, it has also its profits; the service in every house is performed with more exactness; there are no letters lost, no journals missing, the visiting cards are punctually delivered to those who claim them, the lodger no longer knocks twenty times at the carriage entrance before the gate is opened, the boxkeeper does not keep you waiting in the lobby of the theatre, the coachman is more seldom drunk, the cook leaves in repose the cover of the basket, the chambermaid grumbles no longer,

MARIE FRANÇOISE SOPHIE GAY.—3

the children do not cry when nothing is the matter, the governesses intermit their beatings, everything goes on more easily, each one does his duty, every courtier is at his post—for each one hopes to have his name inscribed on the list for favors; the salons of the ministers are filled, government meets with less resistance, princes with fewer assassins.

But how many deceptions, jealousies, even enmities, date their birth from this deceitful month! What constrained visages, what contortions and grimaces of gratitude, without counting the conjugal his! We will favor our friends with titles of the different species of New Year's gifts:

First, the *duty gift*, given and received as the payment of a bill of exchange; that is to say, grudgingly on one side, and with no gratitude on the other.

Next, the *impost duty*, which it is necessary to satisfy; under penalty of being served the last, or even not all, when you dine with your friends.

The *chance gift*, which simply consists in giving this year to the new friends the little presents that were received the year before from the old ones. This is the ass's bridge of the vain economists.

The *fraudulent gift*, which is particularly flattering, as it purports to have been purchased for the friend, or to have been sent by an old aunt, whose three years' revenue could not pay for this lying gift.

The *waning gift*. This reveals the phases and revolutions foreseen by astronomers of the heart, where love passes to friendship, friendship to habit, habit to indifference. This species of gift commences ordinarily with some rich talisman, the luxury of which, above all, consists in its uselessness, and ends with a bag of confectionery.

We have also the *politic gift*, the most ingenious of all, invented by fortune-hunters, solicitors, and artful women.

MARIE FRANÇOISE SOPHIE GAY.—4

It is only a few choice spirits who have the finesse essential to success in this last present. They must not only give but little to obtain much; but the choice of the present, and the means of making it available, require shrewdness and address. Wish you some place dependent upon a minister? Gain an introduction to his wife, or, if faithless to her, to the concealed object of his passion; study her caprice that he has forgotten to satisfy; send your offering anonymously; your meaning will be divined by her, and the office you desire be obtained from him. Does your fate depend upon a brave administrator whose wife is faithful? Fear not ruining yourself in baubles for the children; your place is more sure than the revenues of Spain.

Do you wish to assure yourself of an inheritance from some old relation? Observe his mania; endeavor to discover what is the piece of furniture, the book, or the exquisite dish that his avarice refuses him; give a watch to his housekeeper's little son; persuade her to obtain a pension from the old man for the child, and you will not miss of the inheritance. This is the politic gift in all its diplomacy. As to the calculations of the woman who constrains or excites the generosity of her friends by her rich offerings, that is to be classed among vulgar speculations.—*Celebrated Salons. Transl. of J. WILLARD.*

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY.—1

GAY, SYDNEY HOWARD, an American journalist and historian, born at Bingham, Mass., in 1814. He entered Harvard College at fifteen, but left without graduating, on account of ill health. After spending some years in a counting-house, he began the study of law; this he abandoned for the reason that he could not conscientiously take the oath to maintain the Constitution of the United States, which required the surrender of fugitive slaves. In 1842 he became an anti-slavery lecturer; in 1844 editor of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, retaining that position until 1857, when he joined the editorial staff of the *New York Tribune*, of which he was "Managing Editor" from 1862 to 1866. From 1867 to 1871 he was Managing Editor of the *Chicago Tribune*. In 1872 he became one of the editors of the *New York Evening Post*. Two years afterwards William Cullen Bryant was asked by a publishing house to undertake the preparation of an illustrated *History of the United States*. He consented upon condition that the work should be actually executed by Mr. Gay, his own advanced age rendering it impossible that he should undertake a labor of such magnitude. This *History of the United States*, comprising four large volumes (1876-1880), was really written by Mr. Gay, with the aid in the latter portion of several collaborators, among whom were Alfred H. Guernsey, Edward Everett Hale, Henry P. Johnson, Rossiter Johnson, and Horace E. Scudder. Mr. Gay has also written a *Life of James Madison* (1884) and was engaged upon a *Life of Edmund Quincy*, when the work was interrupted by a long and serious illness.

THE MOUND-BUILDERS OF AMERICA.

The dead and buried culture of the ancient people of North America, to whose memory they themselves erected such curious monuments, is specially noteworthy in that it differs from all other extinct civilizations. Allied, on the one hand, to the rude conditions of the Stone Age, in which the understanding of man does not aim at much beyond some appliance that shall aid his naked hands in procuring a supply of daily food, it is yet far in advance of that rough childhood of the race; and while it touches the Age of Metal, it is almost as far behind, and suggests the semi-civilization of other pre-historic races who left in India, in Egypt, and the centre of the Western Continent, magnificent architectural ruins and relics of the sculptor's art, which, though barbaric, were nevertheless full of power peculiar to those parallel regions of the globe.

It is hardly conceivable that those imposing earthworks were meant for mere outdoor occupation. A people capable of erecting fortifications which could not be much improved upon by modern military science as to position, and, considering the material used, the method of construction; and who could combine for religious observances enclosures in groups of elaborate design, extending for more than twenty miles, would probably crown such works with structures in harmony with their importance and the skill and toil bestowed upon their erection. Such wooden edifices—for wood they must have been—would long ago have crumbled into dust; but it is not a fanciful suggestion that probably something more imposing than a rude hut once stood upon tumuli evidently meant for occupation, and sometimes approaching the Pyramids of Egypt in size and grandeur. These circumvallations of mathematical figures, bearing to each other certain well-defined relations, and made—though many miles apart—in accordance with

some exact law of measurement, no doubt surrounded something better than an Indian's wigwam. That which is left is the assurance of that which has perished; it is the scarred and broken torso bearing witness to the perfect work of art as it came from the hands of the sculptor.

Nor is this the only conclusion that is forced upon us. These people must have been very numerous, as otherwise they could not have done what we see they did. They were an industrious, agricultural people; not like the sparsely scattered Indians, nomadic tribes of hunters; for the multitudes employed upon the vast systems of earth-works, and who were non-producers, must have been supported by the products of the labor of another multitude who tilled the soil. Their moral and religious natures were so far developed that they devoted much time and thought to occupations and subjects which could have nothing to do with their material welfare: a mental condition far in advance of the savage state. And the degree of civilization which they had reached—trifling in some respects, in others full of promise—was peculiarly their own, of which no trace can be discovered in subsequent times, unless it be among other and later races south and west of the Gulf of Mexico.

Doing and being so much, the wonder is that they should not have attained to still higher things. But the wonder ceases if we look for the farther development of their civilization in Mexico and Central America. If they did not die out, destroyed by pestilence or famine; if they were not exterminated by the Indians, but were at last driven away by a savage foe against whose furious onslaughts they could contend no longer, even behind their earthen ramparts, their refuge was probably, if not necessarily, farther south or southwest. In New Mexico they may have made their last defense in the massive stone fortresses, which the bitter experience of the past had taught them to substitute for the earth-works they had been compelled to abandon. Thence

extending southward they may, in successive periods, have found leisure, in the perpetual summer of the tropics, where nature yielded a subsistence almost unsolicited for the creation of that architecture whose ruins are as remarkable as those of any of the pre-historic races of other continents. The sculpture in the stone of those beautiful temples may be only the outgrowth of that germ of art shown in the carvings on the pipes which the Mound-Builders left on their buried altars. In these pipes a striking fidelity to nature is shown in the delineation of animals. It is reasonable to suppose that they were equally faithful in portraying their own features in their representations of the human head and face; and the similarity between these and the sculptures upon the ancient temples of Central America and Mexico is seen at a glance.

Then also it may be that they discovered how to fuse and combine the metals, making a harder and a better bronze than the Europeans had ever seen; to execute work in gold and silver which the most skilled Europeans did not pretend to excel; to manufacture woven stuffs of fine texture, the beginnings whereof are found in the fragments of coarse cloth; in objects of use and ornament, wrought in metals, left among the other relics in the earlier northern homes of their race. In the art of the southern people there was nothing imitative; the works of the Mound-Builders stand as distinctly original and independent of any foreign influence. Any similarity in either that can be traced to anything else is in the apparent growth of the first rude culture of the northern race into the higher civilization of that of the south. It certainly is not a violent supposition that the people who disappeared at one period from one part of the continent, leaving behind them certain unmistakable marks of progress, had reappeared at another time in another place, where the same marks were found in large development.—*History of the United States*, Vol. I., Chap. II.

CHARLES ARTHUR GAYARRÉ.—1

GAYARRÉ, CHARLES ARTHUR, an American historian, born in Louisiana in 1805. He was educated at the University of New Orleans, studied law at Philadelphia, and was admitted to the bar in 1829. In 1830 he was appointed Deputy Attorney-General of Louisiana, and in 1833 presiding Judge of the City Court of New Orleans. In 1835 he was chosen to the United States Senate, but impaired health prevented him from taking his seat. He went to Europe, where he remained for about eight years. Returning to New Orleans he was elected to the Legislature in 1844, and again in 1846. He was appointed Secretary of State in Louisiana, and held the office for seven years, after which he retired from public service. His writings relate mainly to the history of Louisiana. They are: *Essai Historique sur la Louisiane* (1830), *Histoire de la Louisiane* (1848), *Louisiana, its Colonial History and Romance* (1851), *Louisiana, its History as a French Colony* (1852), *History of the Spanish Domination in Louisiana* (1854). He has also written *Philip II. of Spain*, a biographical sketch (1866), *Fernando de Lemos*, a novel (1872), and a continuation of it, *Albert Dubayet* (1882.)

ORIGIN OF THE HISTORY OF LOUISIANA.

If every man's life were closely analyzed, accident—or what seems to be so to human apprehension, and whatever usually goes by that name, whatever it may really be—would be discovered to act a more conspicuous part, and to possess a more controlling influence than preconception, and that volition which proceeds from long-meditated design. My writing the history of Louisiana from the expedition of De Soto in

CHARLES ARTHUR GAYARRÉ.—2

1539 to the final and complete establishment of the Spanish government in 1769, after a spirited resistance from the French colonists, was owing to an accidental circumstance, which, in the shape of disease, drove me from a seat I had lately obtained in the Senate of the United States; but which, to my intense regret, I had not the good fortune to occupy. Traveling for health, not from free agency, but a slave to compulsion, I dwelt several years in France. In the peculiar state in which my mind then was, if its attention had not been forcibly diverted from what it brooded over, the anguish under which it sickened, from many causes, would soon not have been endurable. I sought for a remedy; I looked into musty archives; I gathered materials; and subsequently became a historian—or rather a mere pretender to that name.—*Preface to First Series of Colonial History and Romance.*

PROGRESS OF THE WORK.

The success of my *Romance of the History of Louisiana* from the discovery of that country by De Soto, to the surrender by Crozat of the charter which he had obtained from Louis XIV. in relation to that French colony, has been such that I deem it my duty to resume my pen and to present the following work to the kind and friendly regard of my patrons. When I wrote the precedent one, I said, in the words of Spenser's *Fuerie Queene*, while I mentally addressed the public:

“ Right I note, most mighty souveraine,
That all this famous antique history
Of some th' aboundance of an idle braine,
Will judgèd be, and painted forgery,
Rather than matter of just memory.”

Nor was I mistaken: for I was informed that many had taken for the invention of the brain what was historical truth set in a gilded frame,

when—to use the expression of Sir Joshua Reynolds—I had taken but insignificant liberties with facts, to interest my readers, and make my narration more delightful—in imitation of the painter who, though his work is called *history-painting*, gives in reality a poetical representation of the facts. The reader will easily perceive that in the present production I have been more sparing of embellishments, although “I well noted, with that worthy gentleman, Sir Philip Sidney,” as Raleigh says in his *History of the World*, that “historians do borrow of poets not only much of their ornament, but somewhat of their substance.”

Such is not the case on this occasion; and I can safely declare that the *substance* of this work—embracing the period from 1717 to 1743, when Bienville, who with Iberville, had been the founder of the colony, left it forever—rests on such foundations as would be received in a court of justice; and that what I have borrowed of the poet for the benefit of the historian, is hardly equivalent to the delicately wrought drapery which even the sculptor would deem necessary as a graceful appendage to the nakedness of the statue of Truth.—*Preface to Second Series of Colonial History and Romance.*

CLOSE OF THE HISTORICAL LECTURES.

This is the third and last series of the Historical Lectures on Louisiana, embracing a period which extends from the discovery to 1769, when it was virtually transferred by the French to the Spaniards, in virtue of the Fontainebleau treaty signed in November, 1762. I looked upon the first four Lectures as *nugæ seria*, to which I attached no more importance than a child does to the soap-bubbles which he puffs through the tube of the tiny reed, picked up by him for the amusement of the passing hour. But struck with the interest which I had excited, I examined, with more sober thoughts, the flowery field in which I had sported, almost with the buoy-

any of a schoolboy. Checking the freaks of my imagination—that boon companion with whom I had been gamboling—I took to the plough, broke the ground, and turned myself to a more serious and useful occupation.....

Should the continuation of life and the enjoyment of leisure permit me to gratify my wishes, I purpose to write the history of the Spanish domination in Louisiana, from 1769 to 1803, when was effected the almost simultaneous cession of that province, by Spain to France and by France to the United States of America. Embracing an entirely distinct period of history, it will be a different work from the preceding, as much, perhaps, in point of style, and the other elements of composition, as with regard to the characteristic features of the new lords of the land.—*Preface to Louisiana as a French Colony.*

THE ABORIGINES OF LOUISIANA.

Three centuries have hardly elapsed since that immense territory which extends from the Gulf of Mexico to the Lakes of Canada, and which was subsequently known under the name of Louisiana, was slumbering in its cradle of wilderness, unknown to any of the white race to which we belong. Man was there, however—but man in his primitive state, claiming, as it were, in appearance at least, a different origin from ours; or being at best a variety of our species. There was the hereditary domain of the Red Man, living in scattered tribes over that magnificent country. These tribes earned their precarious subsistence chiefly by pursuing the inhabitants of the earth and of the water. They sheltered themselves in miserable huts, spoke different languages; observed contradictory customs; and waged fierce war upon each other. Whence they came, none knew; none knows, with absolute certainty, to the present day; and the faint glimmerings of vague tradition have afforded little or no light to penetrate into the darkness

of their mysterious origin.—*Colonial History and Romance.*

DEATH OF DE SOTO.

It would be too long to follow De Soto in his peregrinations during two years, through part of Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee. At last he stands on the banks of the Mississippi, near the spot where now flourishes the Egyptian-named city of Memphis. He crosses the mighty river, and onward he goes, up to the White River, while roaming over the territory of the Arkansas. Meeting with alternate hospitality and hostility on the part of the Indians, he arrives at the mouth of the Red River, within the present limits of the State of Louisiana. There he was fated to close his adventurous career.

Three years of intense bodily fatigue and mental excitement had undermined the hero's constitution. Alas! well might the spirit droop within him! He had landed on the shore of the North American continent with high hopes, dreaming of conquest over wealthy nations and magnificent cities. What had he met? Interminable forests, endless lagoons, inextricable marshes, sharp and continuous conflicts with men little superior, in his estimation, to the brutish creation. He who in Spain was cheered by beauty's glance, by the songs of the minstrel, when he sped to the contest with adversaries worthy of his prowess—with the noble and chivalric Moors; he who had revelled in the halls of the imperial Incas of Peru, and who had there amassed princely wealth; he the flower of knightly courts, had been roaming like a vagrant over an immense territory, where he had discovered none but half-naked savages, dwelling in miserable huts, ignobly repulsive when compared with Castilla's stately domes, with Granada's fantastic palaces, and with Peru's imperial dwellings, massive with gold! His wealth was gone; two-thirds of his brave companions were dead. What account of them would he render to their noble families?

He, the bankrupt in fame and in fortune, how would he withstand the gibes of envy? Thought—that scourge of life, that inward consumer of man—racks his brain; his heart is seared with deep anguish; a slow fever wastes his powerful frame; and he sinks at last on the couch of sickness, never to rise again.

The Spaniards cluster round him, and alternately look with despair at their dying chieftain, and at the ominous hue of the bloody river, known at this day as the Red River. But not he the man to allow the wild havoc within the soul to betray itself in the outward mien; not he, in common with the vulgar herd, the man to utter one word of wail! With smiling lips and serene brow he cheers his companions, and summons them, one by one, to swear allegiance in his hands to Muscoso de Alvarado, whom he designates as his successor. "Union and perseverance, my friends," he says; "So long as breath animates your bodies, do not falter in the enterprise you have undertaken. Spain expects a richer harvest of glory, and more ample domains, from her children!" These are his last words, and then he dies. Blest be the soul of the noble knight and of the true Christian! Rest his mortal remains in peace within that oaken trunk scooped by his companions, and by them sunk many fathoms deep in the bed of the Mississippi!—*Colonial History and Romance.*

IBERVILLE AND BIENVILLE.

High on the quarter-deck stood the captain, with the spy-glass in his hand, and surrounded by his officers. After a minute survey of the unknown vessels, as they appeared with outlines faint and hardly visible from the distance, and with the tip of their masts gradually emerging, as it were, from the waves; he had dropped his glass, and said to the bystanders, "Gentlemen, they are vessels of war, and British." Then he instinctively cast a rapid glance upward at the

rigging of his ship, as if to satisfy himself that nothing had happened *there* to mar that symmetrical neatness and scientific arrangement which have ever been held to be a criterion of nautical knowledge; and therefore a proper source of professional pride.

In the mean time the vessels which had been descried at the farthest point of the horizon, had been rapidly gaining ground upon the intervening distance, and were dilating in size as they approached. It could be seen that they had separated from each other, and they appeared to be sweeping round the *Pelican* (for such was the name of the French ship), as if to cut her off from retreat. Already could be plainly discovered St. George's Cross flaunting in the wind. The white cloud of canvas that hung over them seemed to swell with every flying minute, and the wooden structures themselves, as they plunged madly over the furrowed plains of the Atlantic, looked not unlike Titanic race-horses, pressing for the goal. Their very masts, with their long flags streaming like Gorgon's disheveled locks, seemed as they bent under the wind, to be quivering with the anxiety of the chase. But, ye sons of Britain, why this hot haste? Why urge ye into such desperate exertions the watery steeds which ye spur on so fiercely? They of the white flag never thought of flight. See! they shorten sail as if to invite you to the approach.

Now the four vessels are within gunshot, and the fearful struggle is to begin. One is a British ship of the line, showing a row of 52 guns, and her companions are frigates armed with 42 guns each. To court such unequal contest, must not that French commander be the very impersonation of madness?

There he stands on the quarter-deck, a man apparently of thirty years of age, attired as if for a courtly ball, in the gorgeous dress of the time of Louis the Fourteenth. The profuse curls of his perfumed hair seem to be bursting

from the large slouched gray hat which he wears on one side inclined, and decorated with a red plume, horizontally stuck to the broad brim, according to the fashion of the day. What a noble face! If I were to sculpture a hero, verily I would put such a head on his shoulders;—nay, I would take the whole man for my model. I feel that I could shout with enthusiasm, when I see the peculiar expression which has settled in that man's eye, in front of such dangers thickening upon him.

Ha! what is it? What signify that convulsive start which shook his frame, and that death-like paleness which has flitted across his face? What woman-like softness has suddenly crept into those eyes? I understand it all! That boy—so young, so effeminate, so delicate, but who, in an under-officer's dress, stands with such manly courage by one of the guns—he is your brother, is he not? Perhaps he is doomed to death; and you think of his aged mother! Well may the loss of two such sons crush her at once. When I see such exquisite feelings tumultuously at work in a heart as soft as ever throbbled in a woman's breast—when I see you, Iberville, resolved to sacrifice so much rather than to fly from your country's enemies, even when it could be done without dishonor—stranger as you are to me, I wish I could stand by you on that deck and hug you to my bosom.....

That storm of human warfare has lasted about two hours; but the French ship, salamander-like, seems to live safely in that atmosphere of fire. Two hours! I do not think I can stand this excitement longer; and yet every minute is adding fresh fuel to its intensity. But now comes the crisis. The *Pelican* has almost silenced the guns of the English 52, and is bearing down upon her evidently with the intention to board. But strange! she veers round. Oh! I see. God of mercy! I feel faint at heart! The 52 is sinking—slowly she settles in the surg-

ing sea—there—there—there—down! What a yell of defiance! But it is the last. What a rushing of waters over the engulfed mass! Now all is over, and the yawning abyss has closed its lips. What remains to be seen on that bloody theatre? One of the English 42's, in a dismantled state, is dropping slowly at a distance under the wind, and the other has already struck its flag, and is lying motionless on the ocean, a floating ruin!—The French ship is hardly in a better plight, and the last rays of the setting sun show her deck strewed with the dead and the dying. But the glorious image of victory flits before the dimmed vision of the dying, and they expire with the smile of triumph on their lips, and with the exulting shout of "*France forever!*"

But where is the conqueror? Where is the gallant commander whose success sounds like a fable? My heart longs to see him safe, and in the enjoyment of his well-earned glory. Ah! there he is, kneeling and crouching over the prostrate body of that stripling whom I have depicted. He addresses the most tender and passionate appeals to that senseless form; he covers with kisses that bloody head; he weeps and sobs aloud, unmindful of those that look on. In faith! I weep myself to see the agony of that noble heart: and why should that hero blush to moan like a mother—he who showed more than human courage, when the occasion required fortitude? Weep on, Iberville, weep on! Well may such tears be gathered by an angel's wings, like dew-drops worthy of heaven, and, if carried by supplicating mercy to the foot of the Almighty's throne, they may yet redeem thy brother's life.

Happily, that brother did not die. He was destined to be known in history under the name of Bienville, and to be the founder of one of America's proudest cities. To him New Orleans owes its existence; and his name, in the course of centuries, will grow in the esteem of posterity, proportionately with the aggrandizement of the

emporium of so many countless millions of human beings.

The wonderful achievement which I have related is a matter of historical record, and throws a halo of glory and romance around those two men who have since figured so conspicuously in the annals of Louisiana, and who, in the beginning of March, 1699, entered the Mississippi, accompanied by Father Anastase, the former companion of La Salle in his expedition down the river in 1682. What a remarkable family! The father, a Canadian by birth, had died on the field of battle, in serving his country; and out of eleven sons, the worthy scions of such a stock, five had perished in the same cause; but of the six who remained, five were to consecrate themselves to the establishment of a colony in Louisiana.—*Colonial History and Romance.*

THE DEATH-BED OF PHILLIP II. OF SPAIN.

The King, with the complication of diseases under which he was sinking, became so weak that his physicians were much alarmed. It was a tertian fever, and although it was with much difficulty stopped for some time, it returned with more violence, with daily attacks, and within shortening intervals. At the end of a week a malignant tumor manifested itself in his right knee, increased prodigiously, and produced the most intense pain. As the last resort, when all other modes of relief had been exhausted, the physicians resolved to open the tumor; and as it was feared that the patient, from his debility, would not be able to bear the operation, the physicians, with much precaution, communicated to him their apprehensions. He received this information with great fortitude, and prepared himself by a general confession for what might happen. He caused some relics to be brought to him, and often having adored and kissed them with much devotion, he put his body at the disposal of his medical attendants. The operation was performed by the skilful surgeon,

Juan de Vergara. It was a very painful one, and all who were present were amazed at the patience and courage exhibited by Philip.

His condition, however, did not improve. The hand of God was upon him who had caused so many tears to be shed during his long life, and no human skill could avail when divine justice seemed bent to enforce its decree of retribution. Above the gash which the operator's knife had made, two large sores appeared, and from their hideous and ghastly lips there issued such a quantity of matter as hardly seems credible. To the consuming heat of fever, to the burning thirst of dropsy, were added the corroding itch of ulcers, and the infection of the inexhaustible streams of putrid matter which gushed from his flesh. The stench around the powerful sovereign of Spain and the Indies was such as to be insupportable to the bystanders. Immersed in this filth, the body of the patient was so sore that it could be turned neither to the right nor to the left, and it was impossible to change his clothes or his bedding.

So sensitive had he become that the slightest touch produced the most intolerable agony; and the haughty ruler of millions of men remained helplessly stretched in a sty, and in a more pitiable condition than that of the most ragged beggar in his vast dominions. But his fortitude was greater than his sufferings. Not a word of complaint was heard to escape from his lips; and the soul remained unsubdued by these terrible infirmities of the flesh. He had been thirty-five days embedded in this sink of corruption when, in consequence of it, his whole back became but one sore from his neck downward.

It seemed scarcely possible to increase the afflictions of Philip, when a chicken broth sweetened with sugar, which was administered to him, gave rise to other accidents, which added to the fetidness of his apartment, and which are represented, besides, as being of an extraordinary and

horrible character. He became sleepless, with occasional short fits of lethargy ; and, as it were to complete this spectacle of human misery and degradation, the ulcers teemed with a prodigious quantity of worms, which reproduced themselves with such prolific abundance that they defied all attempts to remove their indestructible swarms. In this condition he remained fifty-three days, without taking anything which could satisfactorily explain the prolongation of his existence.

In the midst of these excruciating sufferings, his whole body being but one leprous sore, his emaciation being such that his bones threatened to pierce through his skin, Philip maintained unimpaired the serenity of mind and the wonderful fortitude which he had hitherto displayed. To religion alone—or what to him was religion—he looked for consolation. The walls of the small apartment in which he lay were covered with crucifixes, relics, and images of saints. From time to time he would call for one of them and apply it to his burning lips, or to one of his sores, with the utmost fervor and faith. In those days of trial he made many pious donations, and appropriated large sums to the dotation of establishments for the relief of widows and orphans, and to the foundation of hospitals and sanctuaries.

It is strange that in the condition in which we have represented him to be, he could turn his attention to temporal affairs, and had sufficient strength of mind to dictate to his minister and confidential secretary, Cristoval de Mora, some of his views and intentions for the conduct of the government : or, rather, it was not strange ; for it was the ruling passion strong in death. In old age, and amidst such torments as appalled the world, Philip displayed the same tenacity of purpose and love of power which had characterized him when flushed with the aspirations of youth and health, and subsequently when

glorying in the strength and experience of manhood.

On the 11th of September, two days before his death, he called the Hereditary Prince his son, and the Infanta his daughter, to his bedside. He took leave of them in the most affectionate manner; and, with a voice scarcely audible from exhaustion, he exhorted them to persevere in the true faith, and to conduct themselves with prudence in the government of those States which he would leave to them. He handed to his successor the celebrated testamentary instructions bequeathed by St. Louis of France to the heir of his crown, and requested the priest to read them to the Prince and Princess, to whom he afterward extended his fleshless and ulcered hand to be kissed, giving them his blessing, and dismissing them melting into tears.

On the next day the physicians gave Cristoval de Mora the disagreeable mission of informing Philip that his last hour was rapidly approaching. The dying man received the information with his usual impassibility. He devoutly listened to the exhortations of the Archbishop of Toledo, made his profession of faith, and ordered that the Passion of Christ, from the Gospel of John, should be read to him. Shortly after he was seized with such a fit that he was thought to be dead, and a covering was thrown over his face. But he was not long before coming again to his senses, and opening his eyes, he took the crucifix, kissed it repeatedly, listened to the prayers for the souls of the departed, which the Prior of the monastery was reading to him, and with a slight quivering passed away, at five o'clock in the morning, on the 13th of September, 1598. Philip had lived seventy-one years, three months, and twenty-two days; and reigned forty-two years.—*Philip II. of Spain.*





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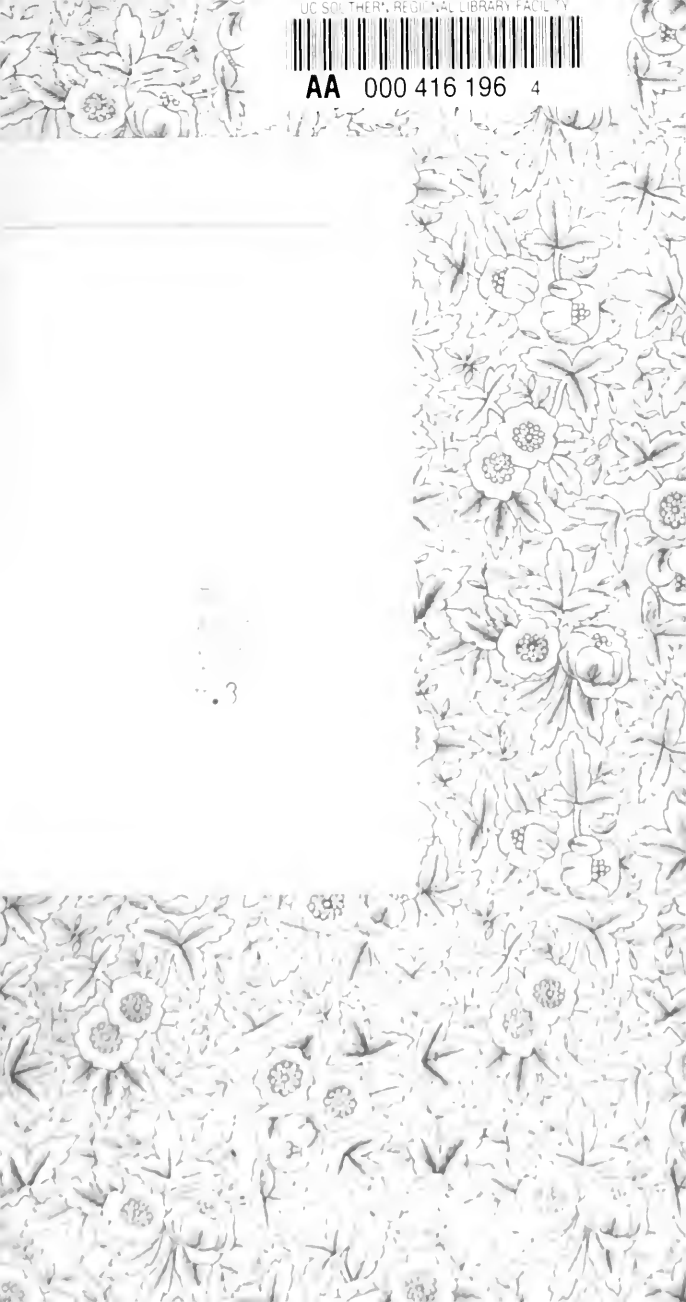
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